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April 15, 1950

CHAMPIONS FOR SALE

The Mike Jacobs Story By Budd Schulberg

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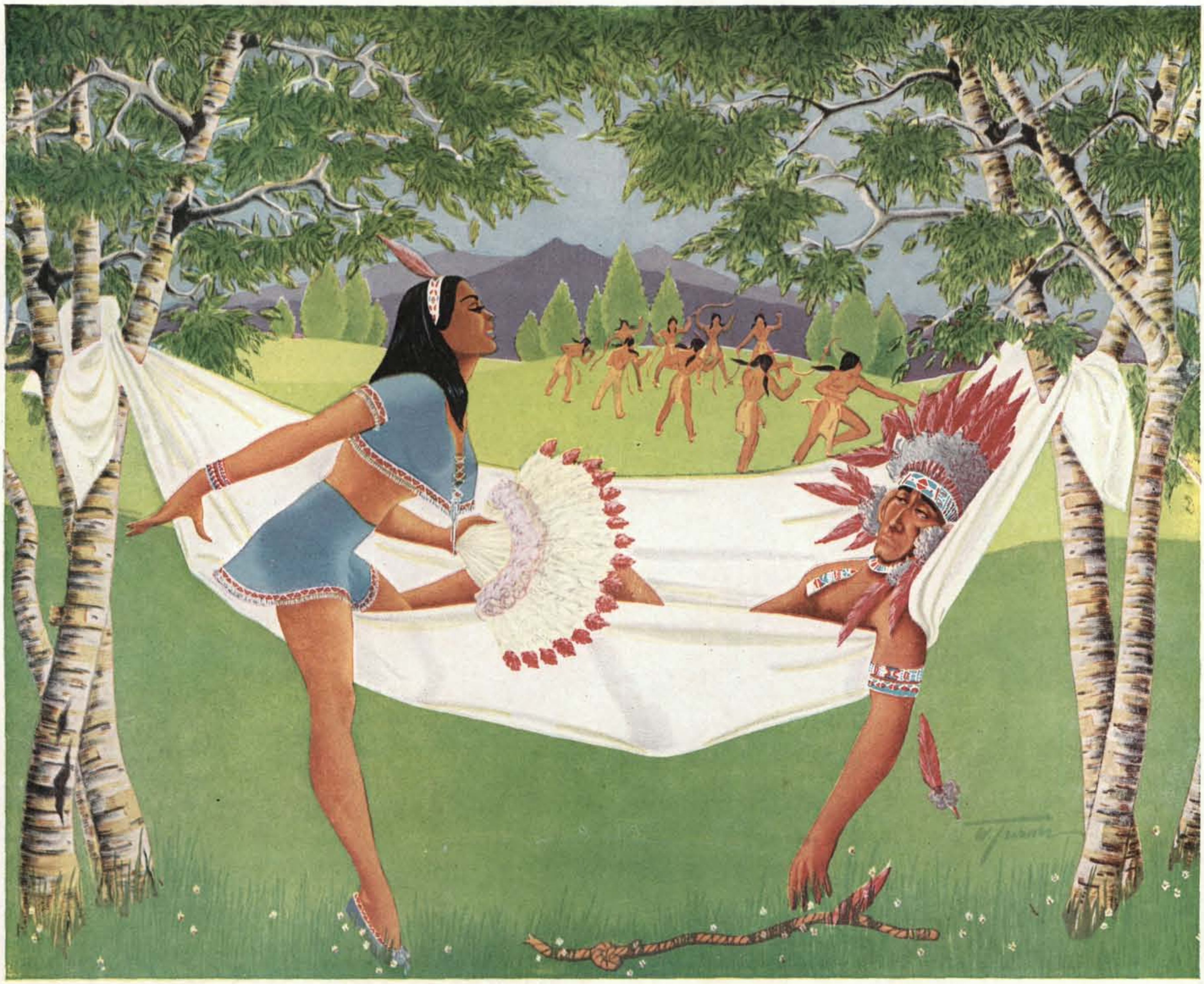

A buck well spent on a Springmaid Sheet

SUMTER
SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES
TYPE 140
A SPRINGMAID
SPRINGMAID
FABRICS
THE SPRINGS COTTON MILLS

THIS buck may look more like 47¢—which is what *most* bucks are worth these days. But not *this* "dear-slayer." Any buck spent on a *SUMTER* SPRINGMAID® sheet gets you value of *100 cents* on the dollar—as any two smart squaws know.

Because they stand up so well to wear and washings and yet are soft and beautiful, any number of bucks couldn't get you a better sheet value. We sent them to an independent testing laboratory and, honest Injun, what happened to them would make Custer's Last Stand look like a Vassar Daisy Chain. First, they were washed 400 times—abraded 100 times warpwise and 100 times fillingwise. That was equal to a whole generation of constant use! And those sheets came out looking like—you guessed it—a million bucks, with a lot more wear left in them, too!

But don't take our word for it! See for yourself their luster and even yarns. And compare the "washability" of *SUMTER* SPRINGMAID sheets and pillowcases with any other sheet on the market. We're betting plenty of wampum every time that you'll put your buck on a SPRINGMAID sheet—*and it'll be a buck well spent!*

SPRINGS MILLS
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Atlanta Chicago Dallas Los Angeles St. Louis

For a set of SPRINGMAID ads suitable for framing, send 25 cents to Springs Mills, Dept. C-18, at the above address.

Many people will remember the stories of ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS *which appeared in "LIBERTY," "RED BOOK" and "COSMOPOLITAN." Later they were published in book form but the plates were destroyed in the London blitz, and they are no longer available. He has taken twenty-one of the best stories and published them in "CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN," together with a new chapter on how to lose friends and antagonize people, how to write advertisements, and how to build cotton mills. If your local store cannot supply you, send a dollar to us and we will send you a copy.*

He has also designed a sport shirt with 16 SPRINGMAID *girls printed in 6 colors on* SPRINGMAID *broadcloth. It is made small, medium, large, and extra large. Send us $3.00, and we will mail you one postpaid in the United States. Children's age sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16 are available for $1.25 each.*

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Yes, you can keep your mouth and breath more wholesome, sweeter, cleaner—by guarding against tooth decay and gum troubles *both.* So don't risk halfway dental care. Use *doubly-effective* Ipana care for healthier teeth, healthier gums—better all-around protection for your whole mouth.

Keep your Whole Mouth Wholesome!

Fight tooth decay and gum troubles with the one leading tooth paste specially designed to do both!*

Yours can be a healthier, more wholesome mouth—if you simply do what dentists advise: guard against *gum troubles* as well as tooth decay.

With one famous tooth paste—*with Ipana and massage—you can guard your teeth and gums BOTH.

For no other dentifrice has been proved more effective than Ipana in fighting tooth decay. And no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to stimulate gum circulation—promote healthier gums.

Remember, Ipana is the only leading tooth paste made especially to give you this doubly-protective, doubly-effective care.

So get Ipana and get *double* protection—to help keep your whole mouth wholesome. You'll like Ipana's wholesome flavor, too—it's so refreshing. Start using Ipana today.

"I use Ipana with confidence... it's made by Bristol-Myers,"

says Barbara Ann March of Roselle, N. J.

Bristol-Myers, makers of Ipana Tooth Paste, have worked with leading dental authorities for many years on scientific studies of the teeth and gums. You can use Ipana with complete confidence that it provides effective care for teeth and gums *both.* It's another reliable Bristol-Myers product.

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Big economy size Ipana saves you up to 23¢

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TOOTH PASTE
REPLACE CAP
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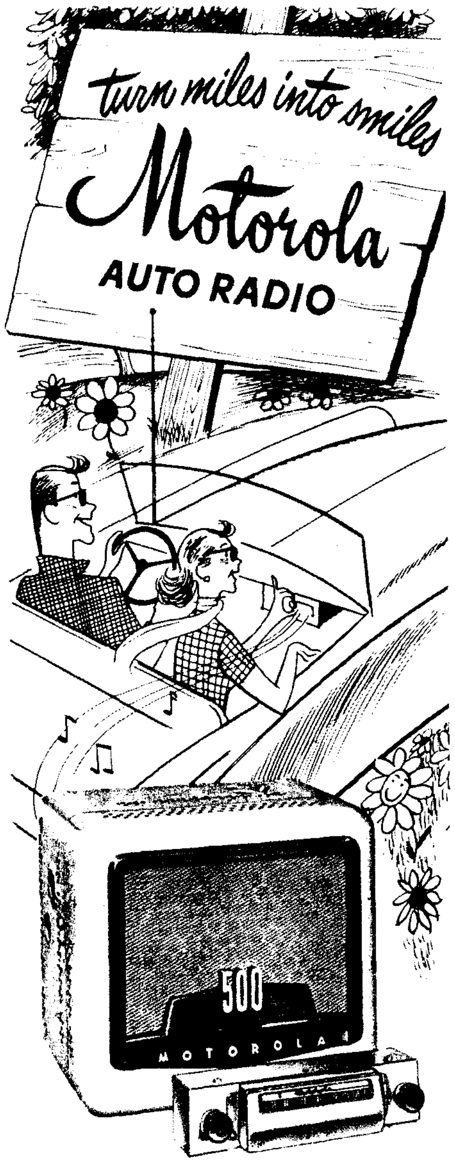
IPANA

For healthier teeth, healthier gums



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April 15, 1950

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▶ **CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.** ◀

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Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

The Cover

Seven-year-old Madaline Belgard sports her perky, new Easter bonnet with cute flowers on it. Madaline isn't really unhappy about wearing it; she's just a little self-conscious. Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Belgard, Brooklyn, New York, Madaline attends P.S. 130, has done considerable professional posing and made appearances on several television shows, including Juvenile Jury.

Week's Mail

Back to the Fundamentals

EDITOR: I feel that Collier's is doing a very great service to our country in including such articles as Why I Had to Step Aside by Dr. Edwin G. Nourse (Feb. 18th). Some of your editorials also have been perfectly splendid in my opinion.

I am sometimes aghast at the trends which I see developing toward profligacy, squandering of public funds, pressure groups, etc. I do not believe that Collier's can go too far in the direction of trying to lead our people back to the sound fundamentals of free enterprise on which this country was built.

ROBERT C. COMMON, Buffalo, N. Y.

. . . I can't pass up the opportunity to congratulate you on the publication of that "aside" by Dr. Nourse. Let it be hoped such masterly economic experts as Messrs. Keyserling and Clark will have the pleasure and edification of reading what a real economic expert, who prefers American ways of life to Socialism, exposes.

LEON V. ALMIRALL, Denver, Colo.

Knew Him When

EDITOR: The story of Cecil B. de Mille (Rock of Hollywood, Feb. 25th) took my thoughts back to the evening of April 26, 1905, when he played the title role in Lord Chumley at the Yates Lyceum in this village. For the use of my father's typewriter the advance agent of the show gave me a card of introduction to Mr. de Mille, and I had the pleasure of venturing to a chat in his dressing room beneath the stage, and watching him make up for the performance.

It meant quite a lot to a small-town kid like myself, and I have ever since followed Mr. de Mille's career with special interest. He has come a long way since then—but he was a darned good Lord Chumley.

OLIVER SHEPPARD, Penn Yan, N. Y.

Linguipotence

EDITOR: I should like to suggest to Congressman Celler that he refrain from the use of Brobdingnagian words such as "Brobdingnagian" (Week's Mail, Feb. 25th). I had to get out my Brobdingnagian, unepitomized lexicon to discover his meaning since my non-Brobdingnagian, epitomized, 740-page lexicon couldn't furnish the answer.

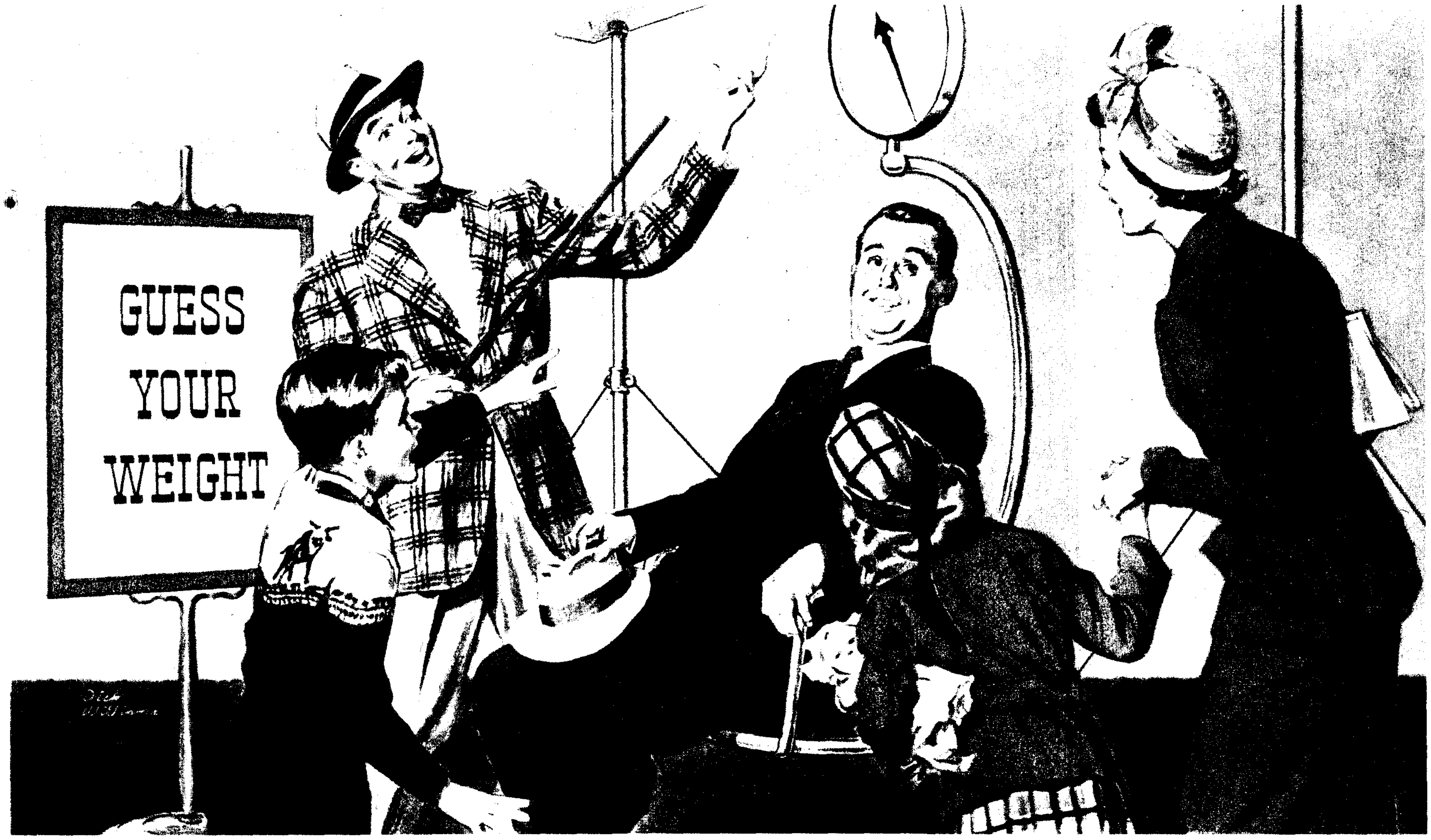
I consider a letter to be pejorated by such orchidaceous semantic vauntage. Such lexiphanicism fails to impress anyone with the linguipotence of the author. I hope this will help to inspire more judicious vocabulation by congressmen and others so inclined.

R. B. RITCHIE, Richmond, Va.

Cochrane Socks 'Em, Too

EDITOR: It is very gratifying for me as a councilor of the town of Cochrane, which only has a population of slightly over 3,000, to see that the great metropolis of New York has only now enacted a law which carried a maximum penalty of $5 for not locking your car (editorial Crime Doesn't Pay; Victim Does, Feb. 25th).

We in this small northern community



THE WRONG WEIGHT

As anyone could guess, the man on the scales weighs more than he should. Like some 42 million other Americans who are overweight, his excess pounds may affect not only his appearance, but his health as well.

How much should a person weigh? Some doctors say that proper weight at age 25 to 30 is the figure that should be maintained throughout life. Most people, however, gain weight as they grow older.

The average increase during or after middle age is about 15 pounds. To avoid this, it is wise to follow the doctor's advice about diet, exercise, and living habits, especially after age 30.

If overweight should occur, it is usually possible to reduce to proper weight simply and safely under medical guidance.

Some ways to reach and keep your best weight

See your doctor before attempting to reduce. Virtually all cases of overweight are due to overeating. Some cases, however, may be complicated by other conditions.

After a thorough examination, the doctor can determine whether or not you have complications that require special medical attention. He can also decide how much weight you should lose, and advise approved methods by which you can lose it safely.

Follow your doctor's advice about diet. Authorities say that weight loss usually should not exceed 6 to 8 pounds a month. A diet that causes more rapid loss may fail to provide food elements the body needs.

So let the doctor recommend the kinds and amounts of foods that will protect health and strength while you are reducing. It is also wise not to take any reducing drug except under a doctor's supervision.

Rely on your doctor to recommend proper exercise. Excess weight strains the heart and other organs—and too much or the wrong type of exercise may add more strain.

Some physical activity is an aid in most cases, for it may help to use up food that might otherwise turn into fat. Only the doctor can determine the types of exercise that will be effective and safe in your reducing program.

Even after reducing, people with a tendency toward overweight often put on extra pounds again. This can usually be avoided by following a medically supervised daily routine.

For more facts about overweight, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, "Overweight and Underweight." For example, it contains tables of desirable weights, suggested low-calorie menus and caloric values of nearly 300 foods.

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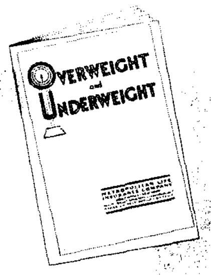

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1 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.
Please send me a copy of your booklet, 05-C, "Overweight and Underweight."

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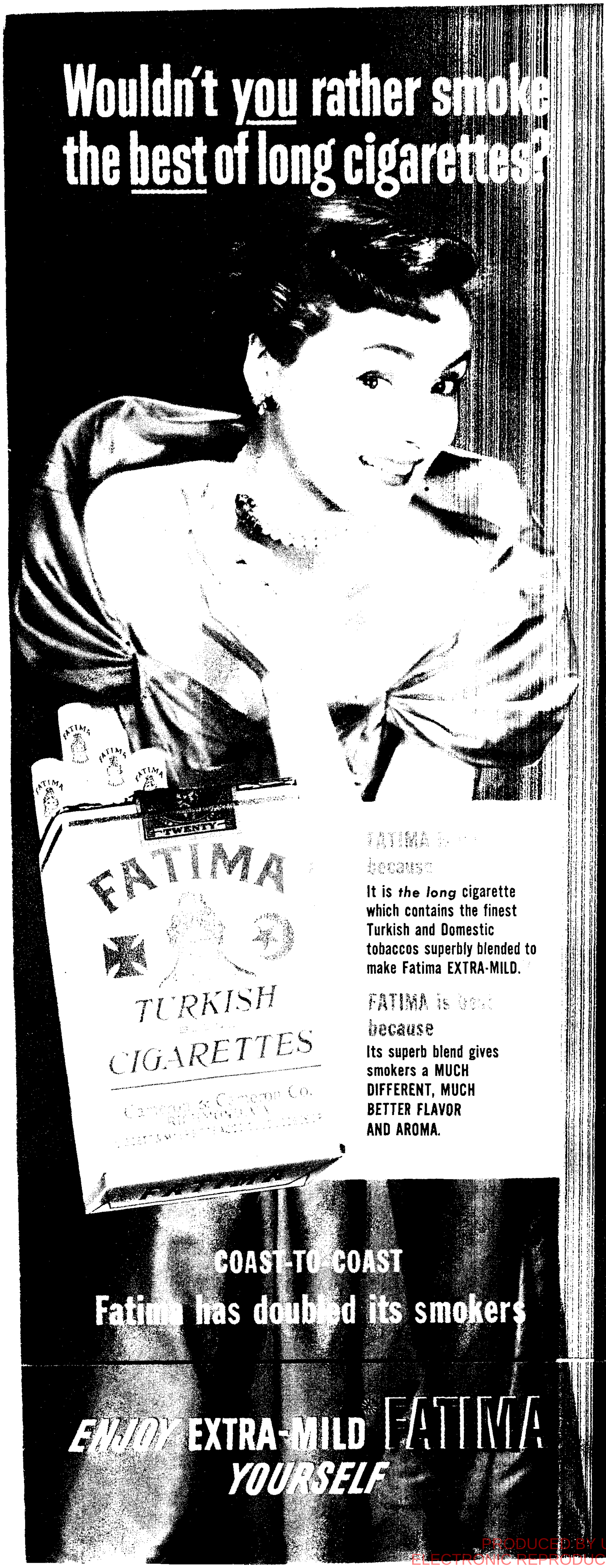


Wouldn't **you** rather smoke the **best** of long cigarettes?

FATIMA is best because

It is *the long* cigarette which contains the finest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos superbly blended to make Fatima EXTRA-MILD.

FATIMA is best because

Its superb blend gives smokers a MUCH DIFFERENT, MUCH BETTER FLAVOR AND AROMA.

COAST-TO-COAST Fatima has doubled its smokers

ENJOY EXTRA-MILD FATIMA YOURSELF

have had this law for almost two years, and what's more, our fine is $10. With all this lawmaking, however, a surprising number of car owners still persist in leaving their keys in their cars.

MAURICE D. DUBIN, Cochrane, Ont.

Pilot Praises; Passenger Pans

EDITOR: Please ask Robert D. Neff to turn in more fiction stories like Captain in Command (Feb. 25th).

I am certain that the constantly growing number of people who are traveling by air will thoroughly enjoy more stories about the air lines and air-line crews.

Incidentally, Captain in Command was far from fiction and very truthful as to detail. This made it of unusual interest to my copilot and me.

CAPT. EDDIE CROFT, Mid-Continent Airlines, Minneapolis, Minn.

. . . Captain in Command—below the belt, unfair, inaccurate, vile and very, very small.

Those alligator tears shed so convincingly for veterans when it helped circulation have been wiped on the air lines' doormats.

I'm not with any air lines, nor do I derive any part of my income from aviation. But I know quite a bit about both scheduled and nonscheduled air-line maintenance and would include facts if I felt you were at all interested.

BEN B. GEORGE, JR., Burbank, Cal.

Not Too Exclusive

EDITOR: I am very much interested to know where you got the name Esperson in the cartoon on page 53 of your Feb. 25th issue. To the best of my knowledge, I believe I am the only one bearing this name in this country. I would appreciate hearing from you about this.

HAROLD E. ESPERSON, SR., Ipswich, Mass.

Cartoonist Gardner Rea may have consulted the telephone directories of New York City, Seattle or San Francisco, each of which lists an Esperson.

Love That Menu

EDITOR: Collier's covers and cartoons are priceless. If it were not that I pass the magazine on to our hospital and so want it intact, I would certainly make a scrapbook of Clancy, Butch and Sister. They are choice!

With no taste for murder and mystery, I appreciate the varied fare on your menu. I especially relish the boy-and-his-dog stories; do serve them often.

I may not always agree with your editorials, but their sincerity commands my admiration.

HILPA C. MILLER, Ridgeway, Pa.

Doubting Tourist

EDITOR: I've just read The Happy Irishman of the French Quarter (Feb. 18th) and would like to say that someone really slipped up on his dates about the Old Absinthe House with reference to tacking bills and cards on the walls and ceilings. I visited New Orleans and the Old Absinthe House in 1941 and the walls and ceilings were practically covered with bills and cards put there by "tourists." In fact, I put some there myself.

The people who took me on a tour of the French Quarter had been born in New Orleans and lived there all their lives. They told me that the custom of tacking up bills and cards had been going on for a number of years prior to my visit. I, for one, protest Mr. Brennan's statement that he started this idea.

MRS. CARL FISCHER, San Antonio, Texas

More About Bigness

EDITOR: Collier's Week's Mail (Feb. 25th) quotes Eugene Konecky *in re* Big Business editorial (Let's Not Chop Ourselves Down, Jan. 7th). The text indicates the writer is an economist (?) who believes bureaucratic or totalitarian management would succeed where the American type of free enterprise fails.

He apparently believes weakness in our system would be improved with political instead of trained personnel supervision; that labor submitting to placement and directed performance would be happier than where they have a voice in the terms and location of their employment.

R. W. HAYNES, Sheridan, Wyo.

Work & Like It

EDITOR: The more closely I study our present philosophy of living the more I am convinced that we Americans have completely forgotten the fact that work—real work—is what makes us happy and keeps us that way.

We have so much leisure time in which to think how sad our lot is. And it is sad because we've lost the art of loving to work.

ELSIE S. BEASLEY, Franklin, Tenn.

Pre-John L. Nostalgia

EDITOR: Your cover of February 25th brought back many nostalgic memories to me. Years and years ago I went to Sunday school at St. Thomas's Church in New Haven, sang in the choir and had a wonderful time.

But in those days, when there was snow on the ground and a new fall of snow in the air, there was also smoke coming out of the chimneys.

Of course, that was before the days of John L. Lewis.

MARJORIE B. WALLACE, Clarks Hill, S. C.

No Fun—Even for Free

EDITOR: As an appreciative reader of Collier's I must protest against the article about Dr. Gampell, The Doctor Brushed Off 'Utopia' (Feb. 11th). It is misleading and largely untrue. Too much space would be required to refute even the main points.

We have some malingerers in Britain, true, but no one revels in having a surgical operation or having his or her teeth yanked out just because it is "for free."

WILLIAM G. MARTIN, Bristol, England

Civic Pride

EDITOR: As a newspaperman I'll say that It's a Sweetheart of a Town (Feb. 18th) is a sweetheart of a piece, but why didn't you and Author Oren Arnold (who is a Phoenix man) recognize Phoenix as the beauty capital of America?

If you didn't, he ought to have known that both Miss America (Jacque Mercer) and Miss Junior America (Shirley Arnow) for 1949 were Phoenix sweethearts.

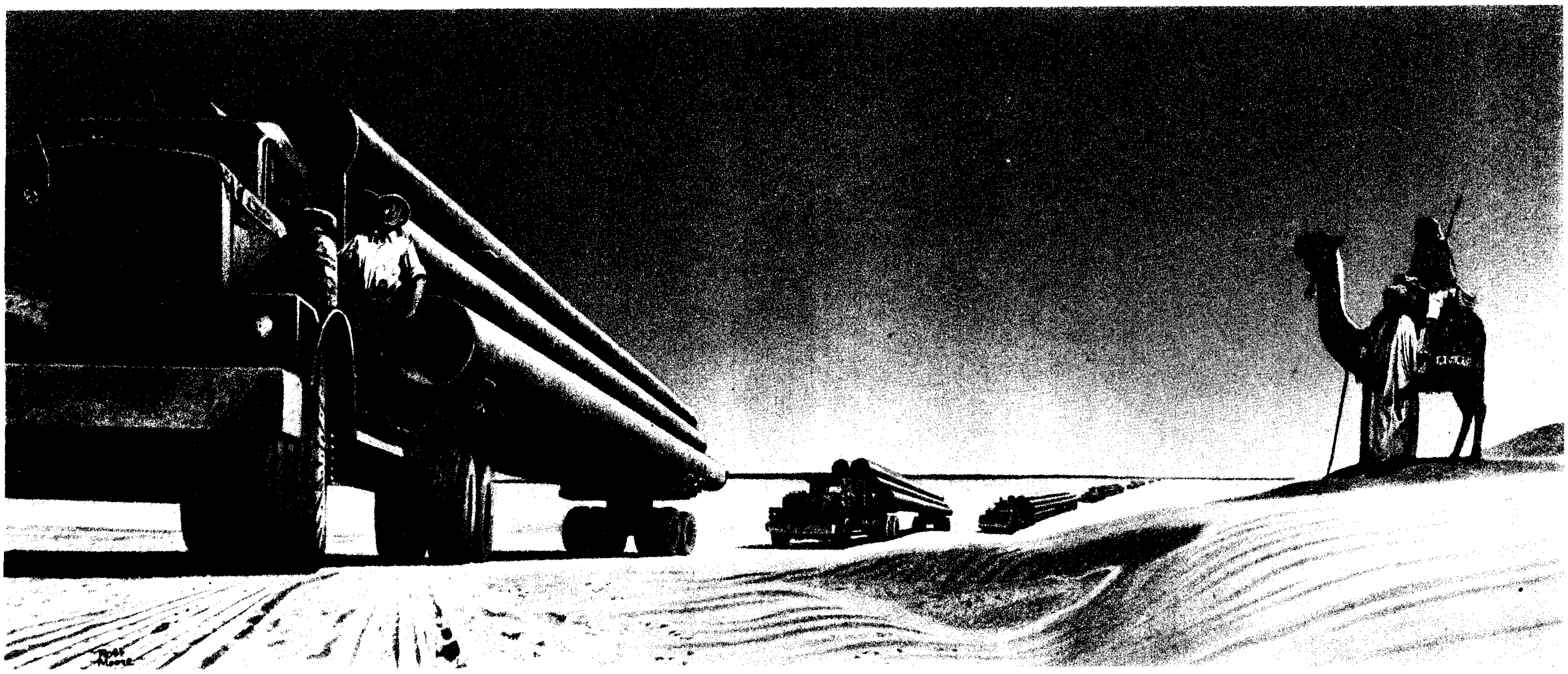
ED GAINES, Phoenix, Ariz.

Scholarly Footnote

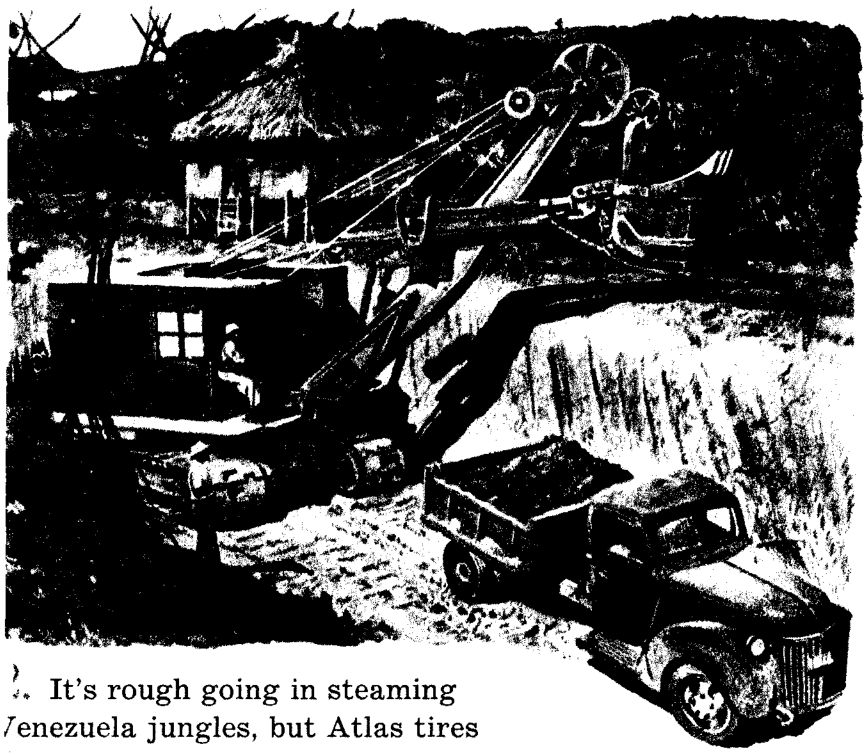
EDITOR: In the second installment of Out of This World (Feb. 18th) Lowell Thomas mentions *"Om Mani Padme Hum!"* as meaning "All hail the jewel in the lotus!" As a matter of fact it is a chant to please those on each plane and means "Heavenly . . . Human . . . Lower Region."

SYLVIA ANDREW, North Hollywood, Cal.

How ATLAS Tires prove themselves all over the World



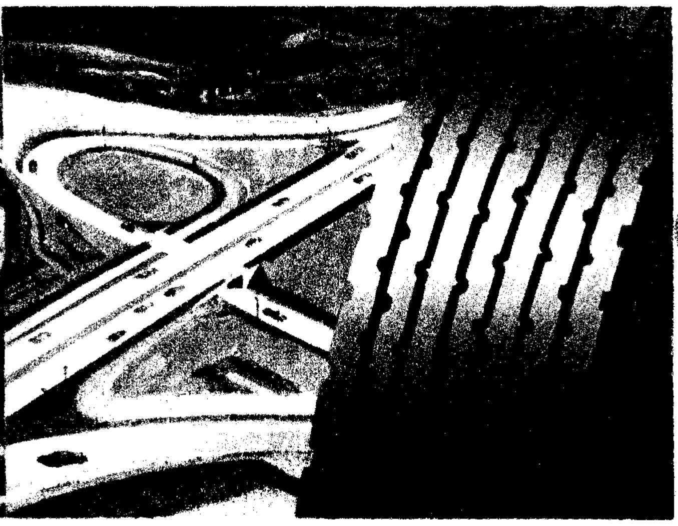
1. Carrying 36-ton loads of steel pipe across the burning sands of Saudi Arabia is all in a day's work for Atlas Tires. Year after year, all over the world, Atlas tires are daily demonstrating their ability to withstand the most grueling kind of punishment.



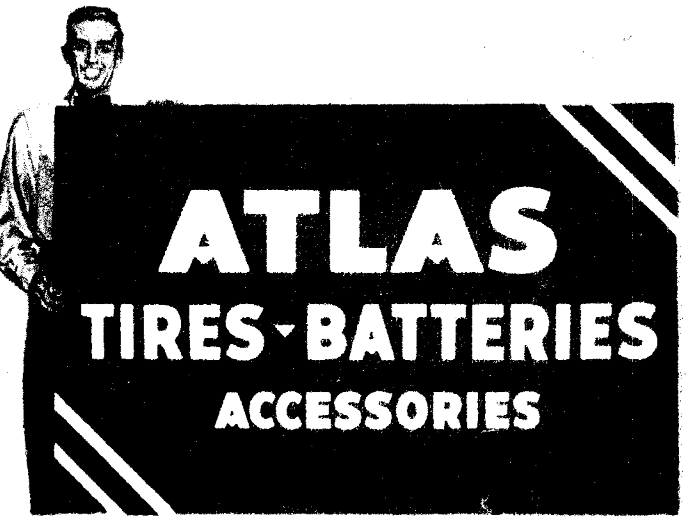
2. It's rough going in steaming Venezuela jungles, but Atlas tires ake it in their stride.

3. Snow-covered mountain trails and Sub-Zero temperatures are a far cry from the heat and damp of the tropics, but these are conditions which Atlas tires meet in regular service in Northern Canada.

4. Crossing the Andes on primitive roads 12,000 feet up is tough on tires as well as drivers.



5. The know-how that designs tires to meet these rigorous tests is yours in Atlas Grip-Safe* Tires for your own car.



6. So get a set or pair today. 38,000 Atlas dealers are ready to serve YOU!

Good for your car . . . wherever you are

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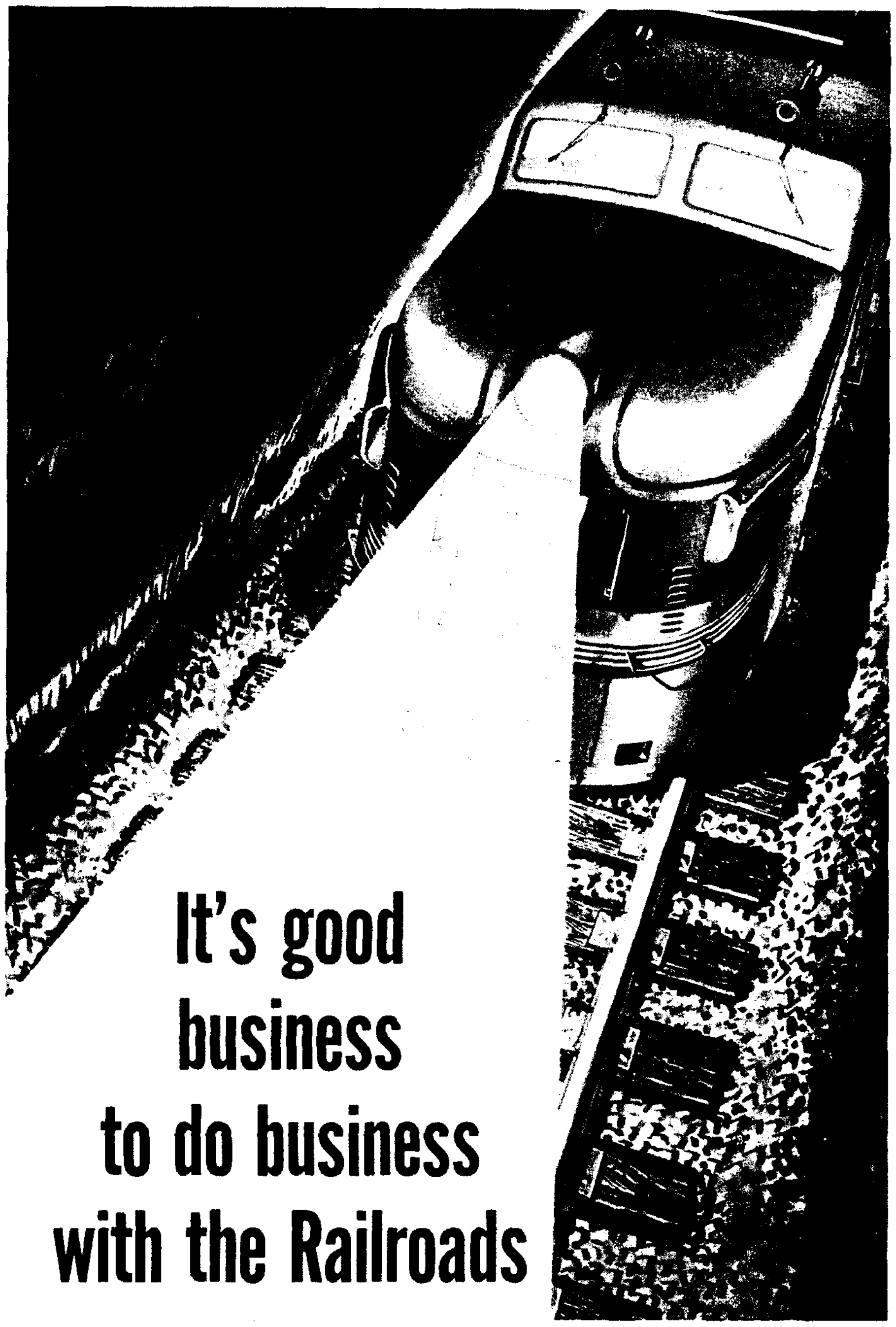


It's good business to do business with the Railroads

It's good business—because only railroads stand ready to haul anything movable, in any quantity, for anybody, to any part of the country, in any season of the year;

—because, for most movements and on the average, railroad charges are lower than those of other ways of transport;

—and because, the more freight you ship by rail and the more you ride the trains, the better able the railroads will be to keep down their costs and improve service to you.

That's true because part of every dollar the railroads take in is spent in a continuing program of replacement and improvement to make all railroad service more efficient and more economical.

In the last five years, the railroads have invested more than four billion dollars in improved facilities—money which not only has helped provide better and more economical service but also has helped other industries prosper.

Every cent you pay for railroad transportation works three ways. It pays for safe, dependable service—helps insure better service in the future—provides business for industry, jobs for people in every part of the country.

So, when you do business with America's progressive railroads, it's really good business—for the railroads, for the country and for you.

ASSOCIATION OF AMERICAN RAILROADS
WASHINGTON 6, D. C.

Listen to THE RAILROAD HOUR every Monday evening on NBC.

Keep Up with the World

[illegible]

In England, milkmen, coal miners, mill hands and others who have to be at work before dawn rarely use an alarm clock or similar device to awaken them, feeling that they might be tempted to turn it off and go back to sleep. Instead, such workers rely on the service of a man who, for a few pennies a day, taps on the bedroom windows of his patrons with a long stick until they light a lamp and wave to him, thus showing that they are awake and on their feet. One such window tapper, who is now living in Manchester, has walked 12 miles every morning to awaken 120 persons between 2 and 6 o'clock seven days a week.

* * *

On Saturday afternoon, March 16, 1929, the Continental National Bank & Trust Company in Chicago, owing to a merger, moved its $1,500,000,000 in cash and securities to its new home diagonally across South La Salle Street. The distance from door to door was less than 500 feet, and the sum was not the largest ever moved at one time; yet the transfer was undoubtedly the most sensationally staged job of its kind in U.S. history. Carried on behind barricades, the operation involved the use of 19 armored trucks and about 375 armed men including mounted policemen, special guards, and sharpshooters at near-by windows.

* * *

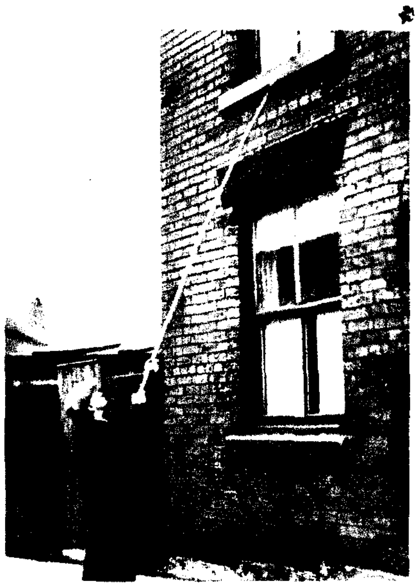
Persons who join lynching mobs cease to reason and thus accept and follow even the most idiotic suggestions. A case in point occurred in Maryville, Missouri, on January 12, 1931, when a mob of 500 was preparing to hang from a tree the confessed murderer of a young schoolteacher. Someone shouted, "Let's do it in the schoolyard," and so the frenzied crowd started off for the new location. Upon arriving at the schoolhouse, another moron shouted, "Let's tie him on the roof and give him the torch." Without hesitation, the ringleaders took the victim up, chained him to the chimney, drenched the roof and walls with gasoline and then lighted the fire. Fifteen minutes later, the building and all its equipment had been reduced to ashes; and an hour later, the mob members realized that, in their excitement, they had burned their own schoolhouse.

* * *

An age-old custom still followed in Japan is for important families to uphold their traditional intelligence by disowning their own sons who are dull. In such cases, they are generally made servants in their fathers' households. Then brighter and more promising youths are adopted to take their places. Japan also has many an artificial family which is comprised of brilliant men who have been invited to join and take its name. Such a family has no women, forbids its members to have legal wives and does not extend to sons of members rights or privileges it has given to their fathers.

* * *

On April 1, 1942, in a rooming house in a London slum, Vera Manfreddi returned from a walk and found her husband, Armand, dead—with a bullet in his heart. To a Scotland Yard detective, she admitted that they had been in hiding there for weeks fearing vengeance from her husband's accomplices, jewel thieves, because Armand had disappeared with $500,000 worth of gems belonging to them. But neither Mrs. Manfreddi nor the landlady had any idea how the victim had been murdered. The window in his second-floor room was closed and locked, and the door locked itself when pulled shut. Besides, no one had entered the house and Armand, being afraid, would not have unlocked his door anyway. Vera had promised a crook, Arty Croft, half of the loot if he would kill her husband, which he did. Now, having decided to double-cross him, she revealed his name and he, when arrested, told the entire story. A minute before Vera had left home that day, she had opened the window and called her husband to come and see something. As Armand looked out, Croft shot him from the roof of a house opposite with a rifle having a silencer and a telescopic sight. Whereupon the wife placed her husband's body in a chair, closed and locked the window again and departed.



This window tapper awakens 120 English workers every morning

* * *

A strange war has been going on since March 13, 1939, between a bartenders' union in Dublin, Ireland, and James Downey, the owner of a tavern in the near-by town of Dun Laoghaire. Because the union tried to tell him how to run his establishment, Downey fired his union men and swore that he would never again employ one. In retaliation, its leaders swore that they would ruin Downey and so, in these 11 years, they have spent almost $70,000 to keep pickets in front of his pub. But instead of putting Downey out of business, their presence has increased his sales and made his place one of the most famous bars in all Ireland. In fact, Downey has come to consider the pickets so valuable that, when they are not on the job by ten in the morning, he telephones the labor office and raises Cain.

* * *

The oak seedling is believed to have the fastest phototropic reaction in plant life. This young tree definitely leans over toward the light of a match held three feet from it for only eight seconds.

Everett Allen
Raleigh, N. C.

How the Allens developed a 3-part plan to meet emergencies, to increase their income

"Above all else, my wife and I want a comfortable future for the children and ourselves; we want to be financially independent," says Everett Allen. "The plan we have worked out protects us against the unexpected. It also earns us more money to meet our living requirements. We think it is a good program.

"Part one of our plan is a *cash reserve*—for illness and other emergencies.

"Part two is *insurance*—to protect Mrs. Allen and the children.

"Part three is our *investment* in dividend-paying, listed stocks of long-established companies we know and respect ...companies whose products and services are essential to our everyday living. The cash dividends are a welcome addition to our income; frequently we re-invest them. A growing, dividend-producing stake in American industry is, to us, a very real and personal satisfaction."

Factual information, Mr. Allen knows, is the only basis for investment. To those interested in the fundamental principles of investing for income, Mr. Allen recommends the booklet, "Investment Facts About Common Stocks and Cash Dividends," published by the New York Stock Exchange. Without obligation, a copy may be had at Member Firm offices . . . or by writing Department C2, New York Stock Exchange, 20 Broad Street, New York 5.

Invest wisely... through a Member Firm of the

New York Stock Exchange

Mr. and Mrs. Allen (above) with their two children, Everett, Jr. and Katherine. Mr. Allen, Vice-President of the North Carolina Hotel Assn., has friends throughout the state.

(Left) The first of each month is budget time; income is carefully allocated. Their cash reserve is on deposit locally; they also have small accounts for each child.

Mr. Allen consults a representative of a Member Firm of the New York Stock Exchange. Here he gets the factual information he wants. "Facts about nationally known companies and their securities interest me," he says. "The dividends on our common stocks (all listed on the New York Stock Exchange) amounted last year to more than 6% on our investment."

The postman is welcome at the Allens, for he brings dividend checks and earnings reports from the companies in which they have invested their surplus funds. Their dividend-reward, Mr. and Mrs. Allen agree, more than balances the risk in ownership of common stocks – a risk that attends ownership of *any* form of property.

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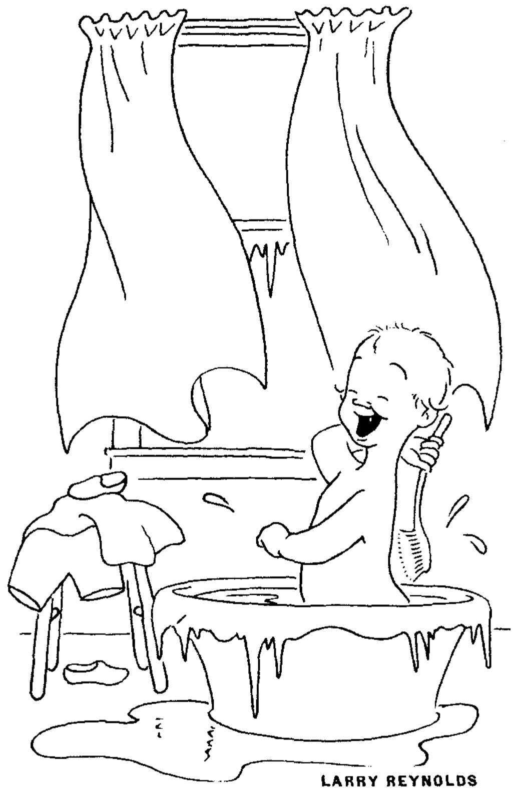
OFF THE RECORD

By PARKE CUMMINGS

IT IS impossible to pick up a daily paper without discovering that somebody or other has established a new American, international or world record. I do not refer merely to feats of swimming, running or hurling heavy articles of hardware, as chronicled on the sports pages. People in everyday life, too, seem constantly to be setting new standards for abstinence, endurance, wackiness or the acquisition of odd items.

If all the records established in even one year were listed, they would make quite a massive book; but the tome would be a hopeless hodge-podge entirely lacking in unity. Accordingly, I have been giving some thought as to how they could be tied together with one central thought behind them. And I believe—for my own purposes, at any rate—that I've come up with the answer. This shortens the list considerably, but now, at least, it's really unified. Suppose, then, I hereby itemize the: Records I Have Absolutely No Ambition to Surpass, Equal or Even Approach.

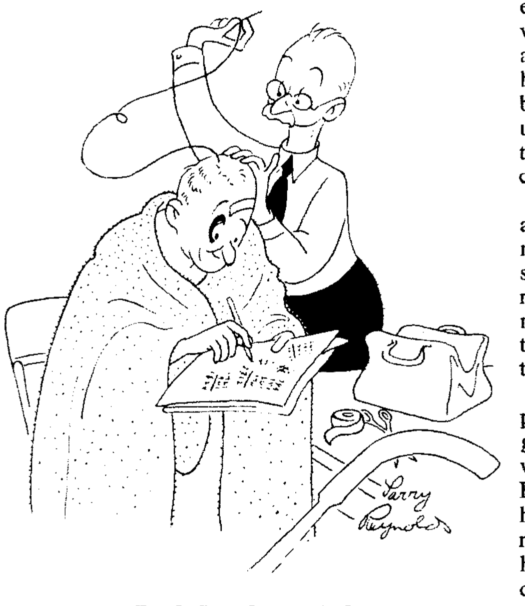


"I've never missed my daily ice-cold bath"

Pittsburgh. Silas Wennsgraber celebrated his ninetieth birthday today. Teeming with health, he greeted reporters in hearty fashion and gave his recipe for a long and healthy life. "Ever since I was a year old," said Wennsgraber, "I have taken an ice-cold bath before breakfast without once missing a day."

Topeka. Mrs. Elsie Kempworth of this city estimated recently that in the course of her life she has consumed seven and one half tons of boiled carrots.

Worcester. With the acquisition of Ch. Hausgrigg Rintslaw and Ch. Donnerblitz Brunderbaf, Eliot Somersby, noted local dog fancier, is now the owner of 61 purebred German police dogs, all of them expertly trained in vigilance and aggressiveness toward trespassers and strangers. This is said to be the largest number in the world under the ownership of one individual.



Bud Smith held the record for stitches

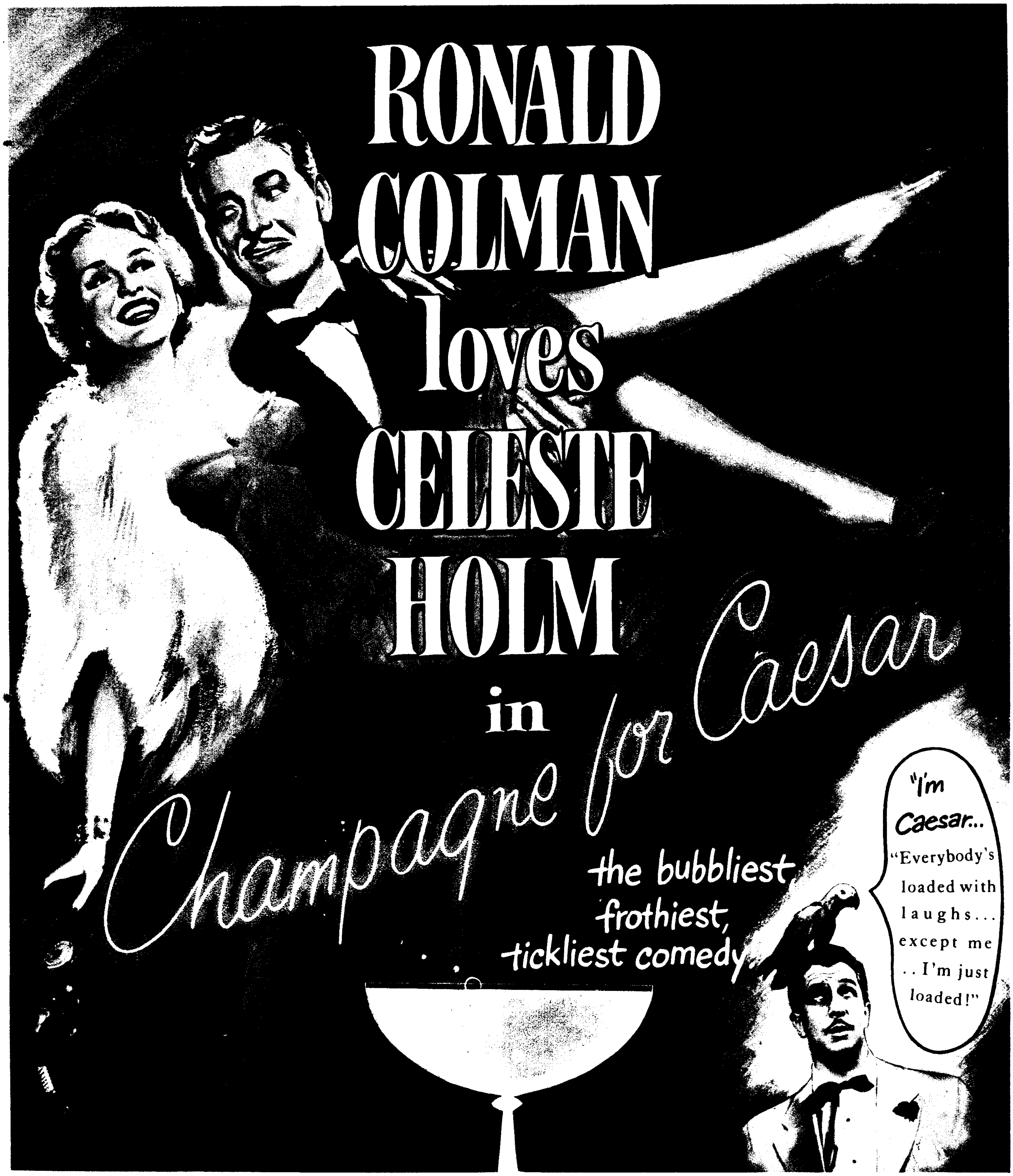
New York. When Bud ("Hacker") Smith, star defense man of the Bruisers' hockey team, sustained a severe scalp wound in last night's encounter with the Pile Drivers, doctors took eight stitches in his head. Smith then got hold of a pencil and paper and figured out that, during his 10-year career in the game, the stitching used in sewing him up would, if laid all in one piece, reach from Bangor, Maine, to a point just south of Salisbury, Maryland.

Saginaw. Eddie Tiffner of this city sat in a poker session uninterruptedly for 93 hours. When interviewed later, he stated this had apparently caused him a severe headache and partial paralysis, but that he believed his feat was unequaled. A friend reported that Tiffner had come out 55 cents ahead.

Columbus. Bruce Elberson, although in his late seventies, revealed today that he has never seen a movie or stage show, never attended a night club, never heard radio or watched television, and never drunk anything stronger than iced cocoa.

Brooklyn. Every day, for the past 30 years, Charles Magormer of this borough has walked across the Brooklyn Bridge from Brooklyn to Manhattan. To make the feat all the more noteworthy, Magormer has never once worn a hat or overcoat, regardless of the weather.

Hollywood. Leading man Carlos Evergrew, recently divorced from Cherry Dafne, shortly intends to wed Sue LaPointe, who will be No. 11 for Carlos. Evergrew believes that his monthly task of writing out 10 separate alimony checks to 10 different ex-wives is unequaled anywhere on this continent. THE END

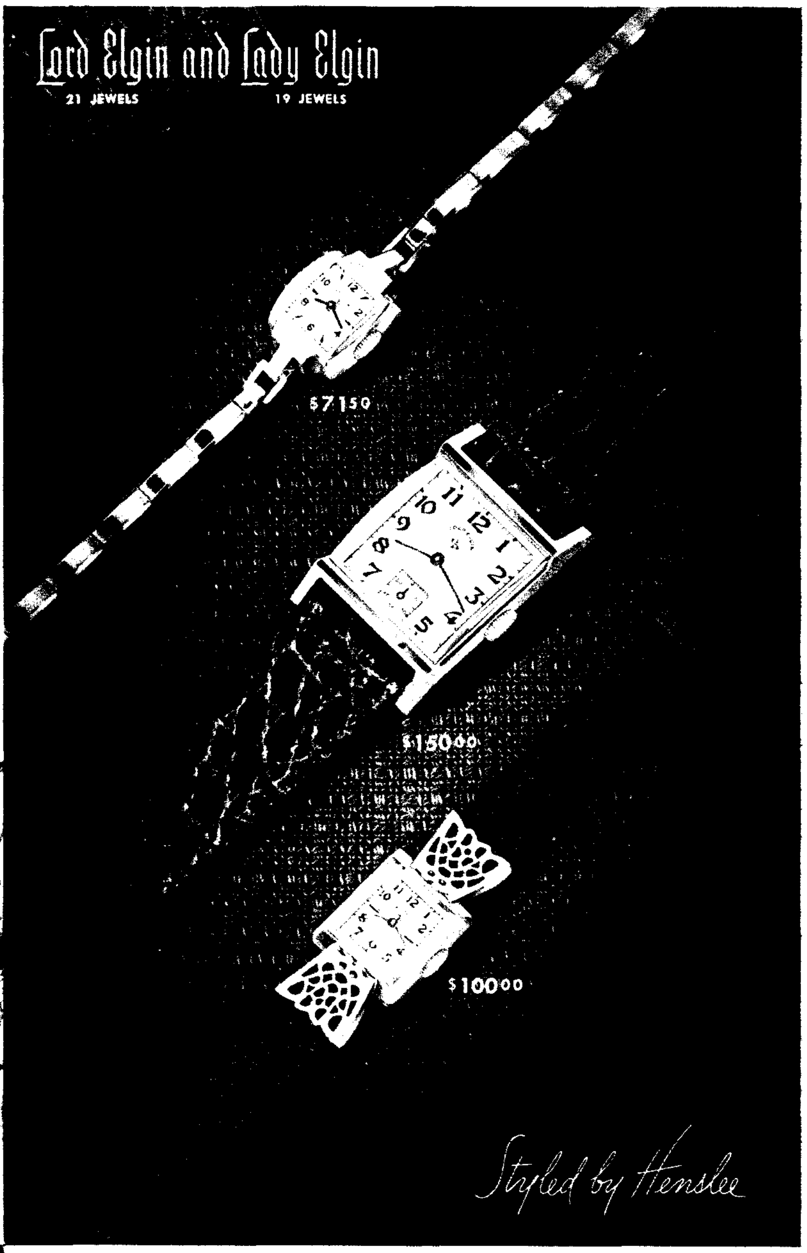

RONALD COLMAN
loves
CELESTE HOLM
in
Champagne for Caesar
the bubbliest frothiest, tickliest comedy
"I'm Caesar... "Everybody's loaded with laughs... except me .. I'm just loaded!"

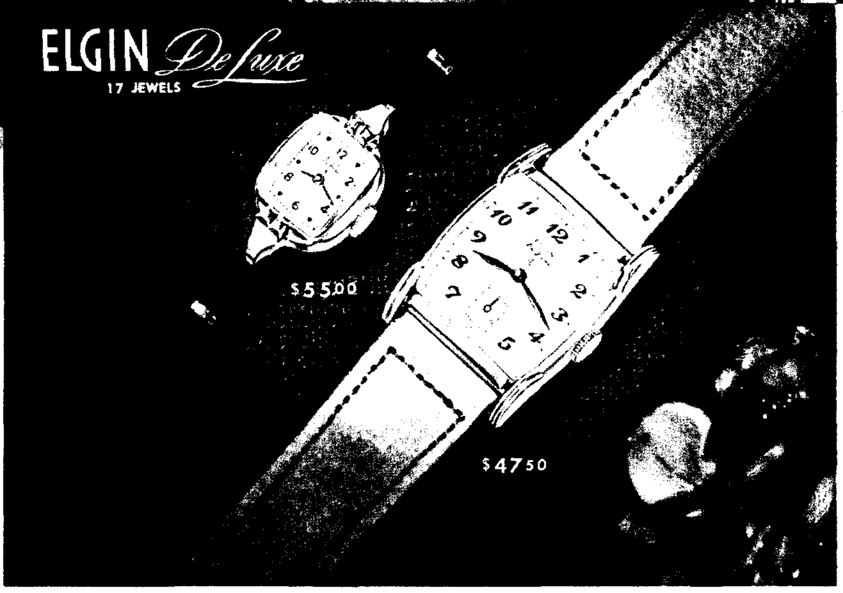
HARRY M. POPKIN presents
RONALD COLMAN in "Champagne for Caesar" co-starring **CELESTE HOLM**
with **VINCENT PRICE** · ART LINKLETTER and BARBARA BRITTON · Produced by GEORGE MOSKOV
Directed by **RICHARD B. WHORF** · Story and Screen Play by HANS JACOBY and FRED BRADY · Music Written and Directed by DIMITRI TIOMKIN · A Harry M. Popkin Production · Released thru United Artists

Says "best-dressed" Julie Wilson

"The style applause for Elgin is certainly deserved"

JULIE WILSON,
lovely singing star
of stage and radio





Lord and Lady Elgins are priced from $67.50 to $5,000. Elgin DeLuxe from $45.00 to $67.50. Other Elgins as low as $29.75, including the Federal Tax

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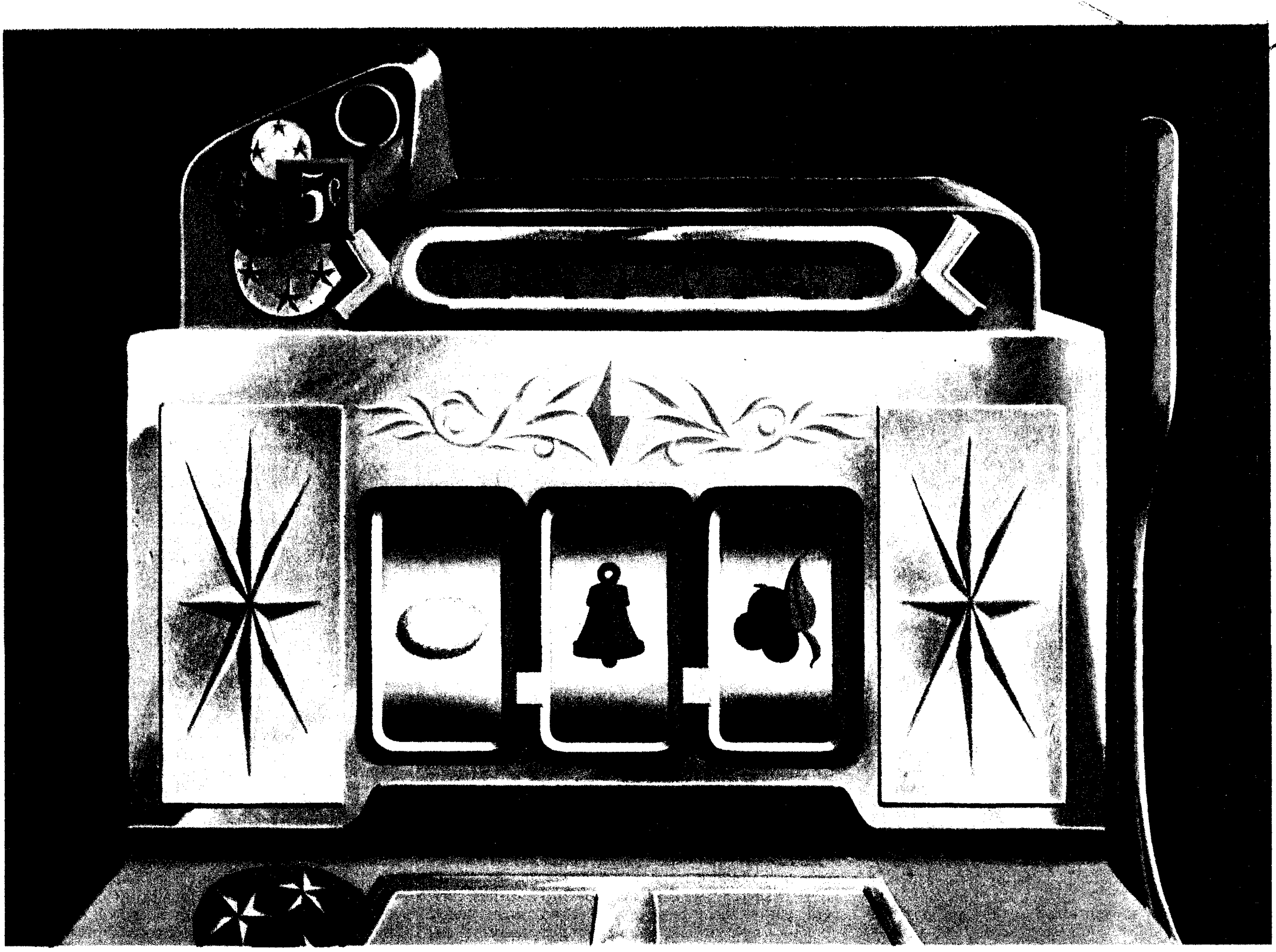
For every gift occasion—birthdays, anniversaries, weddings, graduation—give the watch you *know* will give years of happiness. See the fashion-correct, dependable new Elgins at your jeweler's now.

Collier's, April 15, 1950



AL TARTER

ILLINOIS SHAKEDOWN:

The Little Guys Lose

By GORDON SCHENDEL

In nickels, dimes and quarters, slot machines rob the people of the state of $100,000,000 a year

PART ONE OF TWO PARTS

THE young woman in the babushka and worn winter coat looked tired, perhaps because the baby she was holding on one arm was heavy. In her free hand she held several quarters—which she was feeding into one of the tavern's slot machines. A bored-looking little girl stood beside her, impatiently spinning a bar stool.

"Stop that, dear," the woman said, without turning. "In a minute we'll go to the grocer's. Then if we hurry we can still fix Daddy's dinner before he gets home from the plant."

She dropped the last of her change into the machine, which gulped it greedily and belched back only a relentlessly final click. She exclaimed in disgust at her "rotten luck today" and turned to go. Then, suddenly, she unclasped her imitation-leather purse and groped through it. "Oh! . . ." she said, dully. "Well, we won't bother going to the store. We'll just have leftovers for dinner tonight."

Seizing the little girl's hand and shifting the baby higher on her arm, she awkwardly shouldered her way out the door—with her empty shopping bag swinging behind.

Women fall victim to "slot-machine fever" far less often than men, but the scene just re-created is no isolated instance.

The pastor of one of the largest churches in Quincy, Illinois, told me of several mothers of small children who couldn't resist the "slots"—who, like this mother, went to taverns and played the machines with their babies in their arms. He told me of a wife who neglected her three small youngsters to haunt the machines, regularly wasting her housekeeping money; who, though she hadn't previously been an excessive drinker, took to the bottle and then became involved with other men through frequenting bars to play the slots. Her husband eventually divorced her; the three children had lost their mother to the slot machines.

To illustrate the incredible sums that can be squandered on these small-change gambling devices, the pastor told of a respected businessman in his congregation with a wife and two teen-age children, who suddenly caught the slot-machine craze and persisted at it, gambling away thousands of dollars until he'd lost his business.

However, it is not from well-to-do businessmen but from ordinary workingmen that the slot machines drain almost the whole of their vast annual tribute.

In Swango's—one of three taverns clustered strategically close to two small limestone-crushing plants, on an otherwise-empty stretch of Highway 96 south of Quincy—I saw a young truck driver lose more than $5 in the machines in the time it took him to drink one beer. When he left, I asked the bartender-owner if he were a regular caller.

The man nodded. "Yeah. Those boys nearly all stop in every day."

Within 15 minutes that driver had dropped more than half his day's pay in the slots. For $55 is the average weekly wage of truck drivers in the area, I was told by Edwin J. Snyder, president of the Quincy Trades and Labor Assembly. Wages are generally low in Quincy; according to the Chamber of Commerce, the average for ordinary labor is $1 an hour. Business and professional men agreed on one cause, put concisely by the pastor already mentioned, who later asked that his name not be used for fear of reprisals:

"For years gambling operators have skimmed off the cream of the people's earnings and shipped it out of town. Money just doesn't reach the local merchants. And the worst of this gambling," he added bitterly, "is the slot-machine disease!"

There were 10 slot machines and 35 punchboards in those three taverns on Route 96.

One of the most shocking facts disclosed by my investigation of the slot-machine racket in Illinois is that it siphons from the earnings of the state's ordinary working people—in nickels, dimes and quarters—no less than $100,000,000 a year! Highly alarming is the disclosure that much of the slot-machine operations in Illinois is controlled by the notorious Chicago Capone Syndicate, now a part of what is known as the Combination—the multi-billion-dollar coast-to-coast crime combine with which New York's Frank Costello has frequently been linked.

Perhaps most sinister of all are my findings that the syndicate—bent on expanding its already bloated empire and "opening up" isolated areas which have thus far resisted the encroachments of gambling—is today carrying on a high-pressure campaign aimed at systematically buying off with fantastically huge bribes those officials who have remained honest. (This fact is confirmed by affidavits I obtained.)

Slot machines have been illegal in Illinois since 1895. They are absolutely illegal in every state except Nevada, Montana, Idaho and two counties in Maryland. In Illinois, conviction on a charge of even possessing a slot machine carries a penalty of a $100 fine for a first offense, a $500 fine and mandatory six-month jail sentence for a second offense, and a $500 fine and mandatory prison sentence of not less than two years for a third.

Nevertheless, as I shall prove, there are at least 20,000 slot machines—more than in any other state, and one tenth of the entire U.S. total—operating openly in Illinois! In addition, the state is the world capital of the slot-machine industry. The ten manufacturers who produce *all* the "one-armed bandits" as well as their recent variants, the "one-ball" and "console" slot machines, are—every one—located in Chicago.

They, too, are operating illegally, and could be shut down by invoking a state law passed in 1919 which prohibits the manufacture of slot machines in any county "in which there is a United States Military Post, or a United States Naval Training Station of the first class." (The Glenview Naval Air Station and the Fifth Army Headquarters are both in Cook County, where the 10 slot-machine manufacturers have their factories.)

Illinois's Democratic Governor Adlai Stevenson and Attorney General Ivan Elliott were elected in 1948 by a sweeping majority for a single reason: They campaigned on a reform platform. They promised to stamp out slot machines and other gambling—which during the preceding administration of Republican Governor Dwight Green had been wide-open despite numerous charges of official corruption, political pay-offs and eight gambling-racket murders.

Republicans as well as Democrats voted for them after hearing their pre-election pledges. Typical was gubernatorial candidate Stevenson's speech at the Illinois State Fair on "Democratic Day," August 18, 1948.

Attacking the "Green Machine," he thundered, ". . . A murder in Peoria reveals evidence of protection of gambling by state officials. The St. Louis Post-Dispatch says the governor and attorney general 'sit at the top of a state government which presides over a vast, undermining, corrupting underworld' . . . My colleagues and I are going to fumigate the Statehouse . . . or break our hearts in the attempt!" In an address before the Bloomington (Illinois) Young Men's Club on October 27, 1948, Stevenson flatly promised that, if elected, he would "restore honesty, decency and efficiency, and abolish . . . the sale of favors and protection to gamblers and gangsters."

Attorney General Elliott, an officer of artillery in both world wars and now a brigadier general in the Illinois militia, was even more specific just before he was inaugurated. In a speech in Chicago on December 16, 1948, he told the annual convention of the Illinois State's Attorneys Association: "I intend to fulfill my obligations to enforce all the laws on the books. Gambling is out—and if local officials allow it, the attorney general's office won't shirk its responsibility to enforce the law."

However, despite all the promises, after more than a year of the Stevenson administration, gambling in Illinois is just as widespread as it was under Green, and in some parts of the state even worse. Governor Stevenson recurrently complains in public statements that commercial gambling is his "biggest headache," but he always quickly adds it is "a local problem."

The Chicago Daily News and the crusading St. Louis Post-Dispatch (the latter has a large circulation in downstate Illinois) have repeatedly pointed out to the governor that he has the power to use state police to rid the state of slot machines. But Stevenson has replied that he doesn't want to use the state police until he has definite evidence of a breakdown of local government.

Similarly, the attorney general evidently soon "forgot" the "parade-ground" lecture he had given the assembled State's attorneys when he told them curtly, in effect, that if they didn't enforce the law against gambling in each of their counties, he'd step in and do it himself.

Finally last summer, after months of increasingly critical newspaper needling on the failure of the governor and himself to keep their pledges to crack down on gambling, Elliott made a strategic retreat. He issued the rather inconsistent, and certainly belated, statement that his powers were limited by statute and he could only move into a county when asked to by local authorities.

It was an unfortunate accident of timing. For almost immediately thereafter, rival gangsters twice shot up the notorious FAR Club near East Peoria, the biggest gambling joint in gambler-ridden Tazewell County. And taking the attorney general at his word, the Tazewell County Board of Supervisors, the county's governing body, voted and sent to him a formal request that he "take any steps necessary" to stop gambling in the county.

After a suspense-filled wait, a reply finally came from the attorney general *(Continued on page 79)*

I CAN'T!

Attorney General Ivan Elliott made many campaign promises to clean up gambling, now claims that he hasn't the authority

I CAN'T!

John T. Reardon, State's Attorney Adams County, insists he's "powerless" to take action against gaming spots in his area

I CAN'T!

Governor Adlai Stevenson won the support of Republicans and Democrats on reforms, but he has not yet delivered on gambling

JACK POT—BUT NOT FOR HIM

CHICAGO PHOTOGRAPHERS

Anybody who has ever played a "one-armed bandit" knows how very quickly it becomes an expensive habit. Once exposed, anyone's likely to come down with it hard. There are some 20,000 slot machines installed in approximately 7,000 spots throughout the state of Illinois. Estimated conservatively, the average take for each of the slots is $100 a week

I'LL CHECK!

When aroused citizens of Quincy have confronted Mayor George Meyer, Jr., with complaints against wide-open gambling, he usually says: "I'll check"

SO WHAT?

Sheriff Otis K. Woodruff of Adams County has served three years of a four-year term. When reporter Schendel asked him if he was aware that 572 slots were being operated illegally in his county, the sheriff said: ". . . So what?"

The Bad Time

There has to be a bad time in every good marriage—and this was it

SHE had been thinking of him, and the instant she heard his voice, even before he said he'd be tied up late and not to keep dinner for him, she knew something at the office had gone wrong. He never telephoned her during the day, and dinner was their time with each other, a guarded private time. Something was wrong, something big, and for a moment she was alarmed, wanting to ask what had happened. But then it came to her, then she knew.

This was a part of the strength between them, this sharing in each other's life. She knew his office as he knew the apartment; she knew his problems, the people, knew how strong his position was and his one weakness. Now, intuitively, she knew what had gone wrong, what it had to be. And there was a sudden wash of compassion in her, a need to reach out to him.

"Tom," she said. "You won't be late."

"I don't know. I don't think so."

"Eat something."

"Oh, hell, Louise! I'm not a child."

It had been a mistake, she should not have said it, and now she tried to smooth the concern from her voice, to make it casual: "I'll explain to Tommy. I'll give him his bath."

There was a silence, and then he said, "Yes. Tell him something." He hung up before she could answer.

She sat there in the fòyer of the apartment for a moment, the telephone in her left hand as if it still gave her some hold on him, then put it down and stared at the wrist watch he had given her two years ago on their fifth anniversary. Plain yellow gold.

She thought: Almost six, and there's nothing I can do but wait. If I were there perhaps I could get him to come home. But he never wants me, times like this; he thinks he shouldn't burden me.

She watched the second hand go around its little circle and thought: Poor Tom. He had to fire Frank Harrison. The time finally came. Poor Tom, poor Tom.

She knew she should be thinking of Frank, poor Frank, but it wasn't in her; she had never liked the man. She had tried, because when Tom came out of the Army, Frank had told him about the job in the copy department at Havinghurst and Bender, where he, Frank, was working. He had introduced Tom to Mr. Bender and she was grateful, but she could not like him. He was an amiable incompetent, he had no drive, no ambition; he did not belong in a busy office. Tom said he had been much the same when they were roommates at college. He had taken nothing seriously, done nothing well. Tom laughed about it, Tom liked him.

But as the time passed, as Tom worked up to copy chief, the only thing she felt toward Frank Harrison was that he was dangerous. She felt fear—for herself, her child, her husband, her security. Tom never forgot a friend or an obligation. He was loyal to the bone and she loved him for it, but she had worked in offices and she knew loyalty had no place in business, not a business run by a man like Ross Bender. Time and again, Tom had covered up for Frank and saved his job.

She shut her eyes for a moment, then stood up briskly, smiled and thought: It had to come. Poor Tom—he couldn't go on protecting Frank forever.

She went to the living-room door and stood for a moment seeing it all new, the flat ebony piano, the great down sofa, the black lacquered coffee table, the Raoul Dufy water color above the fireplace, seeing each thing with a sense of satisfaction and relief. This was the part of their life she had made; this was her job, as Tom's job was the office, and after tonight it would be safe, the danger over.

She had planned this room, the casual luxury, the comfort, the sense of space. It was the background she was building for their future. She walked through it slowly, past the Chinese modern desk to the corner casement window, and let her eyes follow the river up toward the sound, toward Connecticut. Next they would have a place in the country for the summers, a farm, a place on the shore, perhaps an old mill with a dam and a millpond . . . It would be good for all of them, especially for Tommy. She would let Tommy stay up late tonight.

OUT through the small, square Williamsburg dining room, she went looking for him, through the stainless-steel kitchen, on to the maid's room. That's what it had said on the agent's plans, Maid's Room; but she ran the apartment herself—it was Tommy's room. He had his own small radio and he was playing it, down on the floor, listening to the baseball scores.

She said what Tom would have said, "How'd the Brooks make out, son?"

"They win," he said, just like Tom, and looked up at her. "Where's Father?"

She explained that Tom would not be home, it was business, and he understood, as he had understood about calling them Father and Mother instead of Mummy and Daddy now that he was older, now that he was five. She stood for a moment and looked down at him, growing so fast, growing more like Tom every day, the fat baby legs grown long and sleek, the shoulders squaring off. His hair was darkening too, beginning to look like Tom's; he would not be a towhead much longer. She got a choky feeling, a catch in her throat, but that was the likeness, that was Tom—and she had the sense of him cut off from her, alone out there with this trouble. She felt a moment's panic, but she put it down, made herself see the boy, made herself speak to him quietly.

"When the program is over, if you take your bath and put on your pajamas I'll have dinner with you in the kitchen."

He looked up. "Just the two of us? A party?"

She nodded.

(Continued on page 75)

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN KLIMLEY

CHAMPIONS FOR SALE:

WIDE WORLD

The life of one man, Mike Jacobs, pretty much tells the story of big-time boxing in the United States. He's retired now to a lonely existence in a huge mansion, but he has his memories—and his millions. The author of What Makes Sammy Run and The Harder They Fall reveals the real Uncle Mike

By BUDD SCHULBERG

THE MIKE JACOBS' STORY

PART ONE OF FIVE PARTS

IT WAS the evening of Mike Jacobs' bow-out from New York's Madison Square Garden, the last promotion with which he was to be directly associated. But the world's champion fight promoter, the man who had set the stage for Joe Louis, Ray Robinson, Henry Armstrong, Barney Ross and a dozen other ring immortals, the man who had been associated with or personally promoted every million-dollar gate in the history of the game, the man whom the sport had made a multimillionaire, was winding up with a match that stood in pitiable contrast to the big-name shows and fat pay-nights of his prime.

The bout was between Pete Mead and Robert Villemain, a couple of middleweights who had proved their ability to bleed with considerable stoicism. The fight fans who had made a rich man of Uncle Mike stayed away from this one in such numbers as to mark Mike's passing from the scene with one of the poorest gates in modern big-time boxing history.

On the evening of the Mead-Villemain box-office fiasco Mike Jacobs was in his big, rambling country mansion in Rumson, New Jersey, a restless old man of sixty-nine "with a face not unlike that of a bald eagle." (The last is a frequently used comparison which one of his detractors ascribes to the fact that "having spent all of his life chasing a dollar, Mike just naturally began to look like one.")

A sick man who's been down twice with cerebral hemorrhage and a heart attack, and who's been warned to take it easy if he doesn't want his license revoked for all time by the one Referee he couldn't claim to know, he was sitting around chewing on his toothless gums, squinting impatiently at television, pacing the oversized living room like a jungle beast not yet used to his cage. Suddenly, in the loud, harsh tone he uses for English, he ordered the chauffeur to drive the car around—he was going into town for his last fight.

"Drive all that way just to watch a couple of bums?" said Josie, his wife, a goodhearted, two-fisted, spade-calling, fifty-five-year-old blonde and, like her husband, a graduate *summa cum laude* of the University of Hard Knocks.

By way of an answer, Uncle Mike chewed determinedly on his gums, a retort that has confounded some of the slickest and the toughest in a business where an honest man is automatically put down in everybody's book as a suspicious character.

"Why not see it on the television?" Josie persisted.

"I'm going in!" Mike shouted, exploiting the range he developed when he was hawking excursion tickets at the Battery some 50 years before.

"Seems like a lot of trouble just to give the few crumbs who'll be there a chance to boo you," Josie said.

For years the mention of Uncle Mike's name from the Garden ring had been a cue for an expressive Bronx cheer from the fans. We'll come every Friday and pay through the nose to see your shows, that prolonged razzberry seemed to say, but we don't have to like you. In fairness to Mike, it should be explained that this personal unpopularity with the general public bothered him about the same way a horsefly disturbs the cast-iron horse under the statue of General Sherman in Central Park. Mike has never run for any office except the box office. So long as the people paid the price on the ticket—or better yet, a little something over the price—the people could call him anything they wanted—which they usually did.

"Getcha coat, we're goin'!" said Mike, once described as a man of a few ill-chosen words.

Having been Mike's helpmate for some 35 years, Josie protested no further. For Mike Jacobs runs his household with the same iron hand and apparently iron lungs that have for nearly half a century terrorized his office help and business associates. Even when Mike is being a charming and gracious host, he is inclined to couch his generosity in terms of harsh commands. "Go ahead, take more turkey!" he'll bark at you, and should you mumble a polite "No, thank you," he'll growl at the servant, "Put more turkey on 'is plate—MORE!"

So Josie got her coat while Mike, an impatient man with a deep compulsion to be on the move, bad heart and all, was already in the car with the motor going. In a few minutes they were roaring toward New York. Sixty miles an hour is crawling to Mike. Before his illness, he had always done his own driving and it was a common sight to the Jersey cops to see him careening through highway traffic at 80 miles an hour.

Candid Words from His Valet

"Compared to him, Barney Oldfield was a bum," said the valet and masseur who lived with him for years. "Every time I rode with him I said 'Good-by, life.' He cracked up five beauteeful cars that I know of, but somehow he never got hurt. I'd've said that God was watching over him, only why should God watch over a S.O.B. like that?"

They reached the Garden just in time for the usual gathering of celebrities in the ring before the main event. Commissioner Eddie Eagan, the gentleman boxer, Rhodes scholar and favorite target for uncouth remarks from the boxing fraternity, announced that Mike Jacobs was in the house for his farewell bow. To everyone's amazement, not the least Uncle Mike's, the fans rose as if this were General Ike and cheered and applauded for three minutes. For the first and last time in his 30 years of association with the game Mike was in right with his cash customers.

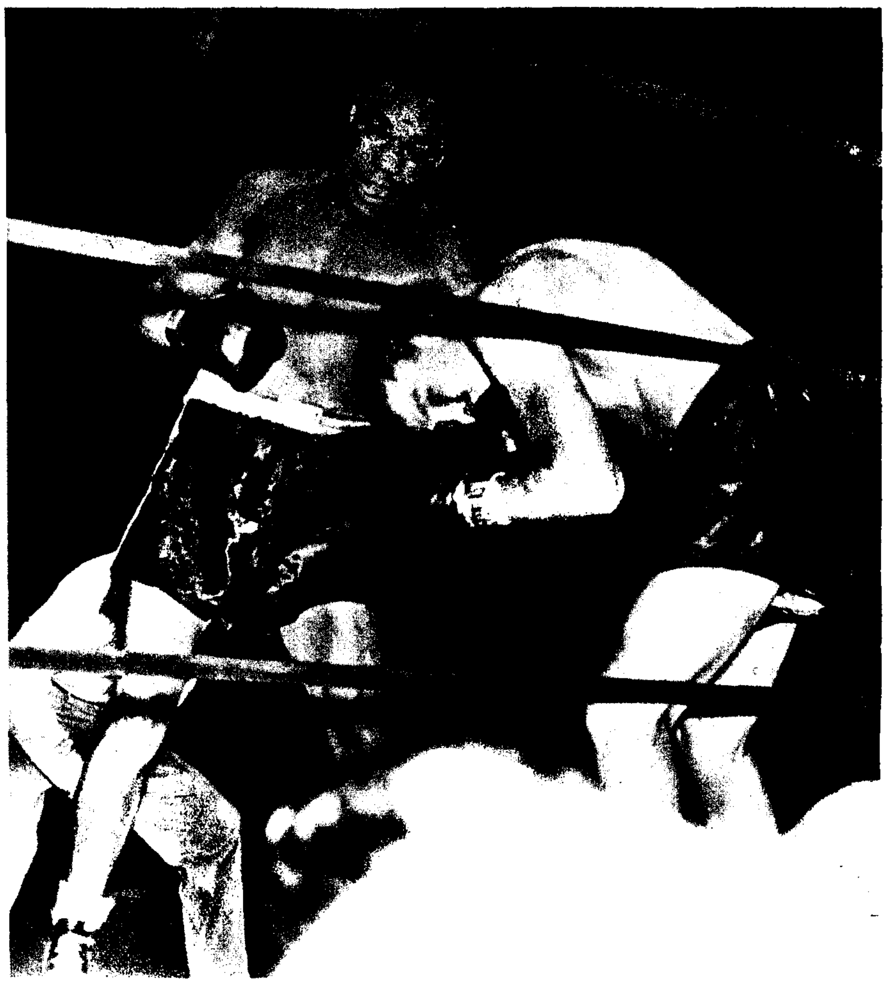
"Now what's all the cheering about?" we asked the fight manager sitting next to us.

The manager shrugged. "Go figure out fight fans," he said. "One minute they're yelling for murder and the next minute they're so sentimental they're yelling for the fight to be stopped to save some bum a little punishment. One minute your guy's a hero and just like that they turn on 'im and call 'im a yellow bum.

"Same with Mike just now. All of a sudden he gets to 'em. They get thinking back to all the great fights he made for 'em, starting with Ross and Petrolle, then Armstrong-Ambers, Armstrong-Zivic and the first Louis-Conn, and they remember how he tried to buck the gamblers and how he insisted his fights go on the square—and that's for sure no matter what the wisenheimers say.

"They think how much more he had on the ball than anybody else who ever set himself up as a fight promoter, how he was strictly a Big Dealer who came into the Garden when the joint was dying on its feet and built it up into the only major-league club the boxing business has. Then they think of this guy living on a rain check, ready to cross over any minute, coming in on a slow night like this just to smell a little of that rosin for the last time, and they think: Well, let's give the old buck a send-off he'll remember."

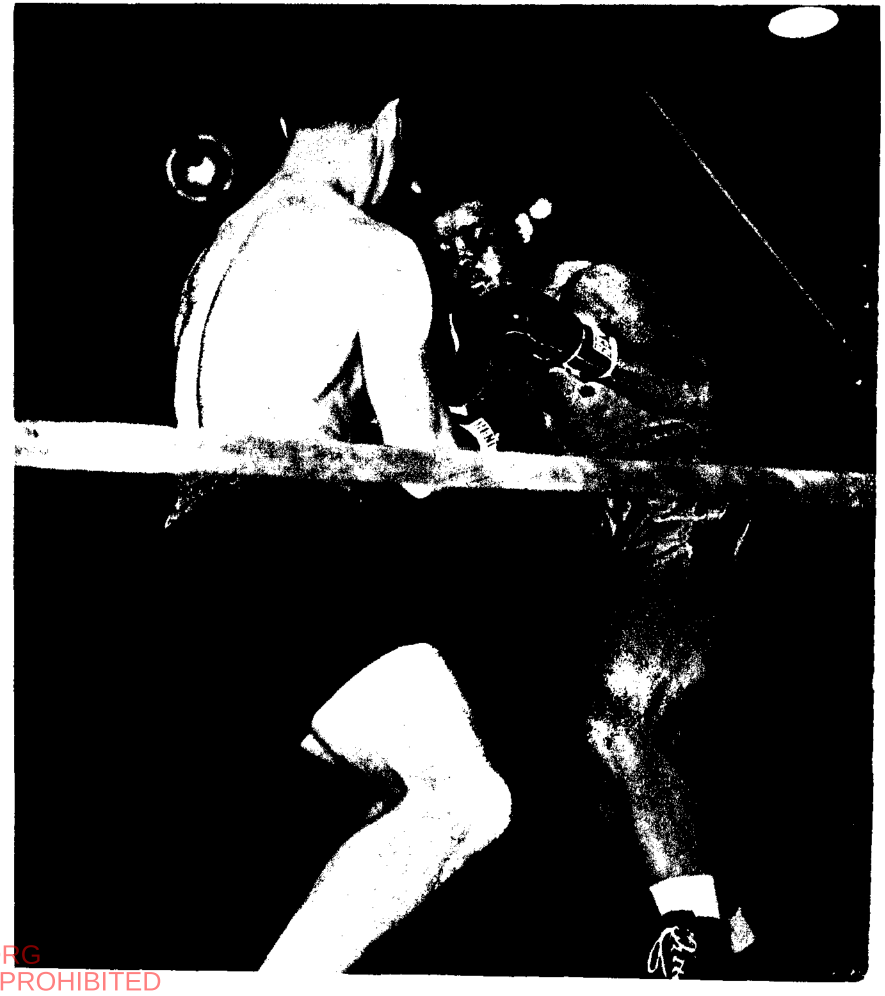
After the fight some of the boys were sitting around Lindy's tearing into herring, chicken liver and (*Continued on page* 48)

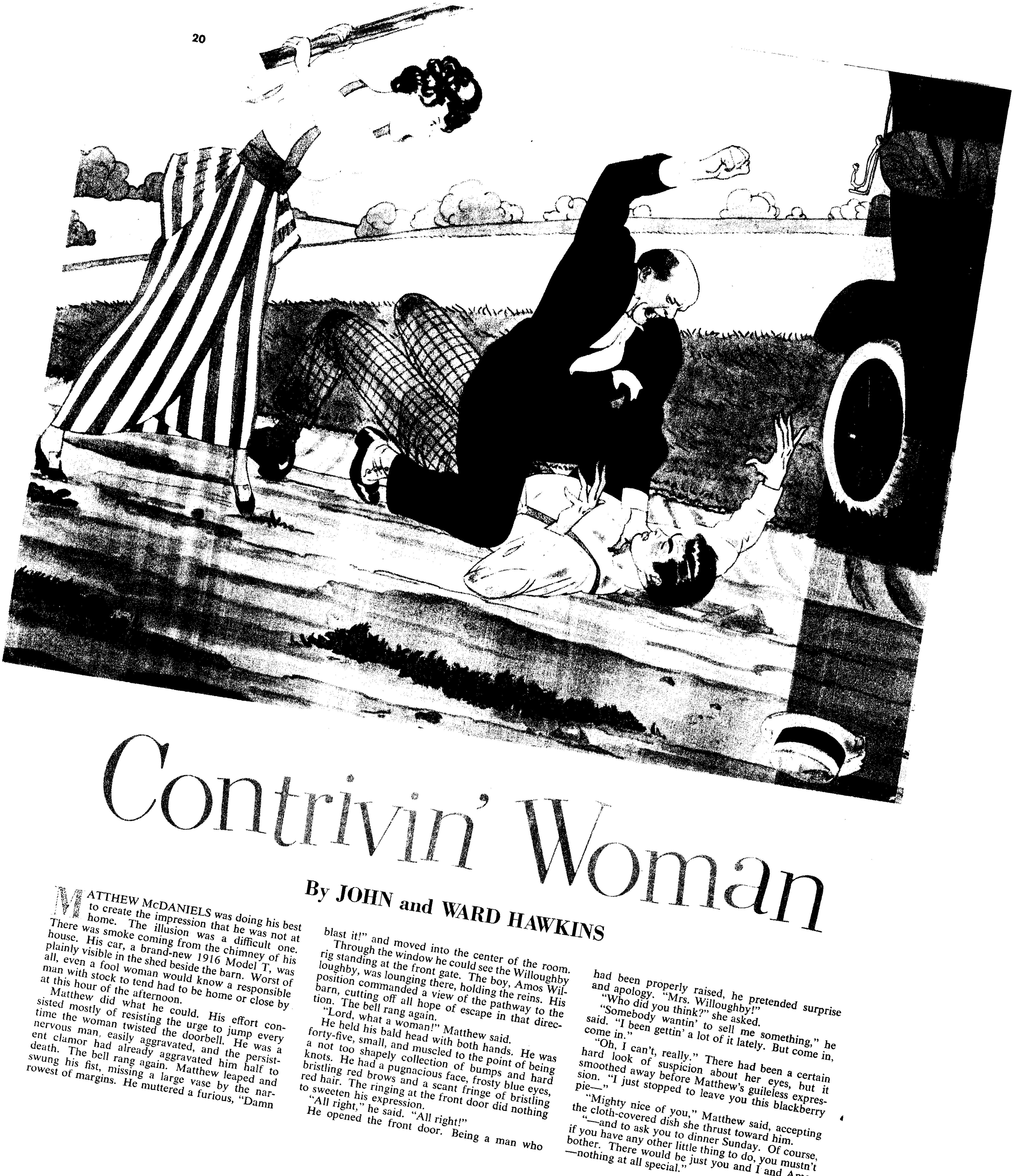

ACME

ARMSTRONG VS. AMBERS for the lightweight championship of the world. The match was just one of Jacobs' great promotions. Fought at Yankee Stadium in New York, August 22, 1939, the decision went to Ambers

LOUIS VS. CONN lured a million-dollar gate at an all-time high of $100 for ringside seats when they met in a return match at the Stadium on June 19, 1946. Louis kayoed Conn in the eighth, but the fans felt cheated

ACME





Contrivin' Woman

By JOHN and WARD HAWKINS

MATTHEW McDANIELS was doing his best to create the impression that he was not at home. The illusion was a difficult one. There was smoke coming from the chimney of his house. His car, a brand-new 1916 Model T, was plainly visible in the shed beside the barn. Worst of all, even a fool woman would know a responsible man with stock to tend had to be home or close by at this hour of the afternoon.

Matthew did what he could. His effort consisted mostly of resisting the urge to jump every time the woman twisted the doorbell. He was a nervous man, easily aggravated, and the persistent clamor had already aggravated him half to death. The bell rang again. Matthew leaped and swung his fist, missing a large vase by the narrowest of margins. He muttered a furious, "Damn blast it!" and moved into the center of the room.

Through the window he could see the Willoughby rig standing at the front gate. The boy, Amos Willoughby, was lounging there, holding the reins. His position commanded a view of the pathway to the barn, cutting off all hope of escape in that direction. The bell rang again.

"Lord, what a woman!" Matthew said.

He held his bald head with both hands. He was forty-five, small, and muscled to the point of being a not too shapely collection of bumps and hard knots. He had a pugnacious face, frosty blue eyes, bristling red brows and a scant fringe of bristling red hair. The ringing at the front door did nothing to sweeten his expression.

"All right," he said. "All right!"

He opened the front door. Being a man who had been properly raised, he pretended surprise and apology. "Mrs. Willoughby!"

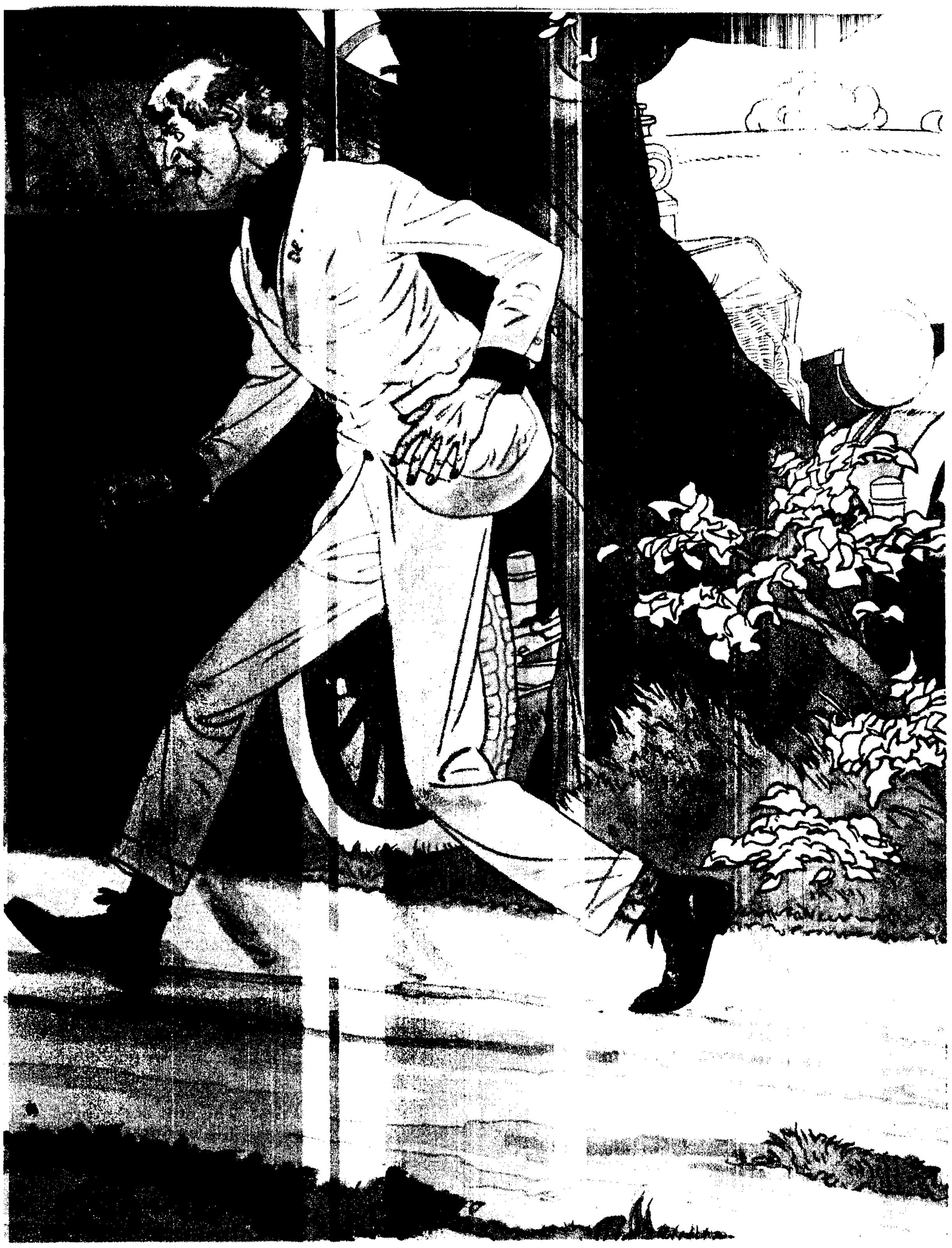
"Who did you think?" she asked.

"Somebody wantin' to sell me something," he said. "I been gettin' a lot of it lately. But come in, come in."

"Oh, I can't, really." There had been a certain hard look of suspicion about her eyes, but it smoothed away before Matthew's guileless expression. "I just stopped to leave you this blackberry pie—"

"Mighty nice of you," Matthew said, accepting the cloth-covered dish she thrust toward him.

"—and to ask you to dinner Sunday. Of course, if you have any other little thing to do, you mustn't bother. There would be just you and I and Amos—nothing at all special."



The boy quit struggling and began squawling. "Look out, Matty!" Jake yelled

A woman's work is never done, even after she's divorced—especially if her ex-husband is a reckless old rip like Matthew McDaniels

"Well—" Matthew said.

"I'll expect you then," she said. "About two o'clock."

She turned and went down the walk, hat feather bobbing. She was a good-looking woman—small, dark-eyed and pert, though maybe a little thinner than she ought to be at forty. She got into the buggy with no help from her son, waved airily, and drove away.

Matthew took the pie to the kitchen and slammed it down on the table. He ate the pie, then and there, fiercely, as though destroying something rather than enjoying it. He could not help but do both. It was a good pie. They were always good pies, and that was the tiddley-damned-bobbed hell of it.

The dinner, Sunday, would be just as good. If he had a lick of sense he wouldn't go. But he'd be there, sure as Sunday came. Somewhere along the line, he decided, he'd lost some of his buttons. Any fool'd know where the woman was trying to lead him with her pies and dinners. He knew. What he didn't know was why he went along with it.

"A bald-headed Romeo," he said, "with an appetite."

He left the house to finish the day's chores. Outdoors, he looked around and the sight of the place soothed him. It was the best farm in the valley. Forty acres of bottom land, cleared. Sound buildings, good fences, good stock. Everything trim and painted; every fence row clean. A man had to work to build a place like this, and Matthew was proud that he could work as hard or harder than anybody. When things went right, he got more done. Still, he did have his bad days.

He looked at his new chicken house and remembered what was probably his worst day. There were three things he couldn't stand: a lazy man, a contrary animal, or a stubborn piece of equipment. Any of the three loosened his grip on his temper. When he lost his temper, the result was shambles, with Matthew usually at the bottom of the heap. The day he'd tangled with the chicken house, for instance, he'd lost his wife.

"Any man," Louella McDaniels had said, "crazy enough to burn down a chicken house because the door sticks is too crazy for me!"

She hadn't given him a chance to say the chicken house had been aggravating him for years, built like it was and where it was, and that the best way to get started building a new one was to get rid of the one he had. She'd just packed in a huff and moved in with her sister in town. When he hadn't gone after her, she'd got a divorce. Five months ago. Since then, he'd been hard put to keep his pants patched, his stomach satisfied and the dust out of the parlor. But he'd managed, one way and another. Any time he got too tired of his own cooking or his own company, he could drop in and pass the time of day with Mrs. Willoughby.

He fed and watered the stock with no real trouble. The bull got loose and he had a time catching it. He barked his shin on the oatbin, broke the handle on his favorite pitchfork, and one of the horses stepped on his foot. He swore some, but he managed to hang on to his temper.

The milking went fine until he got to the last cow—a young one he hadn't quite cured of kicking. She tried it when he had the pail about full. He punched her in the stomach by way of warning. She kicked again, and the milk pail went over. Matthew got up, roaring mad, and whaled a good sound kick at the cow's rump. The cow kicked a third time. Her hoof caught Matthew on the ankles; both feet went out from under him and he fell in the shallow trough at the rear of the stall. That was the way it went—that was the way it always went. Someday, he thought, hobbling toward the house, I'm goin' to win me one of them arguments.

HE WAS at the wash bench on the back porch when the front door opened and closed with a bang.

"Matthew," a voice yelled. "Where are you?"

No mistaking that voice. It was the reason there'd never been a dinner bell on the place. There wasn't a corner of the farm beyond the reach of Louella McDaniel's voice when it was time to eat. Matthew was damned if he was going to answer. The way he looked at it, a woman divorced her husband, she lost her right to come hollering around. He got a double handful of soapy water and scrubbed his face and the back of his leathery neck.

"Great day!" Louella said. "What a filthy, filthy house!"

Matthew still did not speak. He finished washing, found a towel and rubbed his face dry. His face came out shining, his red eyebrows and fringe of red hair belligerently awry. He heard Louella enter the kitchen and cross toward the back door.

"Hey!" he said. "You can't come out here!"

She appeared in the doorway. "Why not?"

"I got nothin' on but my underwear."

"So I see," she said. "What of it?"

"We ain't married no more, that's what of it!"

"After twenty years," Louella said. "Fiddlesticks!"

She stood in the doorway, almost filling it. She was a large and hearty woman with a round face and sharp brown eyes. Her eyes were not interested in Matthew McDaniels, clad in long underwear. Her short nose wrinkled, sniffing.

"Did you bring the barn in with you?"

Matthew said, "I slipped and fell—" Then he changed his mind. "It ain't none of your business what happened."

Louella was unperturbed. "You lost your temper again."

Matthew combed his fringe of red hair, stubbornly silent.

"It doesn't matter to me," Louella said, "now that I'm not here to fret. But there are some other things you can't do."

"I can do any tarnation thing I want to do."

"Anything," she agreed, "but shame your daughter and your grandson. Matthew—for heaven's sake, be careful!"

(Continued on page 71)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Is HE a BIG LAUGH!

By LLOYD SHEARER

Always clowning, that's Red Skelton—a man whose great talent, they say, was tailor-made for television. He's funnier without a script than he is with one

SEVERAL weeks ago the tall, dimpled screwball named Red Skelton failed to come home all night. The following morning when his wife, Georgia, heatedly demanded an explanation, Red, like a little boy turning the pockets of his soul inside out, raised his right hand and looked directly into Georgia's green eyes. "Maybe you won't believe this, Baby," he said, "but I spent the night on Sunset Boulevard waiting for a red light to change."

Mrs. Skelton couldn't help but grin. "I honestly believe you did," she said, shaking her head, "just to see what sort of laugh you'd get."

Ever since he was nine, some 27 years ago, Richard Red Skelton has been specializing in laughter. He will do anything, absolutely anything clean on the screen, stage, radio or in real life to make people laugh, smile, grin, titter, chuckle or giggle. In 1937, for example, when he was working the Capitol Theatre in Washington, D.C., he was invited by President Roosevelt to entertain at a White House luncheon. Midway during the proceedings, Red stopped a Presidential toast by grabbing F.D.R.'s glass. "Careful what you drink, Mr. President," he warned. "I got rolled in a place like this once." Roosevelt roared and for years thereafter asked Skelton to emcee the annual Presidential Birthday Ball, the honor the comedian is most proud of.

Another time, the carrottopped screen and radio clown was returning from a nation-wide personal appearance tour. As his train reached Pasadena, Red turned to Milton Weiss, a publicity man who'd accompanied him. "Gee! Milt," he exclaimed, "you've been so darn' nice to me. I'd like to do something for you. I tell you what. You can have the shirt off my back." Before Weiss could demur, Skelton stripped to the waist. When he walked onto the M-G-M lot an hour later, he wore no shirt but a tie was knotted neatly around his neck.

One night while dining in a well-known movietown eatery, Red almost killed a man. Along with a forkful of salad, he insisted upon eating his own tie. The waiter serving him grew so apoplectic with laughter he burst his appendix.

Back in 1941, Red, for the only time in his adult life, undertook the responsibility for spending some of his own money. On the condition that he properly fill out each check stub, his first wife, Edna, placed $5,000 in a checking account for him. Five days later the bank phoned that Red had overdrawn his account. That evening when the comedian came home, Edna snatched his checkbook and examined the stubs. On them were such notations as "For darned foolishness," "For rotten food" and "Really wasted." On one entry for $1,000, Red had scrawled, "None of your business."

A few months ago, he walked into Saks Fifth Avenue in Beverly Hills with Georgia. While Mrs. Skelton went up to Ladies' Dresses, Red ambled around the main floor. In 15 minutes, he was surrounded by two dozen salesgirls. They had all left their positions to watch him riotously try on women's hats.

Once in Macy's in New York when his wife refused to let him buy a knickknack he wanted, Red lay down on the floor and kicked and bawled until a crowd gathered.

Another time at the intersection of Fifty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue in New York he lay down in a puddle of water so that a dachshund could cross without soaking its paws.

The motivation which prompts such constant Skeltonian slapstick is incredibly simple. "All I want to do," Red says, "is to make people laugh, to take the word 'heartache' out of their vocabulary." Admittedly, this quote sounds like an affectation dreamed up by a bathetic press agent. It isn't. Laughter is the only thing Skelton is ever serious about. He studies the movements of dogs, babies and ballet dancers, because he believes all their actions are naturally graceful or humorous. "When people ask me," he explains, "where I learned to imitate a drunk so realistically, I tell them, 'From watching the unbalanced movements of a baby learning to walk.' . . . Boy! Are they surprised."

Skelton creates his mirth-provoking routines with great thoroughness. Like Bob Hope, he has a joke file. It contains more than 60,000 gags, and he rarely goes to sleep without first writing down

All four members of the Skelton family are carrottops. (l. to r.) Red, Valentina Marie, aged 3, Richard, aged 2, and wife Georgia

Red goes over a radio script with his first wife Edna, who still is the producer and chief writer for his show and manages all his business affairs

That's Red "just hanging around" between scenes of his latest movie, The Yellow Cab Ma

15 of the funniest things he's heard or seen that day. His notes on amusing human behavior now number 120 leather-bound volumes. They contain such bits as: "Met soda jerker today who is allergic to soda. Should make funny routine." Or "Pianist starts concert smoking cigar and has to smoke all the way through." Or "Mother-in-law comes for a short visit. Stays eight years."

Skelton is so in love with the art of making people laugh that he refuses to be bothered with such mundane aspects of life as money, clothes or career. He earns $2,500 a week for his motion-picture work and his radio stipend is $8,500 per week; but he has no idea what he owns or what he's worth, and he cares even less. He pays his first wife, Edna, 50 per cent of his income to supervise his finances, his career and his wardrobe.

It is she, therefore, assisted by Red and three top gag men, who writes the script for Skelton's weekly radio program. It is she who chooses and pays for the 25 suits Red wears out each year. It is she who handles all his fan mail and studio problems.

Despite the fact that Skelton, since 1945, has been married to Georgia Maureen Davis, a tall red-haired beauty who has borne him two children, his ex-wife still retains his power of attorney and under no circumstances will she permit him to control any sum larger than his weekly allowance of $75, most of which he spends on the expensive cigars he chews but never smokes. As a result, Red today owns apartment houses in Beverly Hills, oil wells in Bakersfield, and interests in half a dozen varied enterprises which will take care of him when he's too old to take care of himself.

Living in a fun-filled world of his own, Skelton seems entirely unaware of this unique quasi *ménage à trois* involving his past and present wife, or if he is aware of it he wisely refuses to acknowledge it. To him there is nothing ominous or provocative in the existing arrangement. Whenever anyone broaches the subject, Red comes up with his all-inclusive statement: "All I want to do in life is to make people laugh."

That this warmhearted, endearing, six-foot-three buffoon can do that job better and more frequently than any other comedian in the world today is the confirmed opinion of several unbiased comedy authorities. According to jokesmiths who have toiled for the nation's leading funnymen—Bob Hope, Jack Benny, Amos 'n' Andy, Milton Berle, Jack Carson et al.—few rib-ticklers rank with Red.

Skelton is what is known to the trade as a "sight comic." He is a pantomimist whose comedy is universal and surpasses the barrier of language. His evocation of laughter, for the most part, is dependent not upon the punch lines and situations created by a high-priced battery of gag writers but upon his own facial and anatomical contortions, upon his own great talent for mimicry and verisimilitude.

The most hilarious portion of his Sunday-night radio program is unfortunately not the half hour that Procter and Gamble sponsors. It is the aftershow in which Red rollicks the studio audience by throwing a coat over his face, inserting his arms into the sleeves and imitating two elephants in love. It's the half hour in which he falls out of chairs, squirts his face with fizz water, and leaves his audience limp and wet with laughter.

Written material means relatively little to Red. For example, the funniest part of the screen test he took at M-G-M years ago is a pantomime he originated on the spot. It is called "Imitation of Movie Heroes Dying," and it is considered the most brilliantly waggish film footage extant in the screen colony. Red dying à la George Raft, à la Edward G. Robinson and à la James Cagney; Red as an announcer, peddling guzzler's gin; Red fighting his way into a woman's girdle—all this on celluloid is so incredibly uproarious that the test is more in demand by Hollywood insiders for at-home party entertainment than practically any film the studio has ever exposed.

Jack Rose, who has written for practically every screen and radio comic in the entertainment world—he did the last three motion pictures for Hope, Crosby and Berle—says, "Red Skelton is the great American clown. He's in a league all by himself. When he goes on television, he'll be the funniest entertainer America has ever known. The medium is made-to-order for him. He's one guy who's funnier without a script than with. What other comedian can make that claim?"

Comedy Ad-Libbed in Pantomime

S. Sylvan Simon who produced Red's screamingly successful Fuller Brush Man and seven other Skelton films, generates a similar flow of enthusiastic adjectives. "Red," he insists, "is the greatest comic living. The funniest sequences in all the pictures we've done together have come as a result of his split-second inspirations. He ad-libs comedy scenes in pantomime that no writer could ever get down on paper. He's the only comic I know who can get laughs and heart-tugs from the same audience. Usually, I shy away from letting a comedian play a love scene, but never with Red. He can play a love scene—he played two in Fuller Brush Man—so that no one laughs at him. He's a real clown—in the old tradition. He doesn't need punch lines. He's got heart."

Gene Fowler, who has known many fine talents in his day, is of the opinion that Red is probably the most talented sight comic since Chaplin. "The late W. C. Fields once confided in me," Fowler says, "that if anyone was to play the story of his life, he wanted Red to do it."

When Fowler told that to Skelton one night, the lovable zany began to cry. He weeps easily. These crying jags, however, are relatively few and constitute the only sad moments in his life. At all other times except when asleep, Red is "on"—completely, unmanageably, unrestrainedly, untractably, animatedly playing his clown's role. With the possible exception of Bob Hope, he plays more free benefits than any other actor in Hollywood.

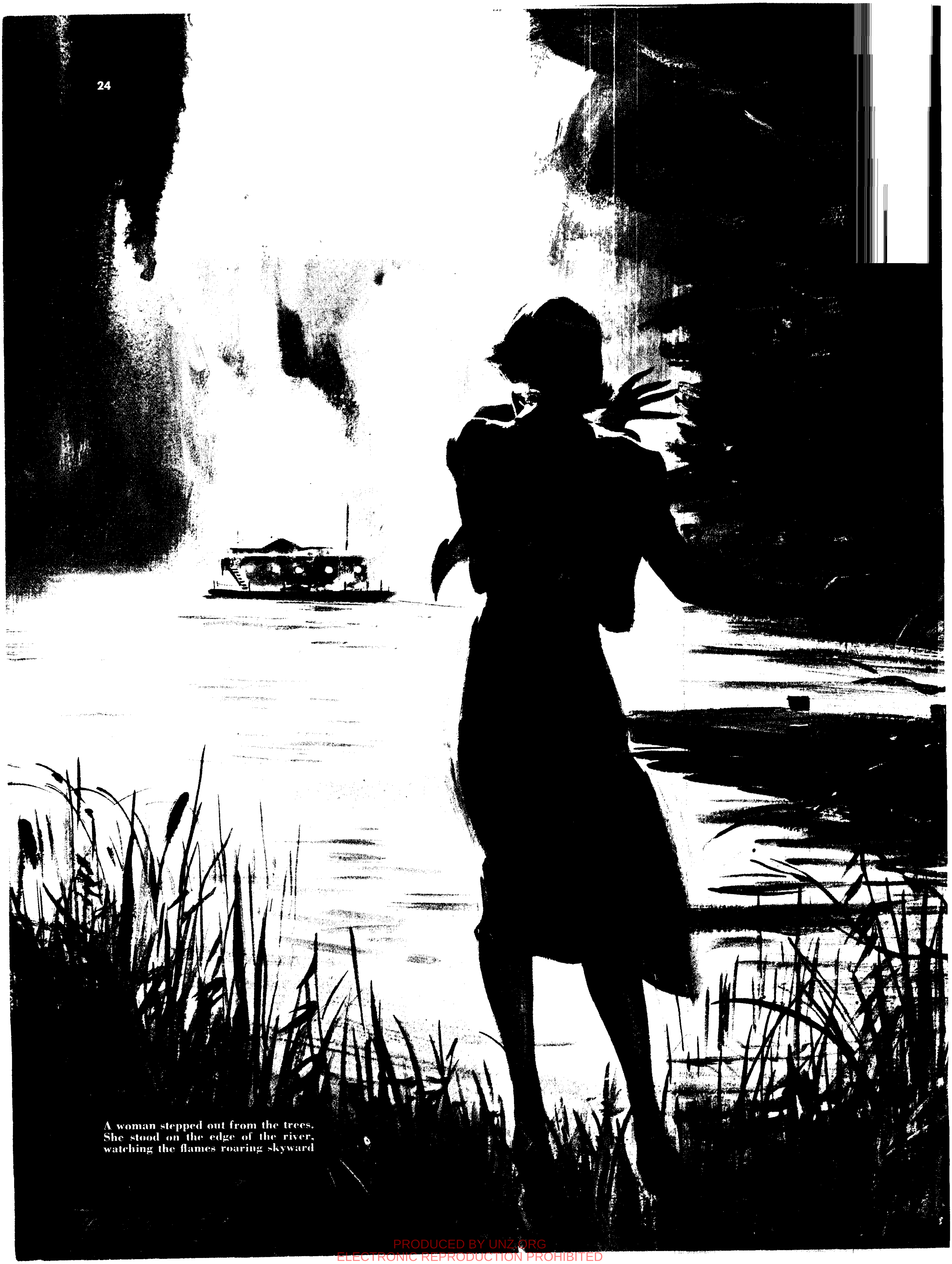
During the war, he worked himself into a first-class nervous breakdown by entertaining wounded troops from the Italian front. "I was the only man in motion pictures," he says, "who entered the Army a private and left the same way." Prior to his own induction, Red performed at Army camps by doing riotous imitations of the big brass. "I must be crazy to do stuff like this," he used to say. "I'm 1A."

When General Marshall visited Hollywood in 1944, Red donned a wig and did his version of Greer Garson as Madame Curie discovering radium. Marshall was bowled over. "This is the first good laugh I've had," the general said, "since the war began."

Red's father, Joe Skelton, was a well-known clown with the Hagenbeck & Wallace Circus who died two months before Red's birth, leaving his wife and three sons penniless in Vincennes, Indiana. Red was born in that city at 118 Lindale Avenue on July 18, 1913, at one fifteen in the afternoon. His mother, now Mrs. Gustave Soderstrom, says, "I told Dr. Beckus to hurry because I wanted Red to be born before his brothers came home from school. Red was a good boy. He arrived on time."

He was christened Richard Red Skelton without any quotation marks around the Red. The Skeltons lived in shocking poverty, and Red became a newsboy at seven. "My family was hungry," he explains, "and I had to make money somehow. At nights I used to work in a poolroom racking up balls."

At age ten, he hit the road and joined a medicine show, which was then touring the Midwest. Red was paid $10 a week and his assignment was to help sell patent medicine. *(Continued on page 53)*



A woman stepped out from the trees. She stood on the edge of the river, watching the flames roaring skyward

The case of the
SMUGGLER'S BELL

BY ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Rob Trenton renews his search for Linda Carroll, impeded by a fire, a mysterious death, and a nerve-racking encounter with the law

The Story: What began as a casual shipboard romance led ROB TRENTON into a chase in which from one moment to another he couldn't tell whether he was the pursuer or the pursued. He met LINDA CARROLL on an ocean liner, then went with her on a motor tour to Switzerland; but in all the time they spent together, he was unable to penetrate the mystery that surrounded her. She denied that she was an artist, though Rob was sure he had once seen her name signed to a painting he admired. In Switzerland, Rob and Linda met MERTON OSTRANDER, an amiable young man about whom there was also something of a mystery. His hobby, he said, was collecting musical Swiss cowbells; but on the ship on the way back to the United States, he threw overboard his entire collection—except four bells, which he gave to Linda.

HARVEY RICHMOND, who shared Rob's stateroom and seemed to be simply a businessman on a holiday, showed a marked interest in Ostrander and his bells. Through Richmond, Rob met DR. HERBERT DIXON, a specialist in forensic medicine. Rob, who was by profession a trainer of dogs for police work, tamed Lobo, a fierce German shepherd owned by Dixon; and in gratitude, the doctor gave him the dog. In New York, both Rob and Ostrander were detained by Customs men for search, prompted by anonymous accusations that they were narcotics smugglers. Both were released, and Rob started for his farm near Noonville in a car lent him by Linda.

In the car, he found a hidden compartment containing packages of drugs. He buried the drugs, and shortly afterward was challenged by MOOSE WALLINGTON, a passing state policeman, who made a routine check of Rob's license and then let him go. At Rob's farm, Linda's car was stolen, and in trying to track it down, Rob went to Falthaven—where the girl had told him she lived. There he found a woman named Linda Carroll, but she was an elderly and highly irascible artist, who denied all knowledge of the Linda Carroll he knew. On his way back to Noonville, Rob was kidnaped by several men whose names he did not know. They took him to a houseboat on a deserted section of river, admitted stealing the car and gave Rob a severe beating in an attempt to make him tell where the drugs taken from Linda's car had been hidden. The leader of the kidnapers, a well-dressed, heavy-set man, found Rob's notebook with a map showing the location of the cache. One of the thugs was sent to dig it up and was captured by the state police. The kidnapers were convinced Rob had set a trap for them and told him they would kill him. Alone in a room on the houseboat, Rob managed to free himself of the ropes that bound him. He prepared a booby trap of heavy steel shaftings over the door of the room and waited for his captors to return. The heavy-set man finally returned; on the threshold, he tried to leap out of the way just as Rob pulled the rope to release the booby trap.

IV

THE heavy-set man moved too slowly. A hundred and sixty-five pounds of steel shafting fell on his head and shoulders. He went down with hardly a groan.

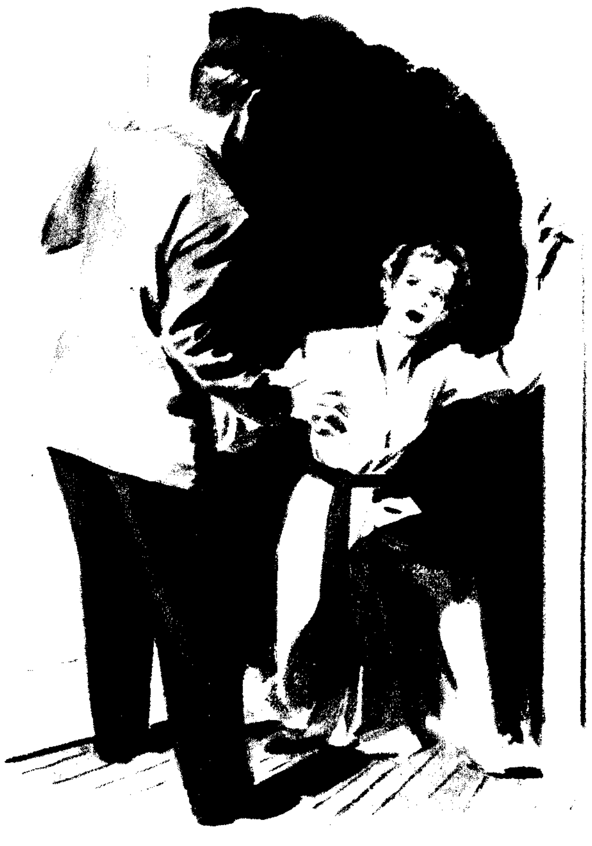
Rob sprang forward.

He had no time to engage in any niceties of deception. The prone, quiet figure of the heavy-set man lay motionless save for a heavy, deep breathing. The lighted cigar, which had been in his mouth, had rolled a few inches away and, still alight, sent up a spiral of blue, aromatic smoke, the sort of smoke which drifts expensively from fifty-cent cigars.

Rob bent over the figure and for a moment seemed to be all thumbs. He realized how difficult it is to search someone else. A side trouser pocket yielded Rob's knife, which he knew was razor-sharp, and then he turned back the man's coat and found a .32-caliber automatic; he took it out of the shoulder holster.

Rob listened and could hear nothing. He tried to drag the heavy-set man inside the door. It was too much of a job. Rob rolled him, pushed him entirely over the threshold.

Consciousness started to return to the sprawled figure. His muscles twitched. He groaned, flickered his eyes open, tried to sit up, slumped again.



Linda was crouched on the inside of the door

Rob slammed the door shut, locking it from the outside and pocketing the key. He grasped the captured gun in his perspiring hand and walked quickly to the bend in the corridor, then hurriedly climbed stairs to the deck of the boat.

There were no lights of any sort visible, and Rob gathered that the portholes had all been darkened, but in the starlight he could plainly make out the form of the boat and saw that it was as he had gathered, a big roomy houseboat.

There seemed to be no one on deck. Rob catfooted to the gunwale and jumped to the dock, still holding the automatic in his hand. He had made certain there was a shell in the chamber, had slipped the safety off and was ready for business. He was under no illusions as to the stakes in play; he knew he was now fighting for his life.

Rob saw that the boat was moored to the dock, fore and aft, saw also that there was a slight current gurgling against the little private pier in the tree-hidden alcove where the boat was moored. He decided to take a chance on gaining more time to perfect his escape.

Running to the stern, he used his knife, cutting through the light hawser which was holding the boat by the stern. Then he ran back to the bowline and took time to untie that knot and cast the rope into the water. Watching, he was pleased to see that almost instantly a black gap some few inches in width began to appear between the boat and the dock. The gap constantly widened.

He turned back to the trees, paused motionless as he heard an automobile coming from the direction of the road. Powerful headlights danced through the trees, then were turned down to dim and shut off. Rob heard the sound of the motor for a second or two, then silence. He was now squarely between two fires.

So absorbed had he become with this threat in his rear, that he momentarily took his eyes from the deck of the boat. When he looked up, a figure was running along the deck.

"Hey!" the man shouted at him.

Rob knew that he was only an indistinct figure in the starlight, probably less distinct than that of the man who was running toward him. The bow had swung clear of the dock, but the stern was coming in close and there was still opportunity for the man to jump ashore, grab the stern cable, tie the boat up, give the alarm, and take after Rob.

Rob turned and started to run.

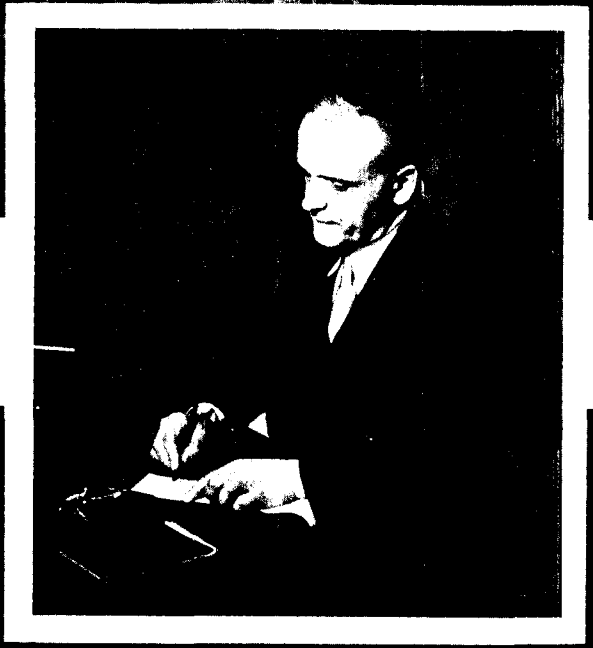
"Hey, you!" the man on deck called. "Come back here!"

"It's okay," Rob called back over his shoulder, racing for the land.

He looked back and saw that the man had turned and

(Continued on page 36)

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE



Colonel Baker, in his suburban Toronto home, shows his wife Jessie and his son Joe a new set of wood-carving tools. At the left he is signing a check in his office at the Canadian National Institute for the Blind. Baker entertains himself (below) in his home workshop, which has a wood lathe, a drill press and a circular saw

The PERFECT BLIND MAN

A burst of shellfire destroyed his sight, but a Canadian war hero went on to create a program which is bringing hope to thousands of others who cannot see

By HERBERT YAHRAES

Until recently many of us regarded the blind as objects of pity, to be given small handouts or forgotten altogether. Some persons still feel that way. But a new and exciting idea is fast taking hold: That the blind, if properly rehabilitated, can take their place as normal members of society. No one has pushed this idea more vigorously than a handful of men who are themselves blind, but who have led their fellows to new hope of holding regular jobs and living happy lives. These great blind leaders of the blind have been spurred by a relatively young federal-state program for rehabilitation, but in the main their inspiration has come from Canada. Here, in the second of three articles, is the story of Canada's program and the man who is its leading spirit

ONE of Canada's most distinguished men recently invited me to dinner at his home in a Toronto suburb. Soon after I arrived, he led me out to the terrace for a look at the grounds. Pointing to a cluster of towering black oaks, he explained they'd been the only trees on the plot when he'd bought it 25 years before.

"These poplars over here," he went on, "the children broke them off at the roots, but they came up anyway, and look how magnificently they've grown." He pointed out other plantings he had made, and identified an unfamiliar specimen just off the terrace as a Japanese crab apple. "In blossom," he said, "it's lovely."

Then he fell silent, and after a while smiled at me questioningly. "You certainly have a beautiful place," I said. But I was thinking of something else. This tall, broad-shouldered, handsome man had never seen any of the things he was showing me—not the grounds he had planted, nor the spacious house he had helped design, nor his wife, nor their children.

In no man's land, on a night in 1915, a German bullet had zipped across his face and instantly and completely flicked out his sight. Those alive-looking hazel eyes under the broad forehead and thick, silvery hair were artificial.

My host was Lieutenant Colonel E. A. Baker, Order of the British Empire and Military Cross—the initials stand for Edwin Albert. For his service in World War I, Baker is entitled to wear a row of medals. But he has built a more enduring monument as a blind leader of the blind. Few persons in the United States have ever heard his name. Yet his influence here is tremendous.

Until recent years, work for the blind in the United States was directed merely at helping them. In Canada, however, Baker had added three words—*to help themselves.*

As a result, his Canadian National Institute for the Blind has served both as inspiration and a training school for Americans now engaged in a new United States program whose aim is also to help the blind help themselves by proving that they can hold regular jobs and even run their own businesses.

As Baker lay in a London hospital in 1915, he felt pretty sorry for himself. He was a graduate in electrical engineering, Queens University, class of '14. But all he could do now, he supposed, was sit out his life on the family farm in Ontario.

Then footsteps stopped at his bed. A man introduced himself as Arthur Pearson and handed him a watch. Baker felt its face. The hands were exposed and above the numerals were raised dots. Well, he thought wryly, at least there was one thing he would be able to do for himself: tell time.

The visitor mentioned St. Dunstan's, the British training school he had founded for blinded veterans. Baker said little. It was one thing for Arthur Pearson, one of the world's great publishers, to look optimistically ahead. But why kid a poor blind man? Later a nurse happened to mention that Pearson, too, was blind. That set Baker to thinking.

When the twenty-two-year-old Canadian visited St. Dunstan's, somebody on the staff introduced him to a young fellow and then left them alone. His new acquaintance also had lost his sight, yet talked cheerfully of returning to civilian life. Then it came out that he had lost his left arm as well. "I began figuring," Baker recalls today, "that there were quite a few things I had *not* been deprived of."

To sharpen his remaining faculties, Baker made an odd request for a blind man—he applied for fencing lessons. St. Dunstan's got him a woman instructor. She showed him how to hold a foil and placed a mat on the floor to mark his territory. As the days went by he learned to spot his opponent accurately by sound—the swish of her clothes, the rush of her breath, the clash of steel—and by the feel of the foil as he made a point.

Plungers pop up to warn blind Gwen Crawford of incoming call

Within a few months, Baker was outscoring his instructor. Today he can walk down any street and spot the location of trees and telephone poles, can enter any strange room and tell almost exactly the distance between him and each wall.

Many other blind persons can do this too. They have what some psychologists call "facial vision." Baker insists that at least 98 per cent of it is hearing. As evidence, he recalls the winter evening he entered Queen's Park in Toronto to take a short cut home. The park walks hadn't been cleared; heavy snow deadened every near-by sound. There were no sound waves, stirred by footfalls, to direct him. Soon he was floundering around completely lost.

A blindfolded seeing person might never have got out unaided. But Baker stood still, and the ears he had come to rely on caught the far-off hum of traffic. Groping toward that sound, he eventually reached a cleared street.

There is a story in Canada that the founder of St. Dunstan's, who died in 1921, once called Baker "the perfect blind man." An American who knows Baker well says, "I agree with that, but I would omit the word *blind.*"

During his six months at St. Dunstan's, the young officer listened to the plans of other blind men. Tom was going back to his barbershop near Liverpool. Asked if he thought a customer would let him use a straight razor, he replied mildly, "I can use a safety, can't I?" Jim, a former sailor, planned to become a deep-sea diver. "When the silt clouds the water so you can't see," he argued, "it won't stop *me* from working, will it?"

Before long, Tom was running his shop, and Jim had passed his diving tests. Baker arrived back home in Canada in 1916 convinced that the age-old idea of helping the blind by parading their helplessness was dead wrong.

In Toronto he got a job with the Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission as a $75-a-month typist, writing 40 one-page letters a day and averaging only one mistake to five pages. But this sense of personal accomplishment was not enough; an idea of his real mission in life had begun to take hold.

Baker, the first Canadian officer to lose his sight in World War I, knew there would be many more blinded soldiers coming back to homes all over the Dominion. At that time Canada had several schools for blind children, but scarcely any activity for blind adults except two local workshops in Montreal and in Ottawa, turning out mostly brooms and baskets, and, in Toronto, the Canadian Free Library for the Blind, which circulated Braille books. Baker got in touch with the library and was soon made a member of its board.

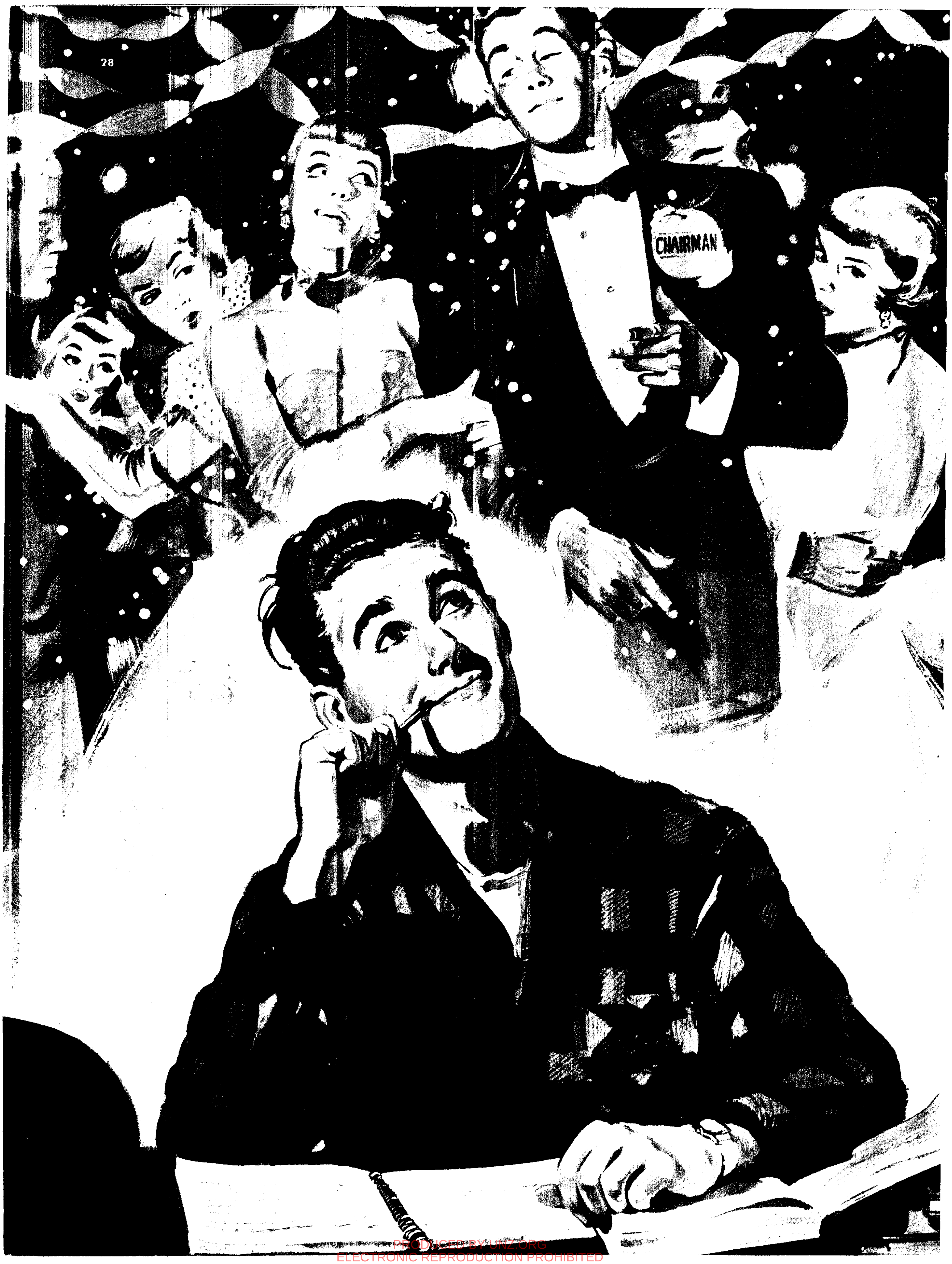
He found that other board members had been discussing a program for the adult blind, not only for graduates of schools for the blind but for blinded veterans and all others losing their sight when they were too old for special schools. "We suspected then, and know now," says Baker, "that more than 80 per cent of the blind lose their sight in adult life."

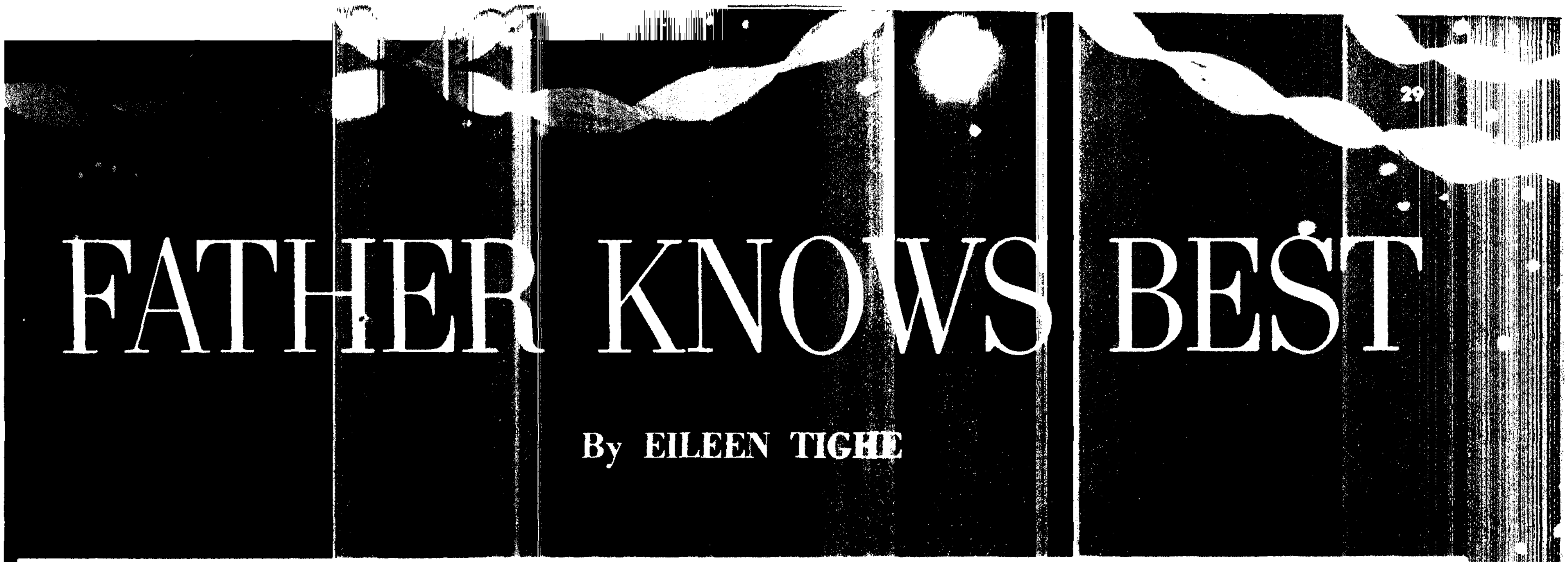
His group decided the answer lay in a Dominion-wide organization concerned with every activity touching on either blindness or its prevention. As such, the Canadian National Institute for the Blind, chartered in 1918, is different from any agency for the blind in the United States.

In this country, 35 states have agencies for the blind, and the other 13 states include services for the blind in agencies serving other handicapped persons as well. But all are limited to work within *(Continued on page 67)*

Don't Pity the Blind

COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ROLF SHERICK


CHAIRMAN



FATHER KNOWS BEST

By EILEEN TIGHE

HIS name was Kelly Baldwin and he was a big man at Middlebury High. He was captain of the football team, business manager of the Annual, a fast man at track, and the recently elected chairman of the Senior Prom. He had a friendly grin, a head of dark curly hair and a tall frame that had not yet filled out but was easy to drape around a football, a teacher's desk, or a pretty girl. His mother had been a Kelly before her marriage to Archie Baldwin, which accounted for a lot of things about him besides his first name. He was only seventeen, but everyone in suburban Middlebury, with one exception, knew that Kelly Baldwin was an important man. The exception was Kelly's father.

The Baldwin family was having dinner, one night in early spring, when Kelly brought up the subect of the tuxedo. Strategically, it was a bad move on his part and his mother tried to signal him to drop the matter, but Kelly had his mind on the prom and he wasn't playing his usual good fast game. It was one of those evenings when the newspapers were full of banner headlines about the next war, and Kelly's father, who had risen to the rank of colonel with the Fifth Army and had consequently developed a great sensitivity to the foreign situation, was full of the sad state of the world.

"People are starving," said Mr. Baldwin, "and he wants a tuxedo."

"I'm taking Holly Redman, Father, and I'm chairman of the prom."

"It's quite an honor to be the chairman, Arch," said his mother.

"She wears false eyelashes," said Ann Baldwin, disdainfully. Ann was two years younger than Kelly and a great trial to him at times.

"Who does?" Kelly demanded.

"Holly Redman," said Ann. "You're always trolley-riding with a bubble."

"Make her shut up, Mother," said Kelly.

"She will *not* shut up," said Mr. Baldwin sternly. "She has as much right to express an opinion as anyone else at this table."

"But it's not true, Father. Holly's eyelashes aren't false."

"How do you know they're not?"

"Well, golly," said Kelly, in some confusion, "I've got eyes, haven't I? I've been going around with her for a whole month, haven't I? Don't you think I'd know a thing like that about her?" His jaw shot out and he made a diabolical face at his sister. "Anyhow," he protested, "I don't see what Holly Redman's eyelashes have to do with my tuxedo."

"You can't have a tuxedo, and that's final."

"But why, Father?"

"Don't you ever read the papers?" asked Mr. Baldwin.

"Sure, I do."

"Then you should know why without asking." Mr. Baldwin turned to his wife impatiently. "Can't we ever have a meal in peace in this house?" he inquired.

"Maybe I'm dumb," said Kelly, "but I don't get it."

"Wait until after supper," said his mother, "and I'll explain it to you."

"It's the Greeks," said Ann. "They need shoes."

"And who doesn't?" asked Kelly glumly. "Y'oughta see the beat-up pair I'm dragging around in. I'm about thirty days away from the pavements myself."

Mr. Baldwin looked at his son and sighed. "You've always had things too easy," he said. "Suppose you lived in Greece or Holland or Italy? Do you think you'd be worrying about a tuxedo?"

"That's not a fair question, Father," said Kelly. "Golly, they've got their problems and I've got mine. I'm the chairman of the prom."

His father frowned and Kelly slouched down in his chair. He'd said the wrong thing again and now he'd never get that tuxedo. Life had been tough like this ever since his father came home from the war. If it wasn't the Greeks it was sure to be the Italians. Or was it the Poles? Kelly couldn't get the foreign situation straightened out. If it wasn't the Yugoslavians, it was apt to be the Hungarians. And God help you if you got them mixed up. It was too deep for Kelly and there were times when he thought his father worried the subject to the snapping point. You couldn't leave a scrap on your plate without hearing about the Czechs and if you asked for fifty cents to go to the movies it was liable to be the Greeks.

Kelly knew he should take more of an interest in all of these people who were so close to his father. Someday he'd get them all sorted out and really know what his father was talking about. Right now it was hard to hit the right pitch because the Senior Prom was staring him in the face. He was pretty sure his father hadn't been so serious about these things when he was a senior. Life was simpler in those days. Of course nobody had any money because there was a depression but it must have been a lot easier to be poor than to have the Italians, the Greeks, the Yugoslavians and the Poles on your mind all the time. Or was it the Hungarians, the Dutch, the Czechoslovakians and the Finns?

"I'll just have to jerk sodas again," said Kelly, bitterly.

"You can do anything you like," said his father, "as long as you don't neglect your studies."

"How much does a tuxedo cost?" asked Ann.

"I don't know, dear," said her mother. "About how much, Arch?"

"A good one?" inquired Mr. Baldwin.

"Just a medium one, Father," said Kelly. "How much for a medium one?"

Mr. Baldwin considered the question for all of sixty seconds. He had a very cautious approach to anything that involved finances. "Oh," he said, slowly, "about seventy-five dollars."

"Christmas!" said Kelly.

"You could sell your bike," said Ann.

"I could sell it," said Kelly, "but who could buy it?"

"How about Joe Barnes? He needs one for his paper route."

"That sea scout," said Kelly, scornfully. "He'd offer me fifty cents a week and I'd have to twist it out of him."

Mr. Baldwin looked at his wife and smiled. "Tell you what I'll do, Kelly," he said. "I'll help you out this time."

Kelly doubled up as though someone had hit him. "Honest, Father?" he said. His voice cracked. Here was his father, who had always been a slow man with a buck, smiling over seventy-five dollars. That's the way parents were. You never could figure them. "You'll help me buy one?" he asked.

"I didn't say I'd buy anything. I said I'd help you out."

"How, Father?"

"I'll let you wear my tuxedo to the senior prom."

There was a low moan, like the wailing of a buzz bomb, from Kelly's side of the table. It filled the softly lighted dining room with an eerie sound and it had an immediate and abrasive effect on Kelly's father. "Damn it," he demanded angrily of his son, "haven't I told you not to make that noise? Why do you do it?"

"Your tuxedo?" said Kelly weakly.

"And why not?"

"This isn't a masquerade," said Kelly.

"My tuxedo," said Mr. Baldwin stiffly, "is not a museum piece. It's only ten years old. I wouldn't have had the nerve to ask *my* father for one when I was

(Continued on page 63)

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES HAWES

Miss Agnes Keeps Store

By ALFRED TOOMBS

A SUIT of clothes was stolen one day from Guy Brothers' general store at Clements, Maryland. A few weeks later, a young man whose reputation for veracity and integrity leaves something to be desired entered the store with the stolen suit. When he requested that it be exchanged for one that would fit him better, a clerk breathlessly summoned Mrs. Agnes Guy, proprietor of the store.

What Mrs. Guy did was to make sure that this time he found a suit that fit him perfectly. When the young man told her he was going to get married, she smiled knowingly. She had surmised as much when she saw him palm a wedding ring off the counter. Before he left that day, he obtained promise of the amount of credit for furniture, groceries, seed and fertilizer with which the store customarily starts the brides and grooms of Saint Marys County. Furthermore, Mrs. Guy had invited him to bring his bride over for dinner one day.

The record from here on is a little obscure. Mrs. Guy thinks he's paid his bill, or is going to, but she's not absolutely sure.

"I never remember those things from one day to the next," she says quietly. "It's in the books, somewhere. But when I do little favors for people, it goes right out of my mind."

Mrs. Guy—mother of 12 and grandmother to 29 children—is the owner of one of America's larger rural general stores. She has built up a tidy fortune by paying more attention to her womanly instincts than to orthodox business practices.

If you are looking for a pair of women's high-laced shoes with pointed toes; if you have lost faith in banks and want some trustworthy party to hold your pay checks for you; if you've mislaid your seein' glasses and need your mail read aloud, or if you need a horse collar, a muskrat trap or a bottle of tonic, you should by all means proceed immediately to Mrs. Guy's store at Clements. If your credit rating is bad enough and your need great enough, you will receive special consideration.

You will find the store on a knob of land that rises out of the flat southern Maryland countryside, at the crossing of a couple of roads that lead from Washington, D.C., and Leonardtown, Maryland, to nowhere in particular. Clements consists almost entirely of the Guys' store, home and subsidiary enterprises. The store itself is an undistinguished white frame building surrounded by tin-roofed sheds, bulging with fencing, hay and cement. In the gravel courtyard, two old gasoline pumps stand at stiff attention.

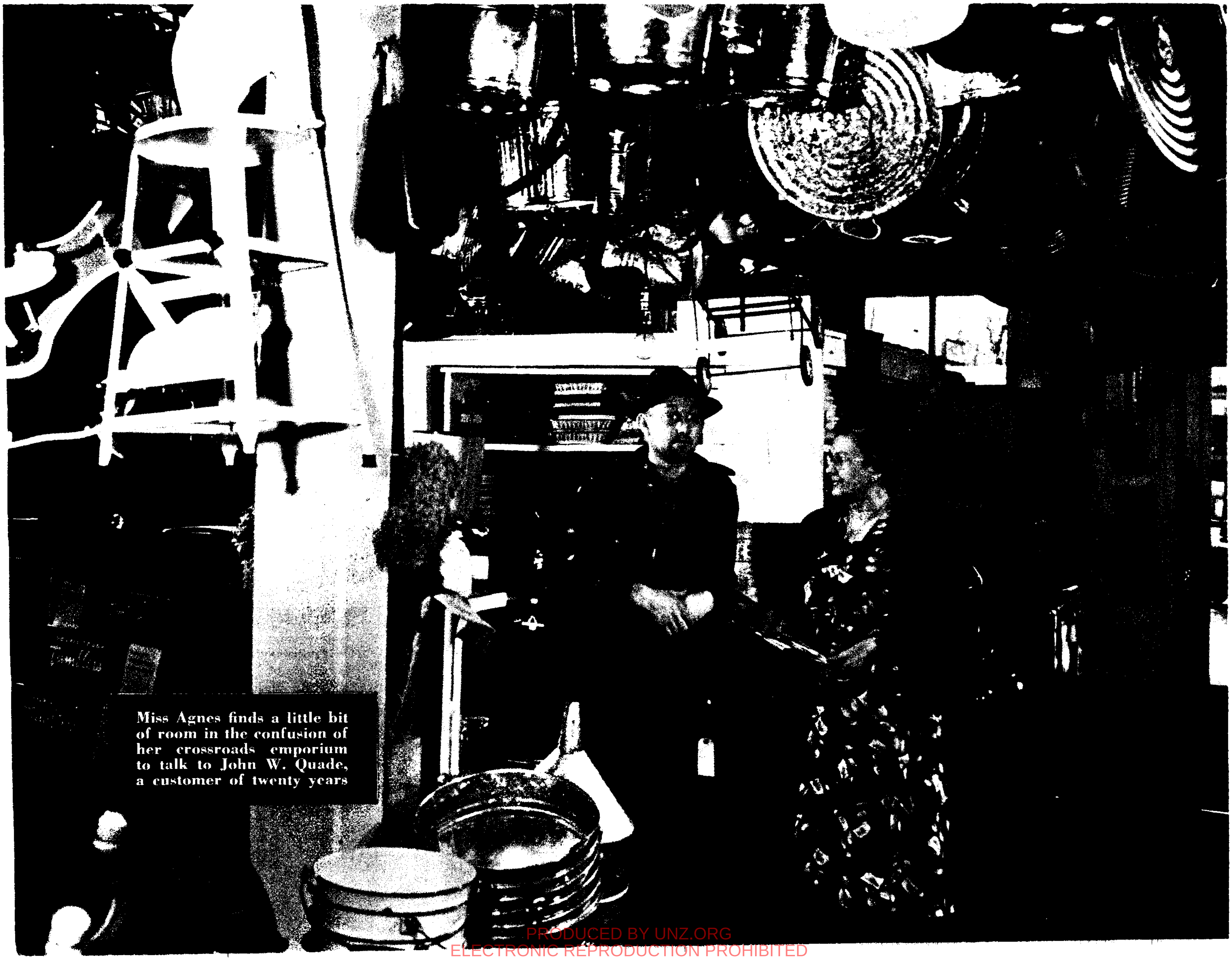
Inside the store, the atmosphere is as old-fashioned and honest as ham and eggs. Two tunnels, ingoing and outgoing, lead through the mountains of merchandise. On either side, glass butter dishes, plates, tumblers, stovepipe, tricycle wheels and wheelbarrow handles jut precariously into the right of way. Overhead, like so many stalactites, loosely dangle rubber boots, washtubs, milking pails and pieces of harness. At one end of the tunnels, behind the counter, or at the other end, in a little office behind the grille window of the fourth-class post office, the gray-haired Mrs. Guy will be found.

Miss Agnes, as she's known to most customers, keeps store in a fashion which would cause apoplexy quicker in the executive offices of the chain stores than an anti-trust suit. She says she never really knows how much money she's making and is satisfied that business is good so long as she doesn't see the sheriff coming in the door. To her, the annual inventory of the hundred thousand items which she buys and sells is a completely unnecessary evil and the statement of profit which is drawn up at the end of a year is a meaningless bore. She runs her business with one foot in heaven and says she'll be quite happy if the debts owed her in this world will earn a few indulgences in the next.

If, indeed, such a transmutation is worked out in Mrs. Guy's case, she should be well established in the next world—because she guesses her customers owe her around $50,000. Some of these debts are old enough to shave, but the optimistic Mrs. Guy never writes them off the books.

Mrs. Guy's customers are chiefly the tobacco farmers of Saint Marys County. From her store, they can obtain fertilizer, seed, implements, machinery, clothing, food and *(Continued on page 69)*

LOU SIMON



Miss Agnes finds a little bit of room in the confusion of her crossroads emporium to talk to John W. Quade, a customer of twenty years

President Truman once told Republican Robert Heller he could become President

Adventurer in Darkest Washington

By CRAIG THOMPSON

A management engineer with a sensational record in private business tries to bring order and economy to the Pentagon

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN WEINER

ONE day last summer Harry Truman cocked a quizzical glance at the visitor he had summoned and another at Herbert Hoover, who was sitting alongside him. "Robert," he asked, "has it occurred to you that you could be President in 1956?"

In the incredulous silence which met this question, the President turned to his only living predecessor: "Don't you think so, Mr. Hoover?"

"Why," said the ex-President slowly, "why, I guess he could."

The man before whom Mr. Truman spread this tantalizing vista is a fifty-one-year-old, five-foot-eight-inch, 170-pound, paunchless Hoosier, a self-made millionaire, a lifelong Republican and a Presbyterian. He is among the nation's top management engineers. Though his name is a byword among upper-bracket bankers and industrialists, it is unknown to most voters. It is Robert Heller.

In Bob Heller's profession, a management engineer is defined as an "efficiency expert with breadth." By 1944, having made his fortune selling efficiency to many of the largest U.S. corporations, Heller turned his attention to the biggest potential client in the world—the U.S. government.

In 1945 he published a plan for reorganizing Congress. Called "Strengthening the Congress," it landed his name on the front pages of more than 200 newspapers in a single day. Congress, confounding veteran observers who said Capitol Hill would never change, liked the Heller plan enough to adopt half of it, including a suggestion to reduce the number of standing committees.

In 1948-'49, Heller's firm served as a task force for the Hoover Commission and prepared a reorganization plan for the Post Office Department. This attracted wide attention, but it takes more than an occasional publicity splurge to make a man a national figure.

Heller's adopted town is Cleveland, Ohio. There, in 18 years, he has become an increasingly important citizen. But if you stop 10 voters on Euclid Avenue, within the shadow of his office, nine will tell you they never heard of him. Even the newspaper reporters ruminate for a while when asked what they know about him. "Oh, yeah," they are apt to say at last, "he's the feller that raises money for the symphony orchestra."

Even that much prominence is a great improvement over six years ago. During his preparation of the Congress plan Heller, whose professional activities had already made him one of the most important men in U.S. business and industry, held week-end strategy sessions at his Cleveland home with Beardsley Ruml, the pay-as-you-go tax man, who would fly in from New York, and with Charles Edward Merriam, the University of Chicago professor of political science and reformer, flying from the West.

A Cleveland News reporter got wind of one of Merriam's visits and reported to his editor, Nat Howard. Up to then Howard had fancied that he knew Cleveland better than any book, but he could only growl: "Who the hell is Heller?" His efforts to find out led to a firm friendship between the two. Looking back to the circumstances of their meeting, Howard says with a slightly bewildered air, "Heller doesn't try to avoid publicity. He just doesn't seek it."

Today that is still true. Robert Heller represents an almost unbelievable combination of success and anonymity, and it would take a lot of very fancy doing to put such a man even within rocket range of the White House. Nobody could have been more acutely aware of this than Harry Truman. His question was simply a Truman exercise in the art of persuasion by flattery. But his dangling of the Presidency, rather than some lesser, more accessible office, was an index to his estimate of Heller's capacities.

The reason for the Presidential blarney was this. Truman had offered Heller a spectacular job—appointment as a sort of management czar in the $15,000,000,000 Department of Defense, with wide powers to put the unified armed forces on a streamlined administrative footing while lopping billions off the budget. But not even the President's flattery could persuade Heller to take it as offered.

He argued that if he moved into the strife-torn unification mess as a public officeholder, his effectiveness would be blunted by suspicion and politics. He insisted that the only way he could do the job was as a hired expert *(Continued on page 54)*

Boom on the Bottom of the

There's a frenzied land rush in the Zuider Zee, where the Dutch have walled off 915,000 acres and are pumping it dry

The Hague, Holland

THERE'S a new frontier territory opening up in the world today, a frontier on the bottom of the ocean. You don't need a diving suit to reach it, and already thousands of twentieth-century pioneers are staking out homesteads on a sea bed that's been fouled for centuries with seaweed and the rotting hulks of wrecked ships.

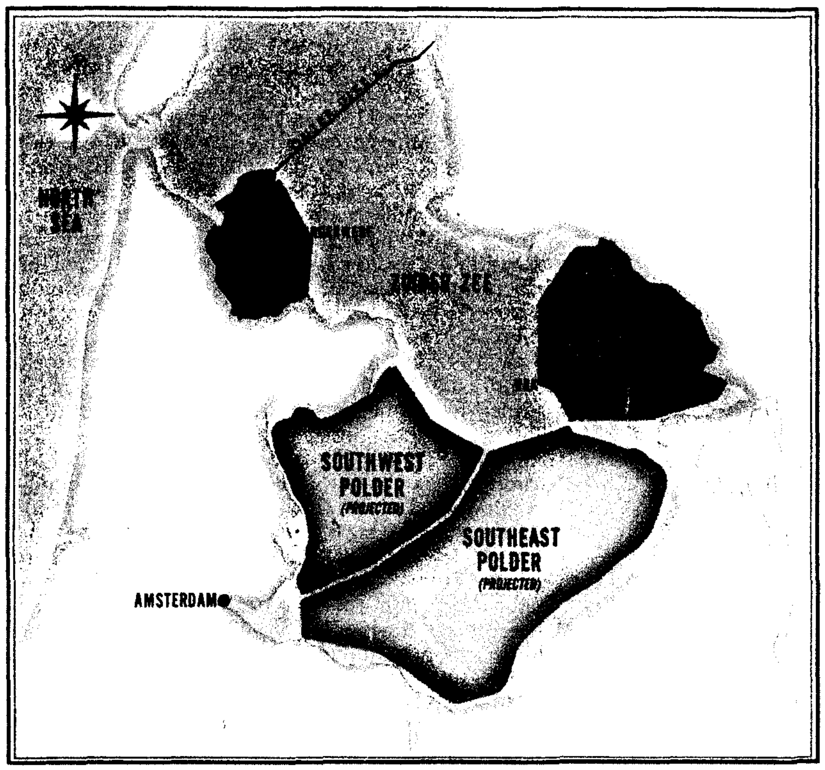
The frontier has no gold, no oil, no timber. But it's booming nonetheless. It has land—some of the richest and most fertile land in the world. Drop a grain of wheat on the frontier soil and you'll harvest a crop five times as heavy as we can produce on the same area in the United States. Plant a garden and you'll get bigger cabbages, fatter tomatoes, longer string beans than you've ever seen.

This fabulous frontier isn't a new discovery way out on the fringes of civilization. It lies in the world's most densely populated nation—75 miles from The Hague, capital of Holland.

Here in the Old World, the Dutch are performing a modern miracle. On the edge of their tiny, land-hungry country, they're walling in more than 1,000 square miles of ocean, pumping it dry, and creating more than 500,000 acres of fabulously rich new farm land. They started the project years ago, and by World War II had made fair progress. But in the last days of the war, the Nazis blew up the dikes, flooding 20,000 acres where 6,000 people lived.

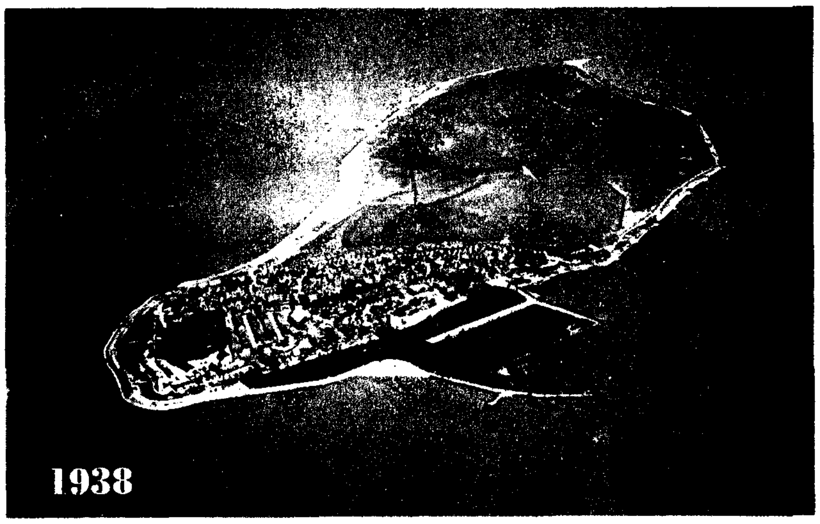
Through the over-all program the Dutch are enlarging their area of arable land by 10 per cent, creating a whole new province for their nation from the sea bed; and America is helping them do it—with the Marshall Plan, our $5,000,000,000 crowbar to lift Europe into economic integration, trade liberalization and expanded production.

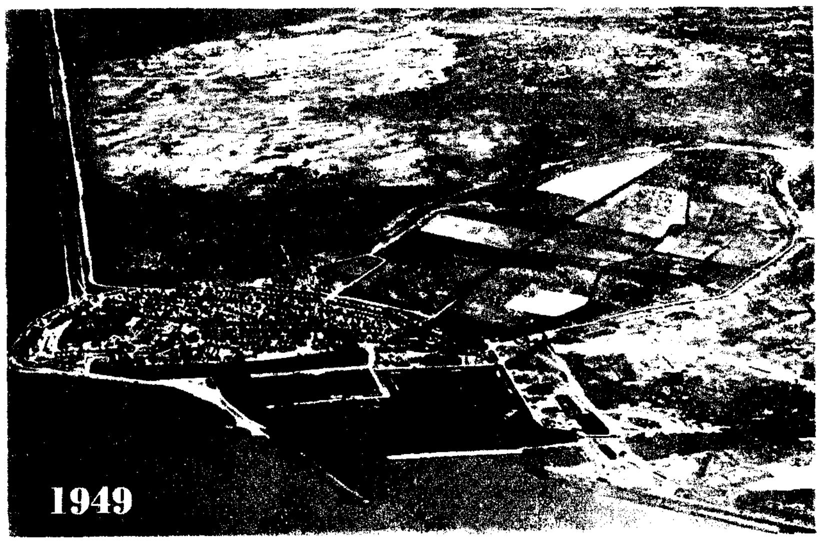
For a Dutch farmer on the new frontier the Marshall Plan means Diesel pumps, bulldozers, tractors, plows and combines. The Diesel pumps suck up



EDMUND MAREIN

Map shows the Northeast Polder, where 120,000 acres already have been reclaimed in a vast project which eventually will provide land for 350,000 people. Marshall Plan dollars are speeding the job. Below are two views of the village of Urk. Once a small dot in the sea, it is now part of the mainland





NETHERLANDS INFORMATION BUREAU

On top of the world is Piet van 'tZet, one of the first applicants to get a farm. He owns modern equipment, his wife has a washing machine

FENNO JACOBS

Sea

By DAVID PERLMAN

millions of gallons of sea water from behind earthen dikes. The bulldozers chew into sea shells, clay and the skeletons of fish, carving roads where only a short time ago wooden-shoed Dutch fishermen dragged up herring and eel with their nets. The tractors and plows gouge long black furrows that are already yielding thousands of tons of food for Europe.

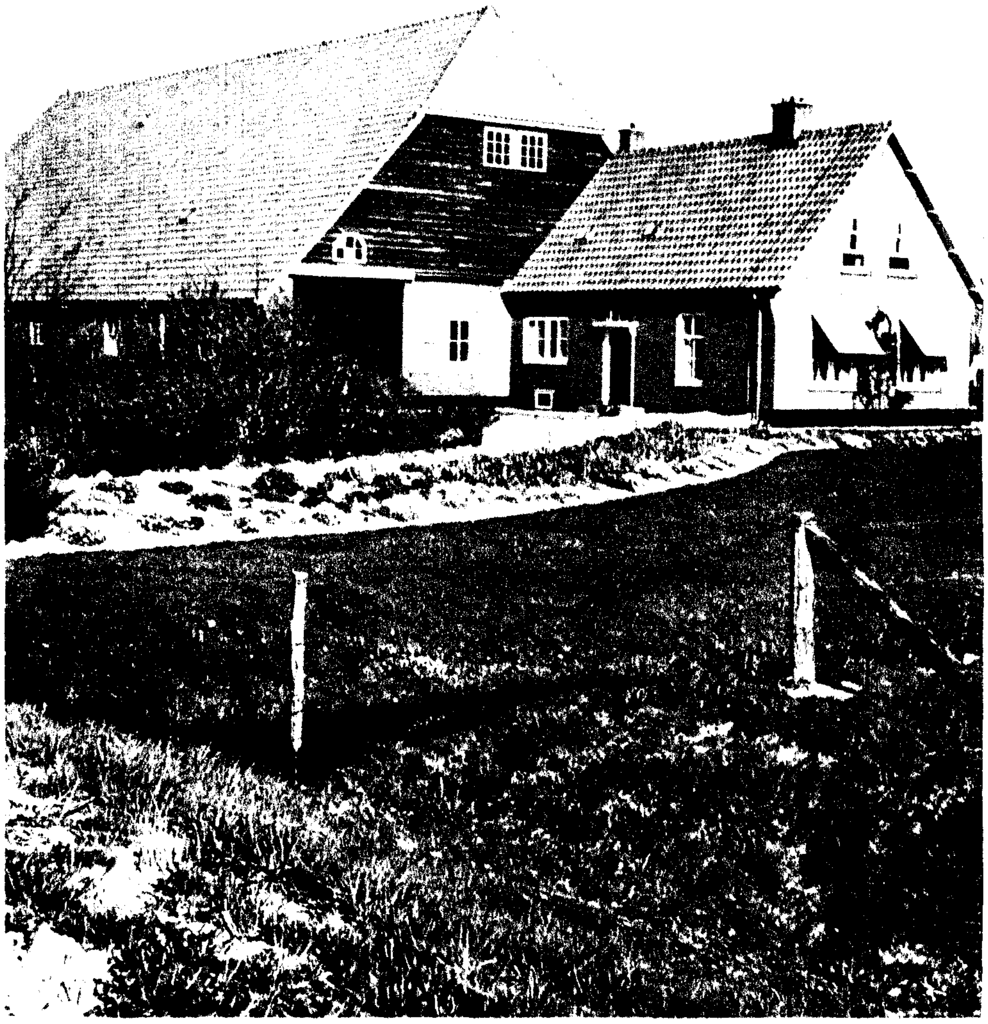
The Americans and the Dutch are among the world's smartest people when it comes to turning a profit on an acre of apparently unusable land. In 17 of our Western states, more than 5,000,000 persons live today on some 21,000,000 acres of soil that never bore a crop until the turn of the century. We've poured more than $1,000,000,000 into reclaiming our own wasteland by irrigation, and in less than half a century we've reaped a profit of $4,000,000,000.

But there's a big difference between us and the Dutch when it comes to land reclamation. Our vast reclaimed territories have been brought to fertility from sterile dryness; our problem has been mainly moving water into the land. In Holland, the problem's just the opposite, it's meant moving water out—drying up the beds of rivers, seas and lakes; and then, by dikes, canals and pumping stations, keeping the water from flooding in again. Thirty per cent of the population of the Netherlands lives on land reclaimed from water.

There's another difference, too: In America, our fight against drought is barely 50 years old; in Holland, the battle against the sea has been going on for 20 centuries. This ought to give the Dutch a certain know-how and, perhaps, an excuse for the traditional Netherlander's boast that "The Lord made the world, but the Dutch made Holland!"

The Dutch are making the newest part of Holland in what used to be called the Zuider Zee. Remember the popular songs about tuliptime and windmills and wooden shoes along the Zuider Zee? Well, the tulips are still there, and so are the windmills and wooden shoes. But the Zuider Zee, that immense arm of the North Sea which used to dent Holland's coast line for 210 miles is gone. The Dutch have thrown a 20-mile dike across its mouth, walled out the ocean, and are pumping the old sea dry. They'll leave a few thousand acres for a freshwater lake, but the rest will be farms—20 feet below sea level. They've already drained and reclaimed 170,000 acres; that's the beginning of the

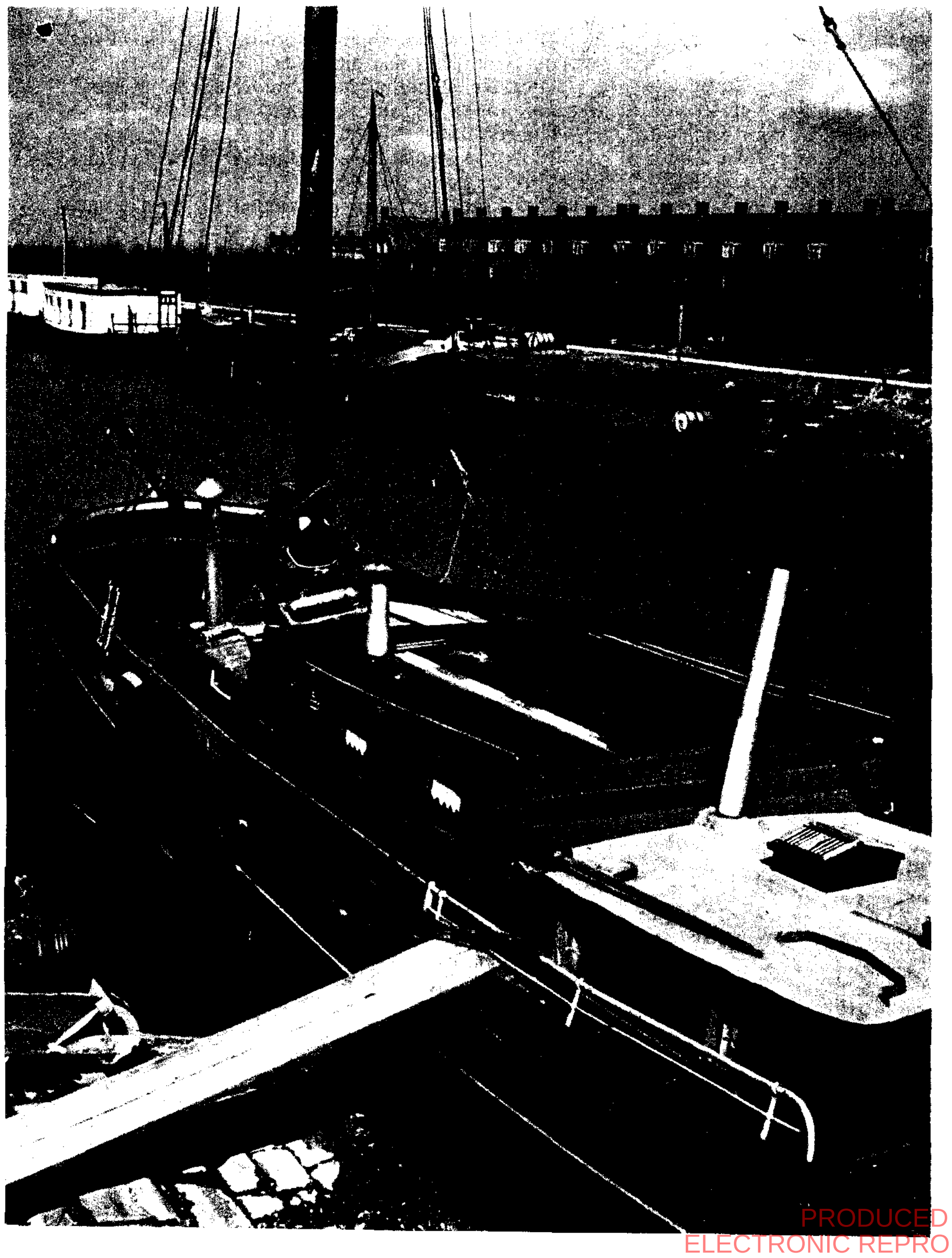
(Continued on page 59)



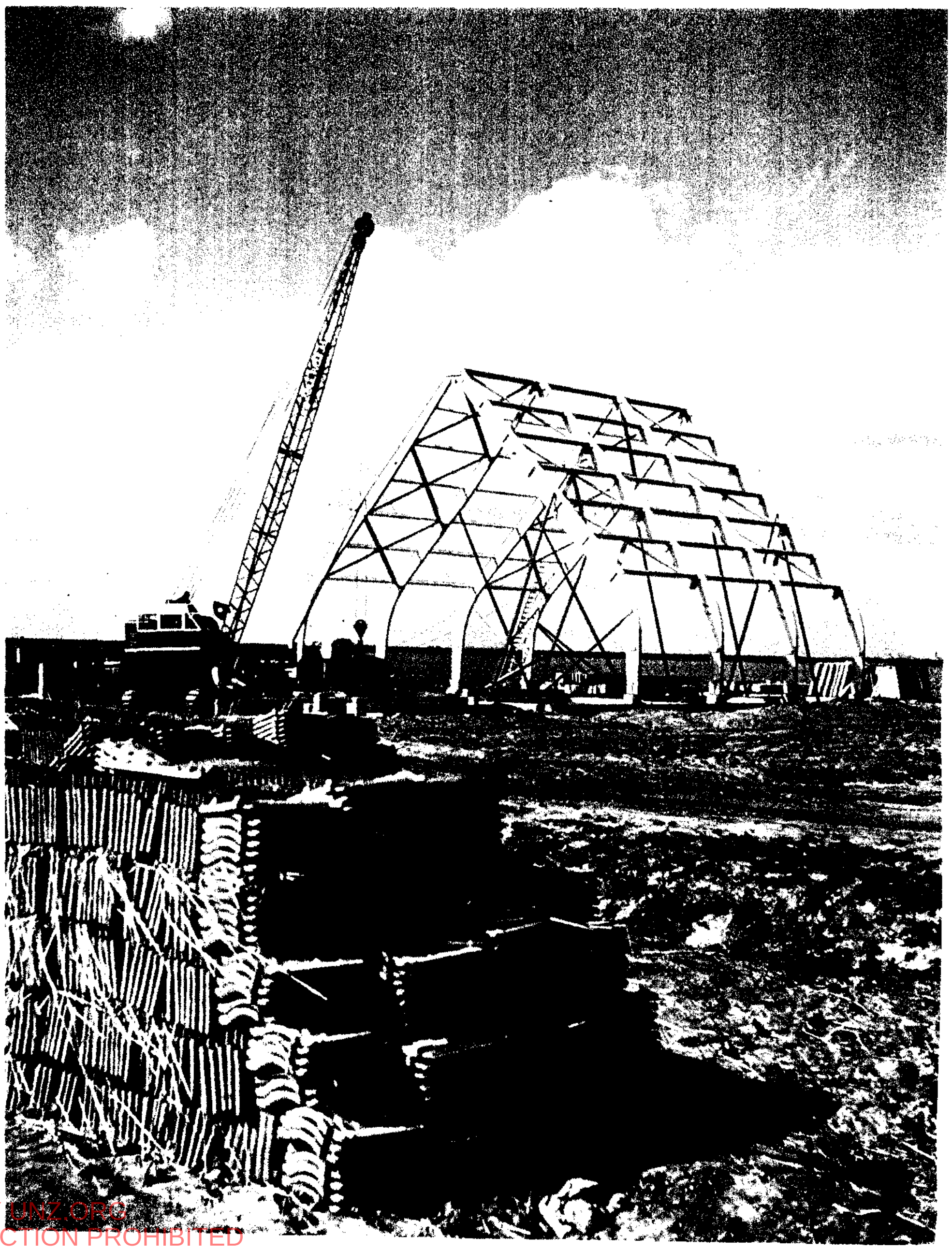
COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY FENNO JACOBS

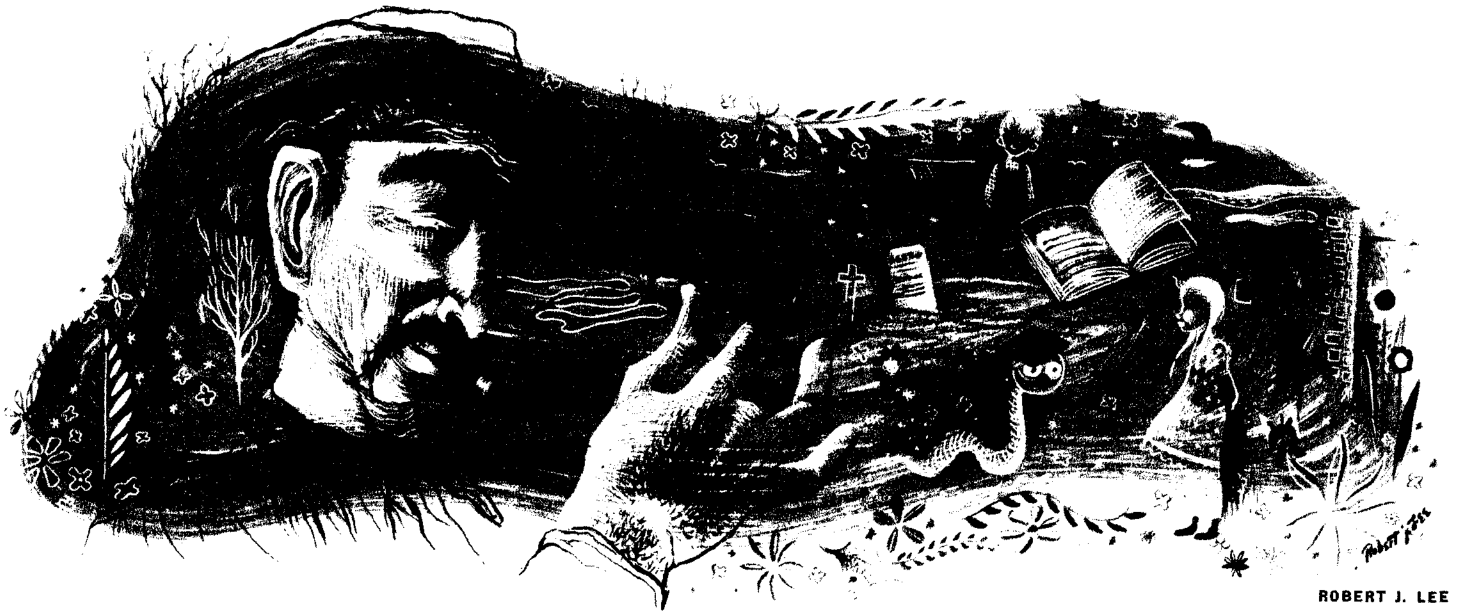
A typical farmhouse on the Northeast Polder. The government owns all the land, rents it only to men who are good farmers

Houses are springing up in the Northeast Polder, but meanwhile workers live crowded in canalboats. This is bustling Emmeloord, polder capital



Plans for development of the new land had been on the drawing board for years. They call for modern steel and concrete barns





ROBERT J. LEE

Jeff and the Overeducated Worm

By WALTER KARIG

THERE was one thing about Jeff Doolittle, who operated my lawyer uncle's farm, that I will always admire, and that was his ability to do four things well at once, providing one of them was sitting down, and another was telling a story. He could do any other two jobs possible under these conditions, as, for instance, the time he took the mowing machine apart and put it together again while "minding" my cousin Elizabeth Anne and me during Aunt Emma's absence at a funeral. This was the story he told:

"Well, if you just purely promise you'll keep your paws off them nuts and bolts and out of the coal-oil tin I'll let you kids watch me, and maybe even help me shine up them bearings with em'ry cloth, but just don't touch them cutter blades.

"You'd think a man'd be smart enough to take twenty minutes in August to save two days' work come next June, now. It wouldn't of took twenty minutes to run this mower into the shed last summer and dabble some grease on it. But no! Let her sit out in the horse weeds where it was last unhitched to be rained on, and snowed on. No sense at all. Not enough to fill a goober shell.

"Who done that? Well, Junior, I must allow as how it was me. But then, it don't pay to be too smart, either. And I'll tell you why, if so you'll kindly sit down and stop messing with them tools.

"Well, once a long time ago there was this man who was so all-fired smart he got to know the everythingest there was in the world, but when he got to know everything, dog if he didn't start worrying because there was nothing more to learn and so he just naturally fretted hisself to death. And so he died, and they buried him, and the worms et him, just like it says in the Bible.

"Well, one of the worms picked this fellow's bump of knowledge for his supper and naturally all of a sudden he was the smartest worm ever was. He knew everything there is in them books your cousin Tom totes home from the academy.

"This here worm, now, was full of brains, as you can rightly see. But he didn't know how to use all this learning, except maybe to show it off. He thought maybe he could open a worm school and teach other worms why apples drop down and balloons drop up, or get on one of them radio guessing programs and win hisself a piano.

"So he clumb up to the surface one night and started out, his head buzzing with facts and figures like the capital of New Jersey is Jersey City (and him living in Missouri) or how many cubic inches in a mile. And by and by he met another worm, slithering through the dewy wet grass, and this educated worm, he stopped and said, 'Do you know that a square hippopotamus is equal to some of the square angleworms?'

"What does it mean? you ask. Ask your cousin Tom. I don't know and I don't care, and that's exactly the answer the other worm gave the educated one. But he did know, he said, it was nigh onto sunup and the birds would be out soon, so a good day to you, sir, but I got to dig me a hole. The educated worm, he said to hisself, 'There goes a fellow who'll be nothing but a poor worm all his life. How can he expect to get anywheres, digging a hole and pulling it in after him?' And with that, up hops a robin, picked up that smart worm in his beak, brains and all, and started to fly back to his nest.

"No, that ain't the end of the story. If that was the end of the story you'd go tell your uncle that I done told you it wasn't no use to go to school because you just get et up by worms, or by robins if so you're a worm, and you'd not be allowed to sit out here no more. And maybe that would be a blessing for me.

"No, education is a wonderful thing if so you know how to use it. Where'd I be, or your uncle, if we hadn't studied the things that count? We'd both be on poor relief, 'stead of him getting people out of trouble down to the courthouse and me running his farm singlehanded, you might say, except at haying and hog killing.

"Now, this worm knew what was going to happen, to be sure, and it wasn't nothing he'd learned from picking any wise man's brains, either. He'd learned it from his ma. The worms have a saying: 'The early bird gets the worm, so if you don't want to be the late worm, don't be a late worm.' Well, that means, better to eat an early breakfast than to be one.

"Like I said, this educated worm didn't know how to get out of the fix he was in, on account of no worm had ever come back from a robin ride to tell how he escaped. And there wasn't anything in the education he had swallowed but not digested, on account of the wise man never having been carried off by a robin.

"Every flap of the bird's wings brought them nearer the nest, and with every flap the worm's mind turned over a new thought on how to avoid becoming vittles. 'How come I got me into this fix?' he asked hisself. 'Pride done it. Well, by gosh, this is one time I wish pride would cometh before a fall, on account of I'd like to fall down onto that pasture under us this minute.'

"Howsomever, by figuring out his own stupidness, the worm got holt of the first good idea he'd had since he left the graveyard.

"It was purely vanity that had been his ruin. Now the robin, by his very clothes, what with a red vest and white breeches like one of them Eastern horseback riders, was plain enough naturally vain. How could the worm use his new education to save his neck—allowing he had a neck?

"The orchard was getting nearer at every flap of the wings and the worm ran over his stock of education—astrology, biography, catalepsy, division, etiquette, finance, geography, just like going through an encyclopedia. When he got to the M's he got the glimmer of an idea. Mythology. N didn't help. O—orni—orno—orthonology. That clicked. Orthonology means knowing all about birds. P didn't produce nothing. Not till he got to S, 'sychology! He remembered the story in your reader, Junior, about the crow and the cheese. You know, how the smart fox just honeyfogled the crow into droppin' the cheese by asking her to sing? Only the worm said to hisself: In this case I'm in the position of being the cheese. Now, what would the cheese have done to save herself?

" 'You're a pretty gaudy-lookin' bird,' says the worm. The robin just grunted.

" 'Yes, sir, a mighty handsome piece of poultry. It's a honor to be toted by you.'

"The robin just grunted again.

" 'But you know the old saying: Fine feathers don't make a fine bird.'

"This time the robin growled a little. The orchard was mighty near, now.

" 'In fact,' said the worm, 'it's a scientific fact every orthonologer knows that the American robin is just a thrush, and the commonest kind of thrush.'

"The robin shook his head so hard at that he nearly broke the worm's backbone. The worm could see he had got under the robin's skin a little, and it gave him new hope that he wouldn't end up completely under a robin's skin.

" 'Oh, yes, robins is just thrushes dressed up,' the worm went on, talking fast. 'You know the old Greek story about the donkey that put on a sheep's skin so's he'd look pretty? Everybody thought the ugly old donkey was a pretty lamb until he started to talk. Of course he couldn't change his voice, and then everybody knowed he was just a donkey in fancy clothes. Well, it's the same with you thrushes in Eastern riding suits. You got the same voice as a thrush. It goes like this—tweep-tiddle-weet, tweet-tiddle-weet.' The worm was pretty good at imitating birdcalls since he got educated.

"Well, anyhow, that made the robin mad, and he opened his mouth and sang out a robin song, of which the worm didn't hear much for the wind rushing in his ears as he tumbled to the ground.

"He was black and blue all over, but he dug hisself a hole in record time, and pulled it in after him. And that goes to prove what I said in the firstest place: An education ain't no good unless you can use it practical-like. So next time your cousin Tom totes home all them books and asks you if you know that the nearest star is over a hundred miles away, you just ask him how much corn he can manage to shuck with that. Experience is the best learnin', I always say." THE END

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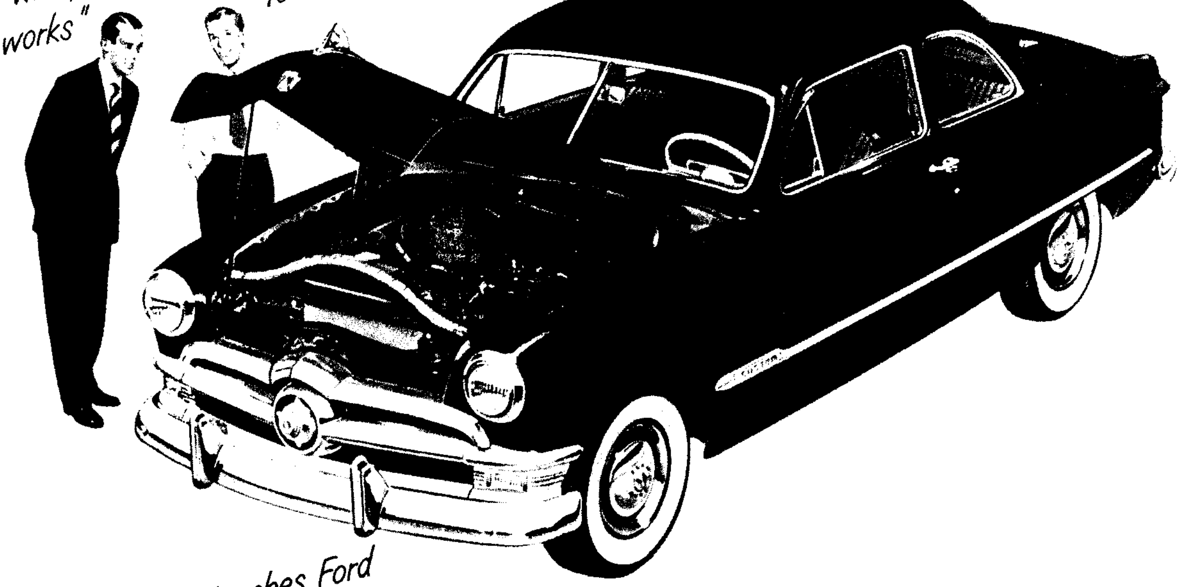

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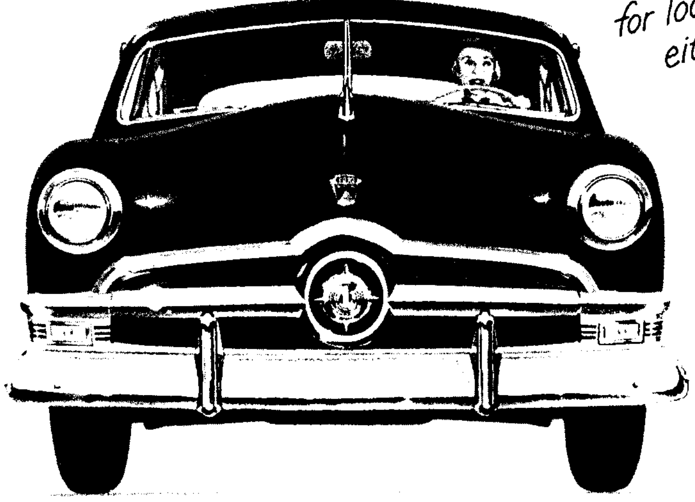

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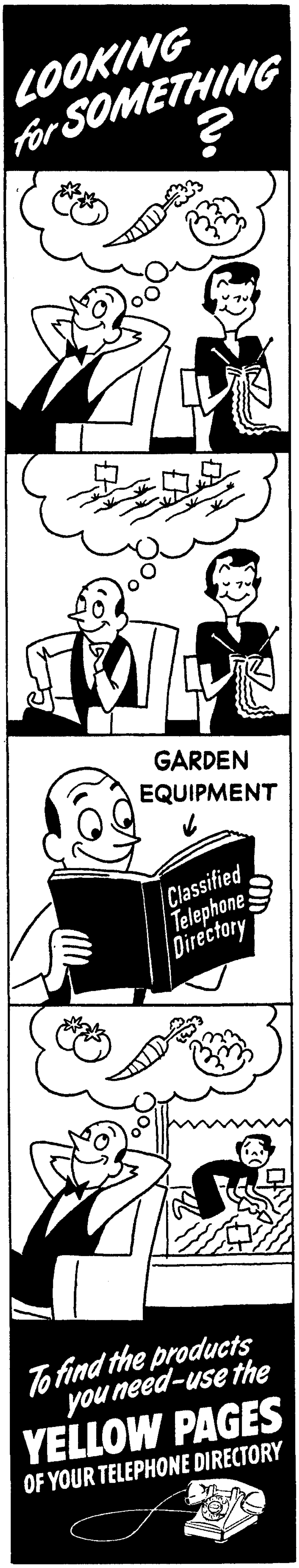
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The Case of the Smuggler's Bell

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

was rushing toward the rear of the boat, apparently preparing to execute the very maneuver which Rob feared. Rob knew that if he only had some way of holding the man's attention, of freezing him into immobility for even a few seconds, the boat would then have swung out into the current, and the gap would be so wide that the man would have to jump in the water and swim before he could gain the pier. By the time he did that, the boat would have drifted far out into the middle of the stream and it would be too late for reinforcements from below to head Rob off. It might be a matter of some fifteen or twenty minutes before the engines could be started, the boat brought back to the pier, and anything like organized pursuit placed in operation.

"Halt!" Rob shouted. "You're under arrest," he added as an afterthought.

The man kept running.

Rob squeezed the trigger on the automatic, firing twice, blindly. He saw tongues of blue-orange flame spurt from the muzzle of the gun, felt the reassuring jar of the recoil as the mechanism kicked fresh shells into the barrel, and saw that his ruse apparently was effective. As nearly as he could tell in the starlight, the man had ceased to run and had flung himself full length on the deck of the houseboat.

By this time, Rob was clear of the pier, and he could see that the boat had swung completely around and was now well out away from the dock, the current carrying it out toward the middle of the stream.

Rob turned and raced for the friendly protection of the shadows.

At the point where the trees made deep shadows and where soft, black loam muffled his steps, Rob paused and waited, taking stock of the situation, trying to locate the motorist who had just driven up.

He could hear someone running, someone coming toward him from the direction of the road.

Rob slipped in closer to the trunk of a towering oak tree. As nearly as he could tell, there was only one person running down the trail. Rob looked back toward the houseboat and suddenly froze into startled consternation.

A shaft of ruddy light was coming up through the bow of the houseboat and, even as Rob looked, a streak of orange flame licked up into brilliance, extinguished itself momentarily, and then shot up once more, fiercer than at first. A moment later there was something similar to a muffled explosion and the flames seemed to blast a channel for themselves right up through the deck at the bow of the ship. Ten seconds more, and the whole front of the houseboat was a mass of flames.

ROB watched the boat as it drifted out into the river, the flames roaring skyward. The boat gradually drifted farther and farther out into the center of the current, until a ruddy reflection was flung back, not only from the low clouds which were coming up from the south, following the course of the river, but also from the swirling waters of the river. The ruby-red glow outlined the pier to which the ship had been tied, as well as the overhanging tree limbs.

Then, even as Rob looked, a woman stepped out from the trees, to stand on the edge of the river, silhouetted against that red, flaming spectacle. A woman who, judging from her slender figure and easy grace, was young and lithe.

Rob could see only her back, as she stood watching the shooting flames which were roaring skyward from the burning heat.

Rob slipped the safety catch on his stolen automatic, so that no unexpected stumble would cause the gun to discharge. Turning his back to the flames, using their light to guide him, he found the trail, slipped as quietly as possible through the rim of trees along the riverbank, came to the driveway and found a big, black sedan standing there with the lights off, but with the motor running smoothly at idling speed.

There was no time, no need to ask questions. Rob took the opportunity. He jumped into the car, slammed the door shut, groped for and found the light switch, turned on the headlights, eased the car into gear and drove away fast until he came to the pavement.

He had no means of knowing which direction he wanted to turn, save that he had located north and south from the stars. The big river was on the west side of the state, acting as a boundary between it and the adjoining state, and Rob was on the west bank.

He turned north just on a hunch, and within two hundred yards came to a drawbridge. He turned east, crossed the river and then turned south. He felt certain now that he was well to the north of Noonville.

THE big sedan glided into smooth speed. At a slight pressure on the accelerator, Rob felt the car fairly shoot ahead. He came to an intersection, saw a road sign, learned he was on the right road, and started giving the car the gun.

Looking out to the right on the river he could see a huge, red glow in the low-flung clouds. He heard the wail of a siren, saw the red blaze of a spotlight, as a rural fire-extinguishing apparatus came rocketing down the side road, turned back to the north and raced valiantly away in the direction of the roaring flames.

Rob settled the car down to legal speed. It took him something more than an hour to get to Noonville, and then some impulse of caution caused him to park the car by the side of the road, some four hundred yards from the place where he had his little house and kennels.

He locked the car, slipped the key in his pocket, and started groping his way toward the house, taking the precaution to move quietly over familiar back roads, picking his way so that he could approach his kennels from the rear.

He saw them first as a long, low line of buildings looming against the scattered stars, heard the throaty growl of one of the dogs, the restless stirring of others.

Rob spoke to them quietly, trying to keep them from barking. "Steady, boys, quiet!"

The dogs recognized his voice. One dog barked gladly, a single short yelp of welcome, and then, under the influence of Rob's command, lapsed into silence.

He started to walk boldly to the house but checked himself as he heard a low whine on his right.

It was too dark to see but there was a peculiarly urgent something about that whine, and Rob moved slowly through the darkness until he heard the rattle of a chain. A moment later he made out the form of a dog pulling against a chain, straining every muscle to reach him. The dog's muzzle was outthrust, and a series of low whines came from the animal's throat.

Rob moved a step forward, put out his fingers to touch the dog's cold nose, then as he stepped closer, said, "Why, it's Lobo! What are *you* doing chained up, Lobo?"

Lobo pushed his muzzle under Rob's face, then crouched, waiting to be released. Wondering what had caused Joe to tie Lobo out in the open with a chain, Rob released the catch, and the dog came forward, burrowing his head in Rob's hands.

Rob said, "Well, come on, old fellow. We'll go to the house." He made a couple of steps in that direction.

Lobo held back and growled.

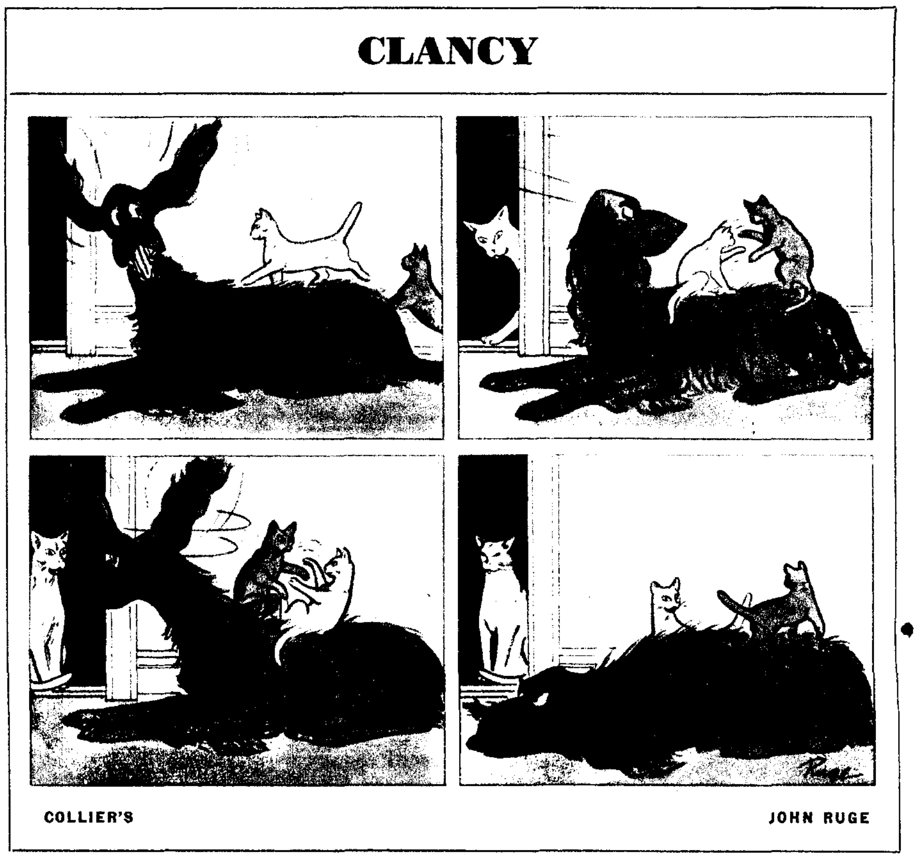
"What's the matter, fellow?" Rob asked, instantly suspicious.

Lobo stood motionless, his tail slightly elevated and straight out behind him, his nose forward, and every muscle tense, pointing directly toward the house. Again the dog gave a low, all but inaudible, growl.

Rob realized now that, in tying Lobo up by a chain out in the vicinity of the kennels, Joe had tried to convey a message.

IN THE event Rob approached the house cautiously and found Lobo chained out by the kennels, he would know at once that something was amiss. There could only have been one reason why Joe would have chained the dog outside, not under any shelter, but on the ground, with only the sky overhead. Someone had ordered him to chain the dog up. Someone who didn't dare have the dog running loose. Someone who was for the moment in a position of authority.

Rob crouched, keeping close to the ground. He moved silently toward the house, which was completely dark save for one light which was on in the kitchen. The kitchen shades were drawn, but there was enough light coming through the high



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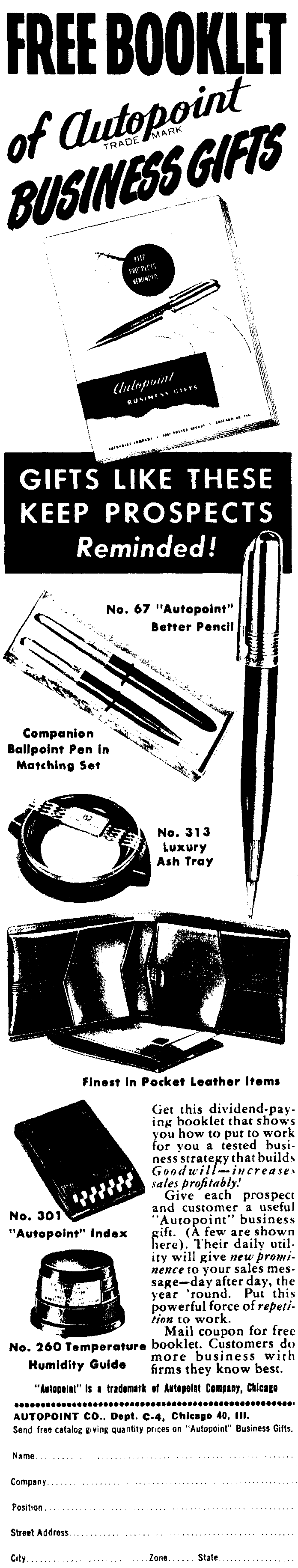
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pantry window to enable Rob to tell the location of that single kitchen light.

Inching his way forward cautiously, Rob became rigid when a silhouetted figure moved between him and the illuminated oblong of the pantry window. There was something square-shouldered and official about that figure and as it moved, Lobo, his every hair turned into stiff wire, crowded against Rob and growled.

Instantly Rob Trenton revised his entire plan of procedure.

"All right, Lobo," he whispered, and turning, retraced his steps to the kennel, then around the back of the kennel to the dirt road which paralleled the highway.

He turned back at right angles, came at length to the main highway and then walked cautiously down to the place where he had left the sedan.

He kept his hand on Lobo's neck in order to see if there was any danger ahead, if any tightening of the muscles or any low, warning growl should indicate that the darkness held some potential enemy.

But Lobo, stalking along quietly at Rob's side, his nose questing the mysteries of the deep shadows, gave no indication that anyone was ahead. He did stop abruptly as he saw the parked sedan, raised his head and sniffed the air cautiously, then, convinced that there were no hostile odors in connection with the sedan, he permitted Rob to move forward.

Rob unlocked the front door and said, "All right, Lobo."

The dog instantly jumped into the front of the car, hesitated only long enough on the front seat to leap gracefully over to the back seat, where he settled down with a deep sigh of contentment.

Rob closed the door, fitted the key to the ignition but didn't turn on the lights until he had swung the car in a complete circle and was headed back toward Falthaven. Then he switched on the lights and once more settled into steady speed.

A glance at the clock on the dashboard told him that his maneuvers in connection with the surreptitious approach to his house had cost him approximately forty-five minutes of precious time. He knew that his hours of liberty were numbered.

Once he took the borrowed automatic from his hip pocket, lowered the window of the car, and started to throw it out at the side of the road. Then he thought better of it.

The police were undoubtedly looking for him on the one hand, and the members of the smuggling ring were looking for him on the other, and since the .32 automatic was a confiscated weapon, he felt he might as well keep it for his own protection as to go soft and throw it away.

FULLY conscious of the fact that the license number of the car he was driving might have been broadcast to all police cars, Rob Trenton turned once more into Falthaven and slid past the store fronts, now dark and silent.

At the intersection, the traffic signal was turned so that it was blinking merely an orange warning sign in both directions. Rob turned into Robinson Street, and slid the car to a stop in front of the big two-story old-fashioned house.

The luminous dial on his wrist watch said that it was five minutes past one o'clock in the morning. Rob opened the door of the car and said to Lobo, "All right, boy, come on out."

The dog bounded to the pavement, then stood at attention, ears cocked forward, waiting for his master's orders. "Come on," Rob said. "At my side." They walked up the wooden steps to the porch.

Four or five times Rob pressed his finger against the bell button. Finally lights came on in one of the downstairs windows and a moment later he heard slippered feet moving toward the door.

The porch light clicked on and Rob blinked in the brilliance.

Abruptly the voice of the sharp-nosed woman on the other side of the door said, "What are *you* doing back here?"

"I have to see you," Rob said. "It's important."

"To whom?"

"To me. To you. To—Linda."

"You're crazy."

"I'm not crazy. I have to see you. I have to talk with you. Do you want me to stand here and shout the news through the door so that the neighbors will all hear it?"

A bolt shot back, the door was opened.

The Linda Carroll whom Rob had met earlier, with her glasses perched on the bridge of her sharp, inquiring nose, a heavy flannel wrapper thrown around her, said, "Well, come on in. I guess you're harmless enough. You— Good heavens, what's that?"

"Merely a dog," Rob said.

"He's big enough to— Will he bite? Look out!"

Rob took advantage of her momentary panic at the sight of the dog to push on through the door. Lobo walked in at his side, stately and dignified.

"Now then, young man, what do you want?" the woman said.

Rob said, "I've become convinced that I was given a run-around this noon. Things have happened since, that—"

"What do you mean?" she interrupted.

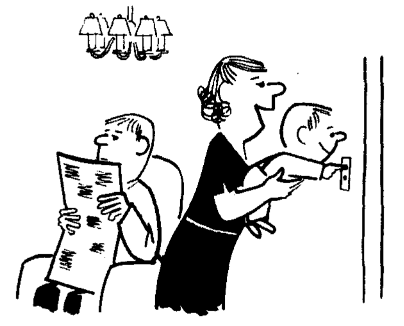
"I still think someone traveled on your passport. I think you know a great many facts which are vital to me and which you haven't told me."

"Well, I don't know why I have to tell you everything I know, and I certainly don't like the idea of being hauled out of bed at this hour of the morning to answer a lot of questions."

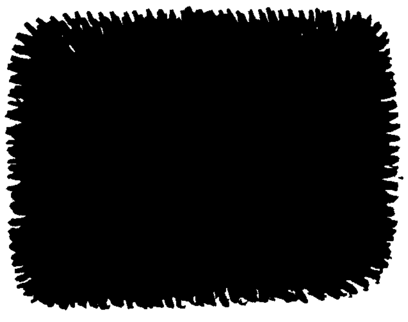
Rob said, "The state police are working on this thing. There's a question of dope smuggling, and there's a question of attempted murder."

"Attempted murder? *What* are you talking about?"

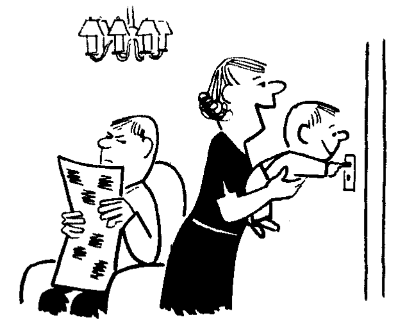
"I want a definite answer to this question," Rob said. "Is there or is there not another Linda Carroll whom you know?"



"Push. That's the boy . . . Get a load of this, Harry. Push hard"



"That's the boy!"



"Wasn't that fun? Let's try it again . . . Watching, Daddy?"

COLLIER'S STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

"And you get me up out of bed to answer a foolish question like that, young man? I'm going to call the police. If you don't get out of here and—"

Lobo, who had been moving around the room, sniffing more and more excitedly with his nose to the floor, suddenly raised his paw and scratched on a door which opened from the studio.

Rob pushed his way past the robed figure of the artist, and strode across the studio to join the dog. Rob reached out and jerked the door open.

THE Linda Carroll whom he had known on the boat was crouched on the inside of the door, attired in housecoat and slippers, her ear to the keyhole.

Lobo, whining eagerly, placed his muzzle within a fraction of an inch of her face.

"Oh!" she cried, and straightened.

Lobo thrust his head against her hand and the fingers mechanically rubbed the fur between his ears, but her eyes, startled and apprehensive, were fixed on Rob Trenton.

"I thought you'd be here," Rob said.

The older woman, striding across the room, shrilled, "What do you mean coming in here like this? You listen to me, young man, you get out of here!"

Rob kept his back turned to her, his eyes locked with Linda Carroll's.

"Do you," he asked, "have any explanation to make before I call the police?"

"Before *you* call the police? Well, I like that," the older woman said. "*I'm* going to call the police."

"Aunt Linda, please," the younger woman said. "Please don't. Let's talk reasonably."

"Did you know," Rob asked, "that your car was being used for smuggling dope?"

"Rob, what on earth are you talking about? What do you mean?"

"You owe me an explanation," Rob said, "and you might begin by explaining all this masquerade."

"All right," she said, her voice sharp with indignation, "I'll explain it, and then I'll ask you to leave here, and I don't care if I *never* see you again."

"Go ahead and explain it."

Linda looked at him scornfully. "I hardly expected all these dramatics from you, but since you choose to burst into the house with your trained-dog trick and all the rest of it, I'll tell you the story—and then you can leave and so far as I'm concerned, never come back.

"Aunt Linda is my father's sister. We both have the same given name. Her middle name is Mae and in the family she's always been known as Linda Mae. I'm simply Linda. My father died and we went abroad last year—we each had our passports. At that time I was living with Aunt Linda, so the address on my passport was the same address here at Falthaven. Since that was still the address on my passport I used it as my address in traveling this summer. Now, does that explain matters?"

"It doesn't explain why your aunt deliberately lied to me this afternoon," Rob said.

"I didn't lie to you," Linda Mae said. "I—I swapped words with you. I didn't tell you *all* I knew and I didn't have to. I told you that I hadn't been abroad and that no one had been using my passport and that no other Linda Carroll was living here, and that's the honest truth—even if I did embellish it a little."

"She seems to be living here now," Rob said.

"She's visiting here. After I telephoned her about your visit and what you said about the stolen car, she came down to talk with me. If you want my opinion, young man, you're acting like a fool."

"I don't want your opinion," Rob said. "I'm trying to get at the facts. As soon as I get at the facts so I can protect myself I'm going to call the police and tell them the whole story."

"What story?" Linda asked.

"About your car being used for the smuggling of dope. I can't believe that you were a party to anything like that, but if you weren't, then Merton Ostrander—"

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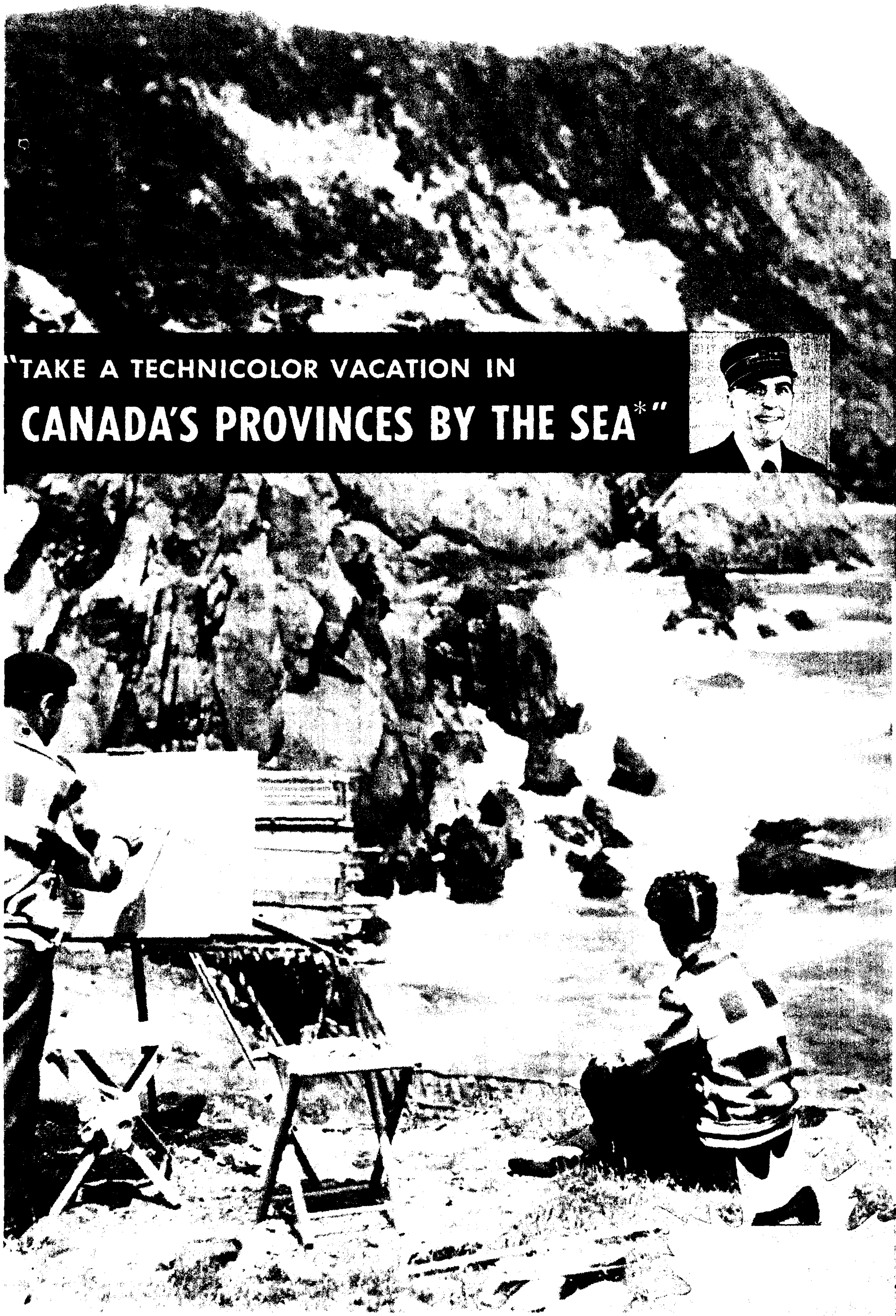

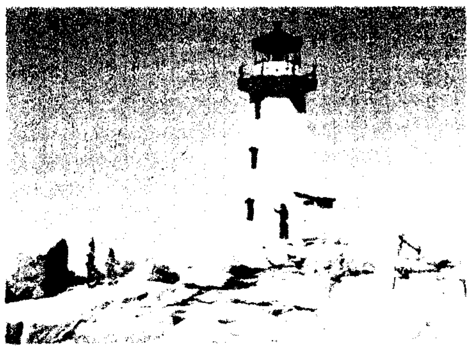

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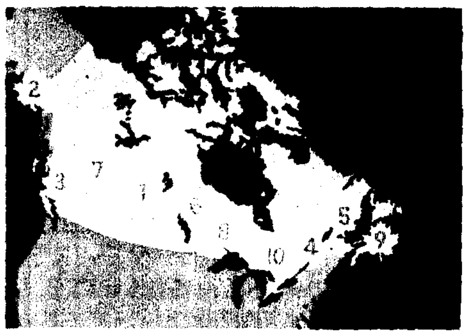

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Lobo suddenly growled.

"Well," a man's voice said from the staircase, "if you're going to talk about me, Rob, suppose you say it to my face." And Merton Ostrander, fully dressed in tweeds, a cynical smile on his face, came down the stairs.

"All right," Rob said, "I *will* say it to your face. Someone has used Linda's car for the purpose of smuggling dope into this country and an attempt was made to make me the fall guy. I resent it. Lobo, come over here and lie down."

"I don't blame you," Ostrander said, "if your facts are right. If they're not, you deserve to be thrown out on the sidewalk."

ROB said grimly, "My facts are right. Only too right. And if there's going to be any throwing out, you'd better start calling in help because you'll need it. I discovered the cache of dope myself and buried it, thinking that would give me an opportunity to find out what it was all about."

"Did it?" Ostrander asked almost mockingly.

"It did to this extent," Rob said. "Someone stole the car, and then when I started to investigate, someone kidnaped me. I was taken to a place up the river and imprisoned on a houseboat. Now then, I want an explanation."

"I don't blame you," Ostrander said. "Only you've come to the wrong place to get it, but since you're here, there are a few things you should explain to us, Rob. How does it happen that you were turned loose and come wandering around here at this hour of the morning with what quite evidently is a gun in your hip pocket?"

Rob pulled the gun from his pocket. "I took this from one of my captors. I had to shoot twice to keep from being overpowered and recaptured."

"Kill anyone?" Linda Mae asked almost casually.

For the first time that possibility occurred to Rob Trenton's mind. "Good heavens, I hope not!" he exclaimed. "I just shot in his general direction."

"But you don't know whether you hit anyone?" Ostrander asked.

"Frankly, I don't. This whole thing has been—well, it's been out of my line."

The look of amused tolerance faded from Ostrander's eyes. He made a cautious and more respectful appraisal. "All right, Rob," he said, his voice showing tolerant friendship. "Let's have your story of what happened. Then we'll see what's best to be done."

Rob resented having Ostrander act as master of ceremonies. He wondered how Ostrander happened to be there, but he realized there was but little he could do except tell his story. He described what had happened, starting with the time he drove away in the Rapidex sedan.

When Rob had finished, Ostrander, his face grave, said, "But this is serious, Rob."

"Of course, it's serious."

"You made your escape from that houseboat and cut the rope that held it?"

"Rob nodded. "I cut one rope, cast the other loose."

"And as I understand it, the boat started drifting down the stream. That was when you saw the figure on the deck and fired two shots?"

"That's right."

"Why did you shoot, Rob?"

"I wanted them to know I was armed and that it wouldn't be healthy to chase me."

"Did you shoot directly at him?"

Rob said, "Of course not. Even if I'd wanted to, I couldn't even see the sights. I just shot in the general direction of the boat. I don't think the bullets came within a mile of the man."

"You don't know who this man was?"

"No. He was just a figure, a dim figure."

"But your shots caused him to quit trying to jump to the pier?"

"That's right, he flung himself down on the deck."

"And when you dropped those shafts on the leader of the gang, you knocked him out, but his lighted cigar rolled out to one side?"

"Yes."

"It continued to burn?"

"Yes, I remember seeing the smoke spiral up from it."

"That's probably where the fire started," Ostrander said, "some gasoline must have been leaking and the lighted cigar—"

Linda said with sudden feeling, "Well, I think Rob was wonderful! Only—only I don't like the way he thought that we—that I—"

She blinked back sudden tears.

"I *didn't*, Linda," Rob said.

"You did so," she charged.

"Well?" Linda Mae asked. "Wouldn't you have done the same thing in his place?"

"No," her niece said. "If you have friends you must have confidence in them."

Ostrander nodded. "Now, you say the boat continued to burn, Rob?"

"It continued to burn for a while, but I don't think the fire got much worse. They may have controlled it. It made a red glow in the sky for a while. I *think* they deliberately started the fire."

Ostrander glanced at Linda Carroll.

HOWEVER, it was the older woman who stepped in and took charge of the situation. "We've got to do something about this," she said.

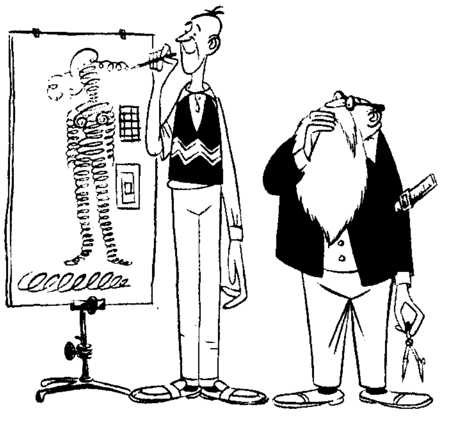
"I'll say we have," Ostrander said. "If anyone has discovered where Rob buried that dope—"

"Well, we've got to stand by him, and we've got to find out how the dope came to be concealed in the car in the first place."

Linda Carroll moved forward, put her hand on Rob's arm. "Rob," she said, "please forgive me. I tried to keep you from finding out where I was. I wanted to call on you, not have you call on me, and that was the reason Aunt Linda—"

"I see," Rob said, with dignity. "If you wanted to take Merton into your confidence, but arrange with your aunt to have me kept in the dark, I suppose that's your privilege."

"But, Rob," she said miserably, "I *didn't* take Merton into my confidence. Merton did the same thing you did, only he—well, he had more luck than you did. When he came here—well, it was shortly after you had left here, and Aunt Linda had telephoned me and told me all about you being


BERNARD LANSKY

There's Just No Privacy Any More

A fellow now can't even doodle—
Science reads what's in his noodle!

—BETTY ISLER

here and about the fact that you had said the car had been stolen and— Well, I was nervous and upset and I decided to come here and talk with her, and Merton happened to get here shortly before I did. Aunt Linda made short work of him. She told him the same story she'd told you, but as Merton went out he—" She laughed and said, "He had a break, that's all. He met me coming in."

"No need to explain," Rob said with dignity.

"Rob Trenton, don't you dare be like that!" she flared. "Naturally having been caught red-handed we owed Merton a sort of explanation.

"I had a dinner date for this evening, but I told Merton that if he wanted I'd meet him here tomorrow. I told him that I'd talk with him then and explain. I arrived here about eleven thirty, and Merton showed up about ten minutes after I arrived. He got Aunt Linda Mae out of bed. I suppose he felt he was being masterful. He came on the bus, and the last bus back had left.

"Aunt Linda Mae had offered Merton a room for overnight, but I'd been furiously angry at him. And now you come with all this—and it seems we're all three of us in a mess."

"Look, folks," Ostrander said, "let's forget the personalities, and forgo the dramatics. There isn't one chance in ten thousand that Rob Trenton has done anything that was illegal or dishonorable. And *he* hasn't dragged *us* in. If dope was concealed in the Rapidex sedan, we're in already. Let's make up our minds that we're all going to stand together on this thing."

"I don't want any help from anyone," Rob said. "All I want is to know the facts, and then I'll paddle my own canoe."

"The facts!" Ostrander exclaimed in surprise. "Why, *you* told *us* the facts. Someone got hold of this automobile and used it as a means of getting dope smuggled into the country."

"I've been reading something about schemes of this sort," Linda said. "But I never thought I'd be mixed up in such a deal. It's a new development in smuggling. Nowadays a great many tourists are taking their own cars over to Europe with them. It's become quite a racket for garage employees to stand in with dope smugglers. When a car is left in a garage overnight, or perhaps stored for a day or two, the garage men get in touch with the head of the smuggling ring. From then on it's easy.

"The smuggling gang even furnishes its own mechanics. They're expert welders and they have receptacles that go on the car in places where no one would ever think to look. But even if anyone did look it would seem to be just a part of the car—something that had been installed when the car was built. No one even thinks that it might be a receptacle for anything. It's just a bulge in the frame where room was made for some revolving part or something of that sort.

"Then the smugglers take the license of the car, the registration, and after that they don't even need to follow the car around Europe. All they need to do is to wait until the car is loaded for shipment. Then they advise their accomplices in this country, who wait until the car is first put in a garage and then the drugs are removed and no one is ever the wiser.

"That's the way it would have been with my car; only, because of that blowout, Rob found and removed the part that had the drugs. When the smugglers saw that it had been removed they became furious. They probably checked to make certain it was in place when the car was unloaded from the ship."

OSTRANDER nodded. "Yes, we can see that all right, now. But the point is that Rob *should* have telephoned the state police. That's where he's in bad. He should have reported finding the dope."

"I—well, I wanted to talk with Linda before I did anything," Rob said. "Not that I thought she was mixed up in smuggling, or anything like that, but it was her car and—I thought she should know about it. I thought it would be a lot better if *she* telephoned the police."

"Well, anyway," Ostrander said cheerfully, "that's all water under the bridge. Now let's use our heads on this thing. How much have you handled that gun, Rob?"

"Why? I took it, put it in my pocket, and I fired it twice."

"Well," Ostrander said, "there may be fingerprints of the smuggler on it. Something like that might well be damaging evidence. Let's put this gun under lock and key. Then let's back this car you grabbed into the driveway. As soon as it gets daylight we'll drive up and locate the place where this houseboat was tied up. We'll make a survey of the extent of the damage and then we'll notify the police."

"Why not notify them right now?" Rob asked.

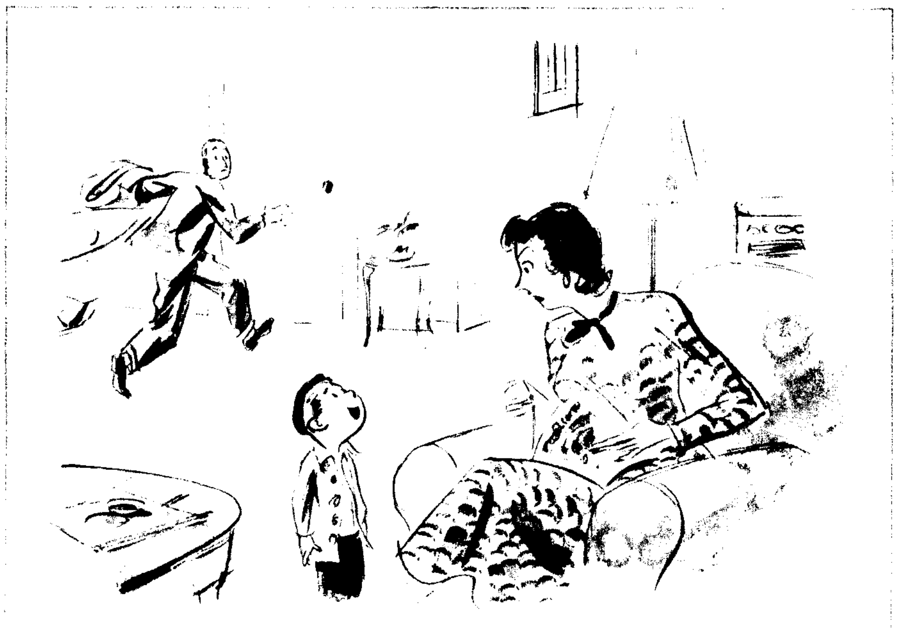
Ostrander shook his head and smiled. "Let's see if we can't all keep out of it," he said. "After all, Rob, you haven't any proof right at the present time. You've got to get some sort of evidence. You owe that to yourself—to Linda."

"The police can see where that cup-shaped thing was welded onto Linda's car."

"Sure," Merton said. "But where's Linda's car? And how are you going to convince anyone *you* didn't weld that thing on?"

Rob was silent.

"Her car may be anywhere," Ostrander pointed out. "It may be out of the state or



"I liked the man in the baggy pants, but the best thing at the zoo was the pretty lady that walked around taking her clothes off"

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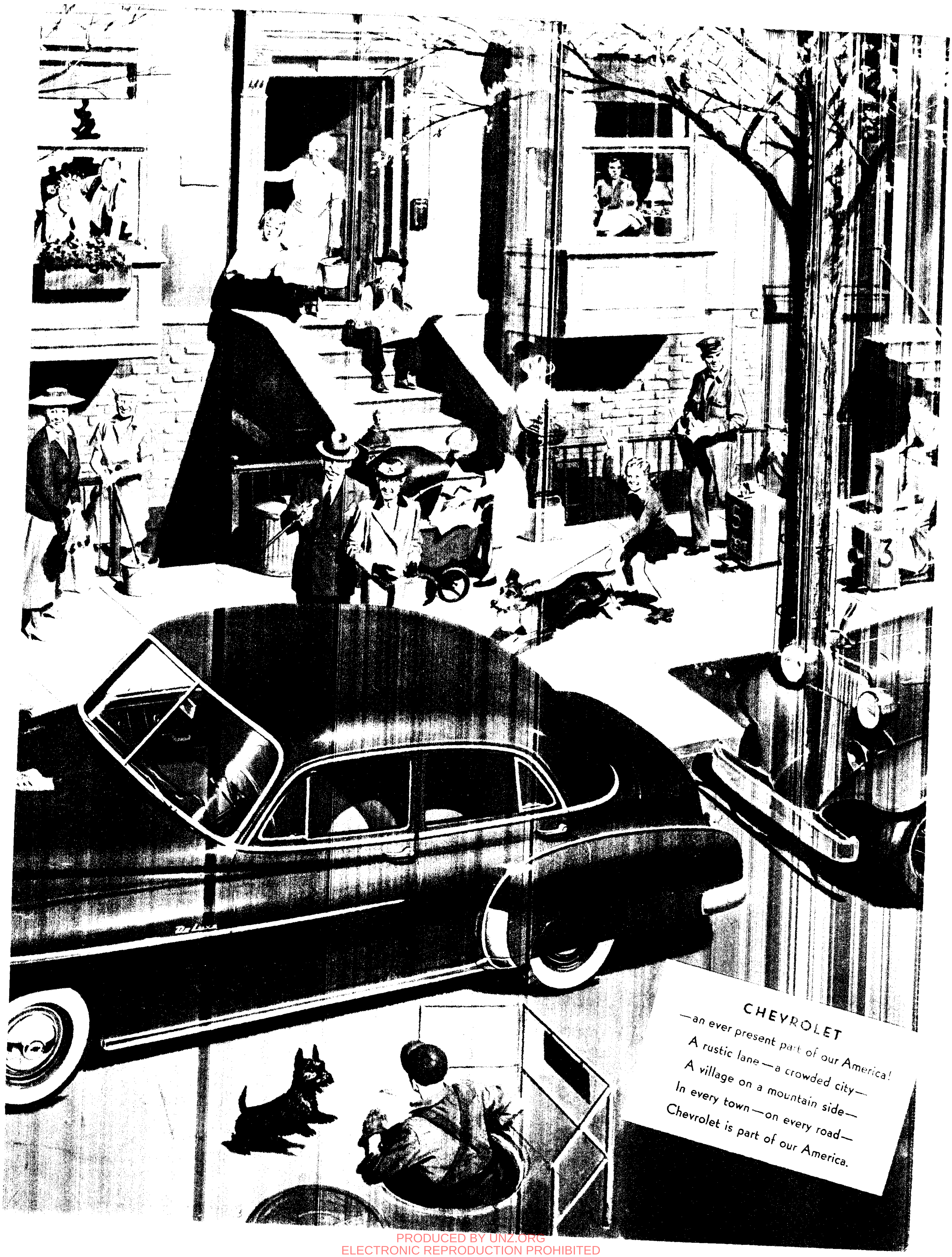
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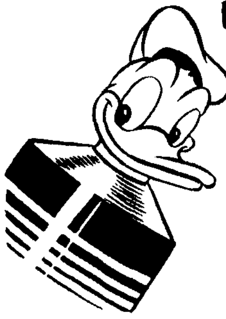

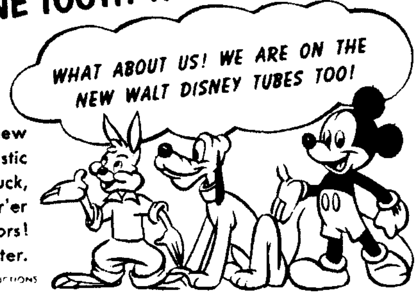
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at the bottom of the river. You've reported the theft to the police."

"But," Rob said, "my place is being watched and—"

"Sure, your place is being watched," Ostrander said. "You're not going back there. You can't afford to let the police grab you until you have enough evidence to clear yourself."

He turned and looked significantly at the older woman.

"Oh, all right," she said, laughing. "There's another spare room that has a bed in it. It's not as comfortable as the guest room, but it'll do."

"All right," Ostrander said. "Let's lock up this gun, keep a record of the numbers, and preserve what fingerprints may be left on it. Tomorrow we'll give the police an anonymous tip that the houseboat was the headquarters of a gang of smugglers. That's all we can do. Rob didn't notify the police because he wanted to protect us. Let's try to protect him."

With quick competence he examined the gun, counted the shells, noted the numbers.

Linda Carroll's eyes were grateful as she looked at Ostrander. "That's the only logical course, Merton," she said.

"Well, young man, come on," the aunt said. "Let's get bedded down and get some sleep. You look as though you could use a few hours—and a good hot bath."

"I hate to impose on you," Rob said.

"No, it's all right. Linda is always getting herself involved in some sort of scrape or other."

"This isn't my scrape, Auntie," Linda said, laughing.

"Come on, young man," the aunt said. "And I'm going to call you Rob. Now you can call me Linda Mae. My niece is plain Linda Carroll.

"Merton, we're going to lock that gun up. Here, put it in this desk. All right, now you keep the key.

"Rob, come with me. You're going to get a good bath and then some sleep. You certainly look as though you could use both!"

IN THE morning Rob was wakened by sunshine filtering through lace curtains, striking his eyelids, and bringing him back to blurred consciousness.

For a few moments he lay in the delightful warmth of the bed, wondering vaguely where he was, and then suddenly he remembered, and wondered how he could ever have slept so well with so much at stake.

His head felt heavy from the effects of the beating he had received. Lobo, who had been lying in the corner with his head on his paws, watching Rob's eyes with unwinking scrutiny, waiting for his master to waken, whimpered with eagerness, got to his feet and moved over to the bed, nuzzling Rob's hand.

The realization of the dog's presence there in the room suddenly brought Rob back to a sense of his obligations. He looked at his watch, saw that it was past eight o'clock and jumped out of bed. Instantly his muscles, sore from the kicks he had received, registered a protest, but he managed to dress, ran regretful fingers over the growth of stubble on his face and opened the door. The aroma of bacon and coffee came up from the lower floor.

Rob ran stiffly down the stairs and in the kitchen found Linda Mae, attired in her housedress, glasses well down on the tip of her nose, frying bacon. She heard Rob walk in, pushed the glasses back up on her nose with the tip of her right forefinger and surveyed him speculatively.

"Well!" she said.

Rob said, "I haven't any razor. I'm afraid I look disreputable, and I'm hungry."

"Don't tell *me* your symptoms," she snapped. "There's a dozen eggs over there. Break them into that bowl and add half a cup of cream, then beat them all up. We're going to have scrambled eggs, bacon, toast and coffee."

"I thought we were going to get an early start," Rob said. "I'm afraid I overslept."

"Nothing to break our necks about," she said.

"That car," Rob said. "Despite the fact that—"

"Don't you worry about that car, young man. After you went to bed, I had Merton Ostrander drive it up the street half a dozen blocks and leave it in a parking place in front of the Midget Market. It won't attract any attention there. Last place on earth anyone would think of looking for a car. Besides, as Ostrander pointed out, those crooks aren't going to claim the car was stolen. And it may have been their car. Come on, now, get busy with those eggs. What are you going to do with the dog?"

"I'll let him out in the back yard, if I may."

"All right. Go ahead and we'll get those eggs ready."

"How about the others?" Rob asked.

"Linda's up and I heard Merton Ostrander stirring around up there. What do you think of him, young man?"

"He seems to be very—very competent," Rob said.

"He seems to have a way of taking everything for granted—and getting away with it," Linda Mae said. "You'd get along better if you weren't so anxious to be fair all the time. Why don't you try a masterful approach sometime? Come on now, put your dog out, and get those eggs broken. And if you handle that dog, wash your hands over there in the sink before you start cooking."

ROB let Lobo out the back door for a few minutes, returned, washed his hands at the sink and started helping with the breakfast.

Linda joined them a few minutes later and then Ostrander came in to say affably, "How's everything this morning with all the conspirators? I have a safety razor up there, Rob, if you want to remove the disguise."

"That'll be swell," Rob said.

"After breakfast," Linda Mae said, "we're leaving. We won't stop to clean up."

"I understand you moved the car," Rob said to Merton Ostrander. "I'm sorry I bothered you."

"No bother at all," Ostrander told him. "Just ran it down to a parking place at a market Linda Mae told me about and left the keys in the ignition. I was back here while you were still in the tub. I think Linda Mae is a pretty good conspirator. The fact that the keys are still in the car will make it appear the owner has just dashed into the market."

Linda Mae pointed her sharp nose at him. "Well, I'll tell you one thing, young man, I'd be a lot smarter than some of the people I read about if I should decide to commit a crime. You read the newspapers and see the dumb things they do. It makes me tired to hear the way police brag in the papers, when anybody with any sense can see it was the crooks who were dumb."

She kept her nose pointed at Ostrander. "I might even turn out to be a better detective than I would a mastermind crook. Don't be so glib when it comes to putting women in a classification. You might get fooled."

Her eyes seemed to mock him, but Ostrander's assurance evaporated under her steady gaze. He became plainly embarrassed. "Yes, ma'am," he said, with an exaggerated deference.

"You're inclined to have things altogether too much your own way with women," Linda Mae went on. "It makes you conceited, which doesn't hurt you a bit, and sure of yourself, which irritates the hell out of me. It's a good thing I'm not younger and you were making passes at me. I'd take you down a peg or two."

"Yes, ma'am," Ostrander said, coloring slightly, and winking at the others.

"We'd better get started," Rob pointed out. "Do we have a car?"

Linda said, "I have my convertible here."

"I'd like to know what's going on at my place," Rob said. "I know there were people there last night watching it."

"Sure. The police want to nab you," Ostrander said. "And the crooks want you. You can't tangle with a bunch of crooks like that without expecting them to do something about it."

They made something of a lark of starting out on the trip. By daylight things seemed far more reassuring to Rob. Linda drove her convertible. Her aunt sat at her right in the front seat. Rob and Ostrander occupied the rear seat, with Lobo over in a corner on a blanket which had been carefully tucked into the cushions.

Ostrander from time to time gave Rob low-voiced advice. "Just sit tight," he said reassuringly. "Don't tell anyone anything. Don't admit anything. We'll get Linda's car back and we'll look over the place where they kept the houseboat. There's no need for you to tell the police anything at all about being kidnaped, about your adventures on that boat or anything of the sort. We'll get that houseboat located and phone in an anonymous tip to the police."

"Suppose someone should remember me at the pay station?"

"They won't," Merton Ostrander said. "We'll pick out one of those booths that are out by the side of the road and *I'll* do the telephoning."

It took them less than an hour to reach the big drawbridge across the river, then another two or three minutes brought Rob to the side road which led to the landing where the houseboat had been moored.

"Shucks," Ostrander said easily, "there's nothing to it. We're in another state. They don't even have a state police system here. All we'll have to do is ring up the sheriff's office. Now, let's not drive clean down to the landing, Rob, unless—"

The car rounded a curve and Rob saw the group of spectators gathered by the pier.

"It's okay," Ostrander said reassuringly. "The fire has attracted a lot of people. Drive right up, Linda, We'll pretend we're just curiosity seekers wondering what it's all about. Everyone remember, now, we were looking for a place to have a picnic. We saw the group of spectators and came over to see what was causing the excitement."

Linda parked the car alongside dozens of others. They opened the doors, piled out and joined the fifty or sixty persons who were idly surveying the scene.

Ostrander, genial, affable and a good mixer, circulated around and in a short time had the story. Police had balked the efforts of a gang of smugglers. The houseboat which they used as a headquarters had been burned and the badly charred body of one unidentified man had been found aboard the burned boat. Police had captured at least one member of the gang and the sheriff and coroner were out on the boat making an inspection.

The boat, charred and blackened, was aground on a sandspit on the opposite side of the river. While Rob was watching, men appeared on the boat, climbed into a rowboat and started rowing across the river, back toward the place where the houseboat had been moored.

"Here comes the sheriff—the coroner, the deputy and the dope smuggler are with him," one of the local men said.

Rob watched them rowing toward the shore.

WHEN they were thirty or forty yards away he recognized the handcuffed man as one of his captors, the man who had posed as the contractor at the bus station and lured him into the automobile.

"Look here," Rob said to Ostrander, "I can identify that man. I'm really a material witness who would tie him up with the smugglers and—"

"It'll keep," Ostrander assured him in a low voice. "Don't you be so damn' civic-minded. Later on your testimony may be necessary. Not now. You don't want to drag Linda into a mess of this sort. Just keep quiet. They haven't anything on you."

Rob nodded doubtfully.

"Well, I'm not so sure," Linda Mae said. Then after a moment she nodded her head, and said, "Yes, I guess you're right, Merton. We can't afford to have Rob sacrifice himself just to make an identification."

"The way I see it," Ostrander said, "the police have started off on the right trail now. They have one of the smugglers and they'll get a story out of him. They've located the houseboat and in no time at all now they'll have the whole story. If Rob can only keep out of circulation for a while, he'll be sitting pretty. If he can't, his name will be smeared, and Linda's name will be dragged into it."

Linda Mae's lips clamped in a thin, straight line of firm determination. "You're right. We'll keep out of it."

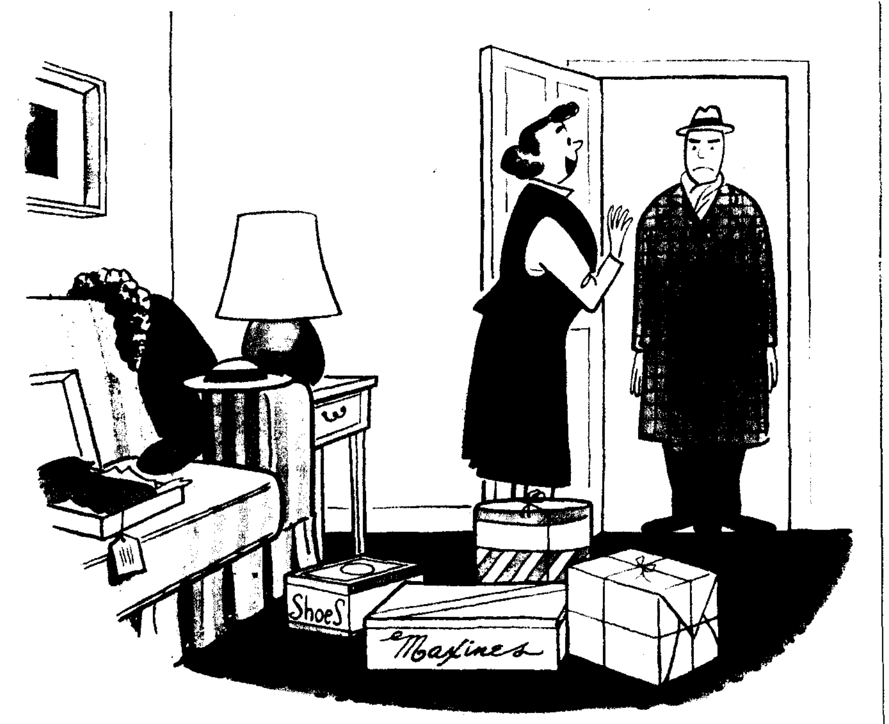
The rowboat landed at the pier. The coroner jumped ashore with a rope and made the boat fast. The sheriff and deputy assisted the solemn, handcuffed man to the little pier and started toward the official car with its exempt license plate and red spotlight.

Rob started to turn away so that his eyes would not meet those of the prisoner.

Suddenly he heard a voice saying, "There he is now. That's the man. The one with the dog."

Rob turned and saw a young woman pointing directly at him, saw people staring with curious, gaping interest.

The young woman said, excitedly, "I'd



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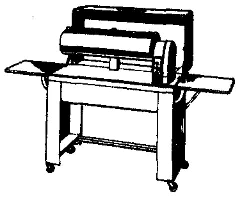

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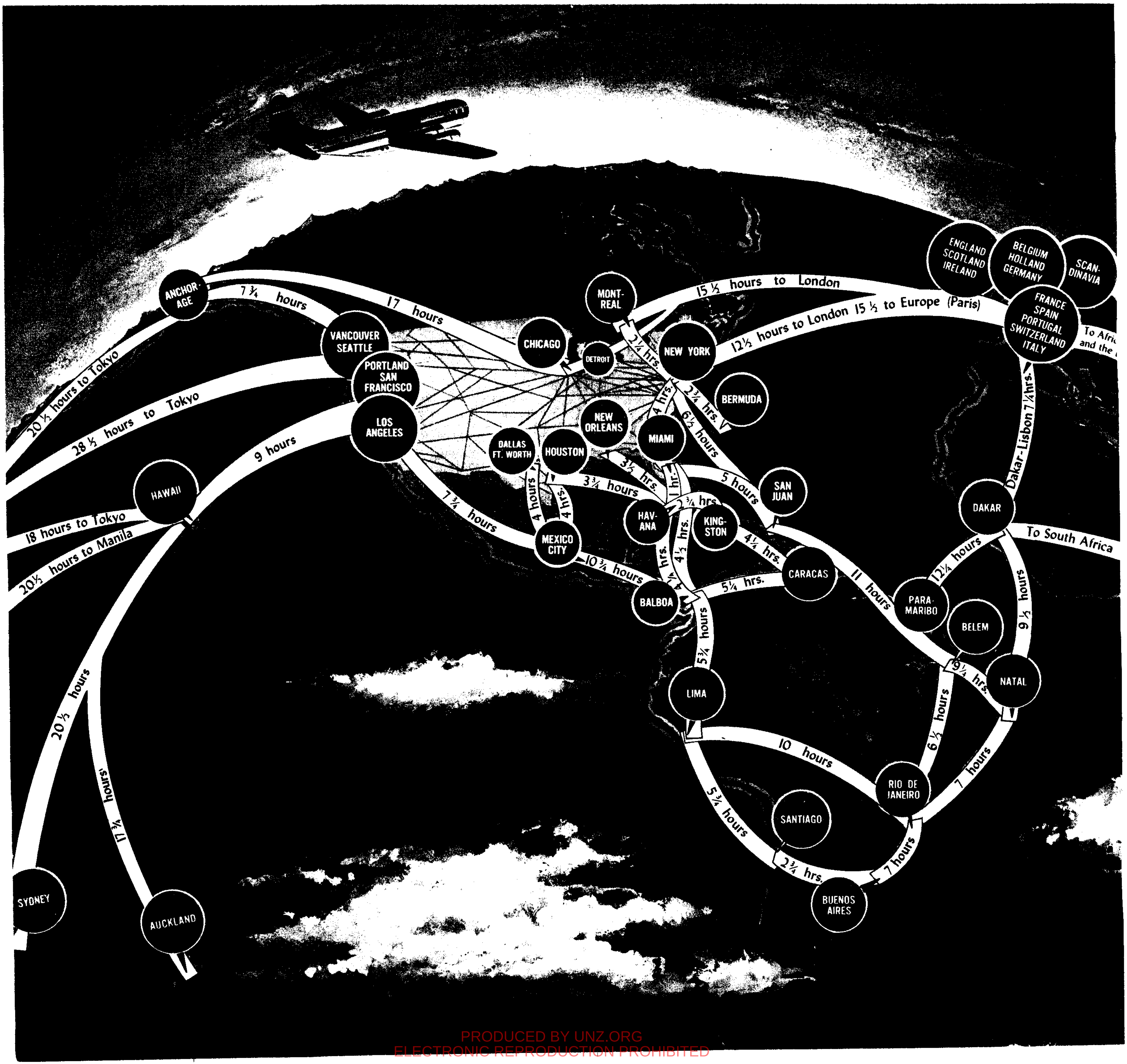
ANCHORAGE
7¾ hours
17 hours
VANCOUVER SEATTLE
PORTLAND SAN FRANCISCO
LOS ANGELES
CHICAGO
DETROIT
MONTREAL
2¼ hrs.
NEW YORK
15½ hours to London
12½ hours to London 15½ to Europe (Paris)
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To Afri and the
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28½ hours to Tokyo
9 hours
HAWAII
18 hours to Tokyo
20½ hours to Manila
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4 hrs.
2¼ hrs.
6½ hours
NEW ORLEANS
DALLAS FT. WORTH
HOUSTON
MIAMI
3½ hrs.
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5 hours
SAN JUAN
HAVANA
KINGSTON
4¼ hrs.
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MEXICO CITY
10¾ hours
BALBOA
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5¼ hrs.
CARACAS
11 hours
Dakar-Lisbon 7¼ hrs.
DAKAR
To South Africa
12¼ hours
PARAMARIBO
BELEM
9½ hours
9¼ hrs.
NATAL
5¾ hours
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LIMA
10 hours
6½ hours
7 hours
RIO DE JANEIRO
SANTIAGO
2¼ hrs.
7 hours
BUENOS AIRES
20½ hours
17¾ hours
SYDNEY
AUCKLAND

know him anywhere. I saw him with that other man at the bus depot in Falthaven yesterday. They drove off together."

Then the big sheriff was coming toward Rob. His right hand dropped ominously to his holster.

"All right, young fellow," he said. "We want to ask you some questions. Now you can either fix it so that dog doesn't make any trouble, or else he's going to get hurt."

Rob felt Linda's hand reaching for the leash. "I'll take him, Rob," she said, a catch in her voice.

"Not a word," Rob heard Ostrander say in a low voice. "Clam up. Don't talk. I'll get you a lawyer. One of my frat brothers is practicing near here. You can trust him."

"Down, Lobo," Rob said, and stepped forward to meet the sheriff.

SUN came pouring in through the west windows of the sheriff's office. A fly droned in lazy circles over the desk.

Rob Trenton sat motionless. The lawyer whom Merton Ostrander had secured to represent him was seated on Rob's right. He was a thin-faced, quick-eyed, fast-talking individual who interjected comments from time to time, always winding up his remarks with the same formula, "Of course, gentlemen, I'm merely pointing out a discrepancy. Anything I say is not binding on my client, and my client refuses to make any statement *at this time.*"

The smuggler whom the sheriff held under arrest, the same one who had decoyed Rob into the car, who had helped overpower him and hold him prisoner, sat at the sheriff's right. There was an air of smug cunning about him. So far he had failed to make any statement within Rob's hearing, but from references made by the sheriff, the man had evidently told a detailed story of what had happened.

Rob wondered what that story was.

A stenographer entered the office, carrying a typewritten statement, which she handed to the sheriff. The sheriff took it, cleared his throat and said to the smuggler, "I will now read your statement to you. This isn't in your *exact* words. It's boiled down, but it's taken from what you said. If there's anything you want to change about it, you speak up right now and change it. If it's wrong we want to fix it so it's right. Do you understand that?"

The smuggler nodded.

The sheriff read slowly so that there would be ample opportunity to make corrections:

"My name is Sam Joyner. I am fifty-two years of age. I am the registered owner of a houseboat, the Lady-Lou.

"About two months ago I was approached by a man whom I only know as Big Jim. He wanted to rent my houseboat. He said he wanted to do some entertaining. At the time, I thought it was just a question of a few wild parties, but after a while I began to believe it was something more sinister. I should have gone to the police right then, but I didn't. I rode along because the rent was good and because it was only my word against theirs. I didn't participate in any of the profits from smuggling. They paid me a flat rent for the boat, and permitted me to keep one cabin for my own use. However, I lived aboard, and by keeping my ears open, got to know what was going on.

"Last night things came to a showdown. Harvey Richmond, who I now understand is connected with the State Narcotics Division, forced his way aboard and tried to make an arrest.

"A man, whom I only met yesterday, who gave the name of Rob Trenton, had smuggled in a shipment of heroin that had been concealed by him in an automobile which he had arranged to drive for a young woman who was on the ship with him. After he had smuggled this dope shipment ashore he buried it. He told the smugglers where he had buried it and they went to get it. I understand one of the gang was arrested when he went to dig it up.

"This man Trenton was aboard my houseboat last night. Harvey Richmond evidently had been keeping the boat under observation. I didn't know this. I had decided to terminate the lease on the boat and notify the police. I went ashore but left my car parked down under a little wooden shed on an adjoining farm which I rent as a garage. I had gone to it and then recalled some personal belongings I wanted on the boat.

"It was as I was returning to the boat that I heard a car drive up at high speed. Then, when I was almost to the boat, I saw this man, Rob Trenton, run off the houseboat and to the pier. I saw him cast loose the lines that held the houseboat, then someone tried to stop him. He called to Trenton to stop and surrender. Robert Trenton raised a gun and fired twice. Richmond, or whoever it was, fell back to the deck. I turned and started to run through the darkness to my car. I had gone about twenty yards when I looked back over my shoulder and saw the first flames coming up from my boat. I debated whether to notify the police and finally decided against it because I thought no one knew I had been aboard the boat, so I got in my car and went to my home."

"Now all of that is true?" the sheriff asked.

"So help me, it's true," Sam Joyner said.

Younger Generation

The reason we attribute
Everything wrong to it
May be linked with the fact
We no longer belong to it.

—STEPHEN SCHLITZER

The sheriff handed him a pen. Sam Joyner signed the statement.

"Now," the sheriff said, "write underneath that: 'I, Sam Joyner, have made the above statement as my free and voluntary act and without any coercion of any sort.' If that is the case, sign that declaration. If it isn't, just tear the thing up."

"That's the case," Sam Joyner said.

"All right. Write it."

Joyner wrote and signed the statement as requested.

Rob Trenton, who had been listening in incredulous surprise, said, "That's a lie! That whole statement is false. This man was one of the—"

"Hold it!" Rob's lawyer interrupted. "Don't say a word, Mr. Trenton, not a word. If you do, you'll have to explain, have to answer questions. We'll make a complete statement later. Right now all I want you to say is that you deny this accusation and that it's false."

"Of course it's false! This man kidnaped—"

"That's all," the lawyer interposed. "You've denied the charge. That's enough."

"Every word of that is the truth," Joyner said doggedly.

"My client says it's false," Staunton Irvine, Rob's lawyer, said promptly.

"Your client's trying to lie out of a murder rap," Joyner said.

"How do *you* know?" Irvine shot the question at him.

"Because I saw him shoot this man. I *think* the man was Richmond. I don't know, but I'm pretty certain that's who it was. Trenton shot twice and hit him both times. Then the boat caught fire."

"Now then," Rob's attorney said, "you don't *know* it was Robert Trenton who fired those shots. You can't swear to it, can you?"

"I can swear to it," Joyner said.

"And," the attorney went on, "you don't *know* that any of the shots hit Harvey Richmond. You were on the shore, and—"

"That'll do," the sheriff said. "Mr. Joyner is not going to be cross-examined at this time. Now then, Mr. Trenton, you've heard Mr. Joyner's statement. Do you care to make any statement?"

Irvine said quickly, "My client denies shooting Harvey Richmond. The claim that he did is absurd. Joyner's statement is a lie. However, we are not prepared to make any statement of our own *at this time.*"

"When will you make one?"

"Well, now," the attorney said, "that depends very much upon the circumstance. Has it ever occurred to you, Sheriff, that this is the wrong jurisdiction in which to try this case? The river is a state boundary. That boat burned and drifted aground—"

"That doesn't make any difference," the sheriff said. "According to the testimony of Mr. Joyner, the murder was committed right here in this state and in this county. We're taking charge. Now then, I'm going to tell you some more things. The charred body of Harvey Richmond was identified by a badge that he carried in his pocket, by a tattoo mark which was still visible, and by his dentist."

"No comment," the attorney said.

"Two bullets were found in his body. Either one of those bullets would have been instantly fatal."

"No comment."

"Two empty cartridges which had been ejected from an automatic were found on the ground by the pier this morning."

"No comment."

"And," the sheriff went on triumphantly, "the state police from across the river have co-operated to the extent of making a search of the house of Linda Mae Carroll at 205 East Robinson Street, where your client apparently spent the night, and in the locked desk of that home they found a .32-caliber automatic revolver which had been recently fired, with two shells missing from the cartridge clip. I think you'll find that ballistics experts will identify the fatal bullets as having come from that gun."

"I tell you we have no comment," the attorney said. "Not at this time."

"When will you have a comment?"

"I can't tell you. That will depend on developments. I am protecting the interest of my client. He is the victim of a frame-up."

"Yeah. That's what they all say. You got any more comments?"

ATTORNEY IRVINE explained: "We are making no statement at this time. I would like to point out to you, however, the utter absurdity of the claim that Harvey Richmond could or would have been aboard that houseboat freely and voluntarily and in a position to have tried to apprehend my client."

"Why not?" the sheriff asked.

"Because that houseboat had been rented by a gang of smugglers. If Harvey Richmond had been aboard that boat he would have been a prisoner."

"They weren't aboard the boat when the shooting took place," Sam Joyner said hurriedly. "The only two persons I saw were this man Trenton and the man who was killed."

"You don't *know* the others weren't aboard."

"Well, no—of course, I didn't *search* the boat."

"And something happened which caused you to get out of there and decide you'd go to the police? Why didn't you?"

"That's all," the sheriff interposed. "Don't answer that question, Joyner. Don't answer any more questions. If Trenton isn't going to make a statement, we're not going to make any more statements. We've accused Rob Trenton of the murder of Harvey Richmond."

"And that accusation has been denied," the attorney said.

"Not specifically and categorically."

"Deny it," the lawyer said to Rob Trenton. "Deny it specifically and categorically."

"I deny it," Rob said, "specifically and categorically."

The sheriff jerked a thumb. "Okay," he said to one of the deputies. "Lock him up. We'll file murder charges."

(To be continued next week)

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Champions for Sale: The Mike Jacobs Story

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

Mike's motives for having gone to all the trouble of coming in for this farewell appearance.

"For a man who's supposed to be guided strictly by what's-in-it-for-me, doesn't it seem he deserves a little credit?" we said. "A guy who never cared anything about the limelight doesn't drive all the way in from the country just to get a hand. Think it's possible there's a streak of sentiment in him? Now that he's stepping down, maybe he feels he can afford the luxury of acting like a human being once in a while."

"I think the only reason Mike came in was to count the house for the last time," an old-time fight manager said. "When he heard it was only $16,000, he thought they were holding out on him."

"Either that or he just didn't know what to do with himself," a publicist said. "He doesn't know how to sit still. He's been hustling too long."

"If he ever gets to heaven," said the irreverent old-timer, "ten to one he finagles the choice tickets from St. Peter and makes a bundle scalping 'em outside the gate.

"He was a promoting son-of-a-biscuit-eater," the old-timer went on. "Did you know he made a bundle off Caruso one season before the first war? Another time he did all right with Emmeline Pankhurst, the suffragette. He even had a Fifth Avenue fashion show going for him. He could promote sawdust and make you buy it for sugar candy."

"Isn't there anybody who likes him?" we asked.

The old-timer shook his head. "His mother used to like him, but she's passed on."

"Didn't he have any friends?" we persisted. "Wasn't there a special fondness for some of the fighters? Like Billy Conn?"

Grim Pursuit of the Dollar

"Sure," the old-timer said, "he was crazy about Conn. Especially the night Billy helped him draw that two million.

"There never was a man in this town chased the dollar quite so hard as Uncle Mike," the old-timer went on. "No pursuit of happiness for him, strictly the pursuit of the buck. He'd tell you that himself. 'If I made a hunnert grand this morning I'd be hustlin' for a quarter this afternoon. I can't help it,' he admitted one time."

"One thing Mike had twice as much of as anybody else," said a sports writer who had joined the table, "is *chutzpah*. I don't know exactly how you translate *chutzpah*," said the sports writer, who happened to be Irish but had been raised in Lindy's. "It's a Yiddish word for, well, like when you go to a dinner party without being invited, insist on being served first and then complain to the hostess the steak isn't the way you like it. That's mild *chutzpah*. But Uncle Mike was the all-time *chutzpah* champ. Like Joe Louis, he retired with the title undefeated."

The popular pastime of putting the knock on Uncle Mike might have gone on into the small hours if Ray Arcel hadn't come along at that moment and helped get things back in perspective.

"Mike may be a hard man to love," said Arcel, one of the game's top trainers and managers. "Somehow I don't think he even wanted people to like him. He was a lone operator. He played all his cards close to his chest. But I'll say this for Mike. Maybe he had a monopoly and all that but he knew how to fill a house. And the more money he made for himself, the more he made for our fighters. Once he said you had a deal, it was like money in the bank. You didn't need a contract. He stabilized this business.

"And any time you got in a hole, Mike was there to stake you. There was nothing small about him that way. I don't know how many managers are in to him for fifteen thousand in advances for fights that never came off. And Mike's never put the squeeze on them. When he goes, he'll take at least a couple of hundred thousand with him in I.O.U.s."

The sports writer pointed out that these advances—in Joe Louis' case as much as $100,000, at one time—had been Mike's way of cornering the market on big-name fighters. Once they were in to Mike for ten or fifteen thousand dollars, they had to fight for him in order to get off the hook. It was more binding than an exclusive contract, for contracts, as Mike was the first to know, can be by-passed. But once you owe a man $15,000 or $20,000 or $25,000 and he runs the only fight club in the world where you can consistently make that kind of money for one evening's work, you're going to think twice before you skip off to fight some bum in Wilkes-Barre without the boss's okay.

"You think he was good for boxing?" we asked welterweight champ Ray Robinson, since Louis' retirement the outstanding fighter of our day.

"All things considered, I do," Sugar Ray said. "After all it's just a business like any other. The man who can make the most money for you is the man to have around. You check the records you'll find the total income of main-event fighters doubled or maybe tripled while Mike was in the driver's seat. Mike's yearly business was two, three, four, sometimes five million dollars. You've got to figure the fighters were cutting in for 50 per cent of that."

There isn't much question as to whether the fight game's been good for Mike.

The tallest Horatio Alger tale is mild stuff alongside Mike's upward climb from the seamiest slums of Manhattan to his palatial home in New Jersey and his no-one-knows-how-many millions. Whether Mike's been good for the fight game is what might be called a "mute" point along "Jacobs' Beach," the stretch of Forty-ninth Street between Broadway and Eighth Avenue where the marginal characters of the boxing world traditionally hang out. It's good for an argument any time a fight crowd gets together, and even the New York sports columnists who have kept close tabs on Mike for years can't seem to agree.

Dan Parker of the Mirror thought Mike one of the most arrogant and ruthless dictators the sports world ever had. He fired regular broadsides charging him with such alleged misdemeanors as favoring a fight managers' clique, countenancing the sale of boxing titles, buddying up to mobsters like Frankie Carbo, whose fighters were always on the cards and sometimes gave performances that did not look altogether kosher, raising ticket prices beyond the pocketbook of the average fan, scalping working press tickets for outlandish prices, preventing first-rank fighters from getting deserved cracks at titles, and at least half a dozen other offenses against the public interest.

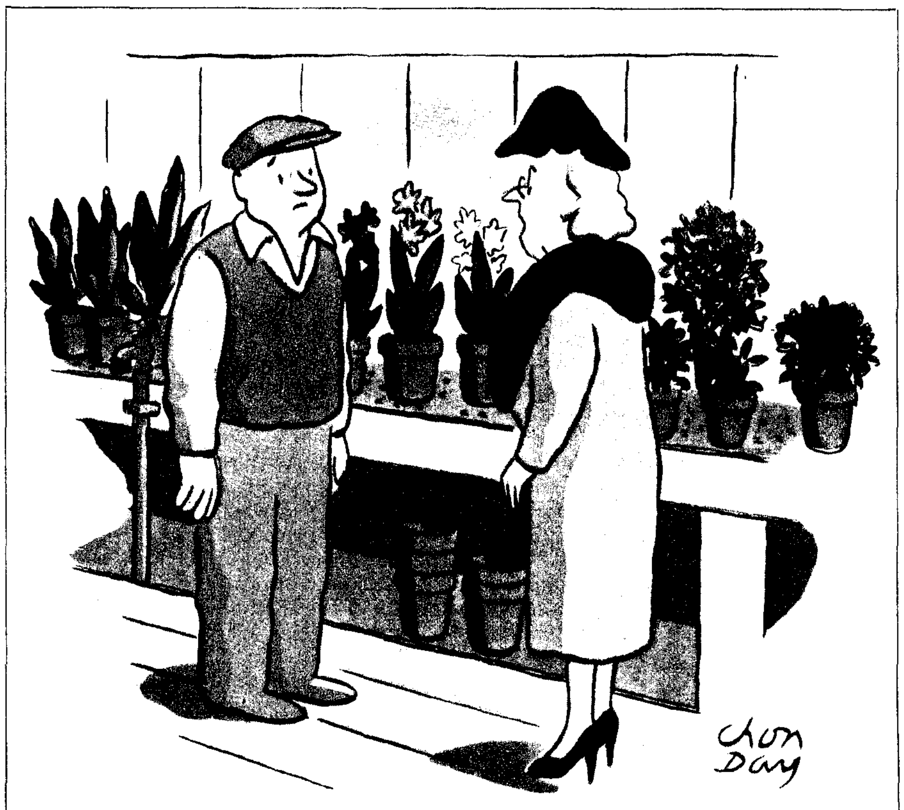
Top Profits, Honest Boxing

However, the Herald Tribune's gifted Red Smith, an equally honest observer of Eighth Avenue doings, takes a kindlier view: "Although it is certainly true that nobody ever exerted such absolute dictatorship as his over any sport, and while it is probably true that no one else ever made such profits as he from boxing, it is emphatically true that no man ever ran boxing as well as he, anywhere . . . If anyone in the world has run fights on the level, Mike has."

Jimmy Powers of the News agrees with Parker. In print, he urged Mike to retire from fight promotion because he was running the game into the ground—not only in New York, he wrote, "but in other great cities of America where Monopoly Mike's blighting hand has ruined the sport and left darkened arenas."

But Jimmy Cannon of the Post—whose indictment of the game as "a racket founded on deceit and treachery" is on record in any number of eloquent columns, who tabbed the build-up for the second Louis-Conn fight "a phony," and who nailed the Louis-Mauriello match as an insult to the fans' intelligence—still seems to agree with Smith that, by and large, Uncle Mike was on the square and promoted more memorable fights than any other promoter.

The late Damon Runyon, himself once a partner of Mike's in the Twentieth Century Sporting Club, in one of his last comments on fistic matters, seemed to line up with the opposition. Critical of Jacobs' monopoly, he wrote: "There is none of the old incentive to managers to hustle up new fighters . . . Mike Jacobs, the boxing boss, has a radio deal that nets him a profit



COLLIER'S "I would like something with a name that does not sound like a disease" CHON DAY

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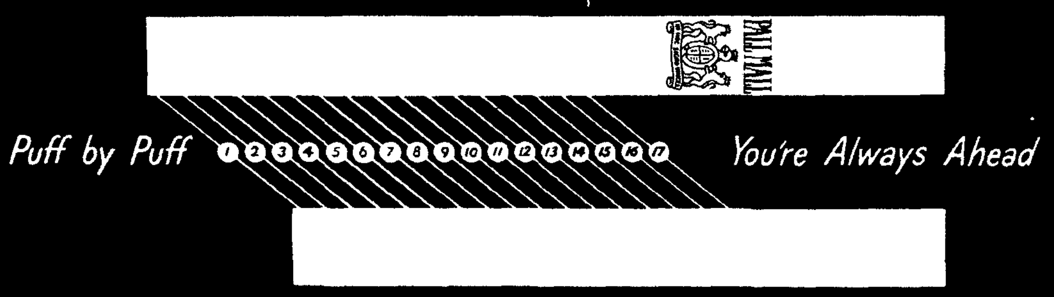
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Puff by Puff
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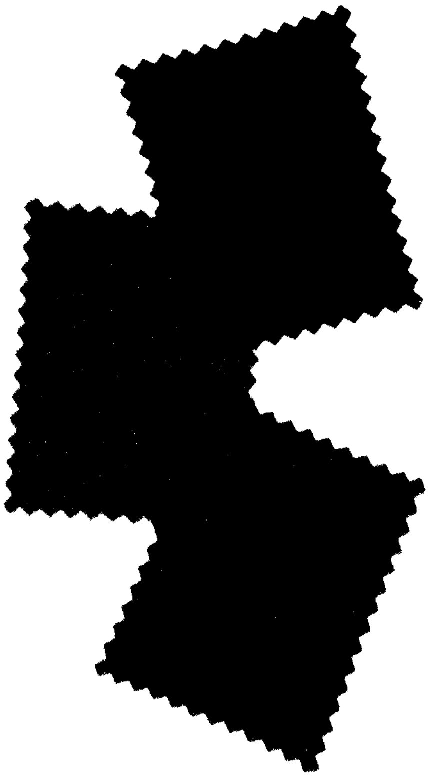

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whether the boxing performers are stars or hamdonnies, so he has no interest in that constant development of new figures that was once the lifeblood of the fight game."

But, it's one of those endless controversies. Such respected newspapermen as John Kieran, Bill Corum and Frank Graham will tell you that without being blind to the personal foibles of Uncle Mike, they considered him a beneficial influence. And, apparently, despite the violence of the opposition, the vote of boxing writers is in Mike's favor, for prominently displayed in Mike's richly, if somewhat eclectically, furnished living room is an impressive gold trophy inscribed to him from the Boxing Writers Association for meritorious service in boxing.

Fighters themselves are as far apart on the question of Uncle Mike as the sports writers. Jack Dempsey has been blasting Mike for years for monopolistic tactics he claimed were milking the game dry, choking off incentive and generally running it into the ground. But Joe Louis will tell you Uncle Mike always dealt fairly with him, that he gave greater opportunities to Negroes than anyone before him and that more good fighters were developed under his management than at any previous time.

An Unusual Success Formula

In spite of the controversy over Uncle Mike's business methods, there is one subject on which all disagreement ceases—his phenomenal capacity for success. With no schooling, no knowledge of a trade, no one to help him, and no money in his hands that he didn't earn peddling papers, running errands or slinging hash, he hustled himself a thousand-dollar stake before most kids are halfway through high school.

"After sixteen I was never broke again," Uncle Mike says.

In the next half century he rang the bell (a cash register's, naturally) in at least three different fields—excursion-boat concessions, ticket speculation and fight business, with successful side forays into the stock market and real estate. As a ticket seller, his ingenuity amounted to genius. "Put a ticket in his hand, he could squeeze three times as much money out of it as anybody else," says an old associate. "I swear it was more miraculous than squeezing blood out of stone."

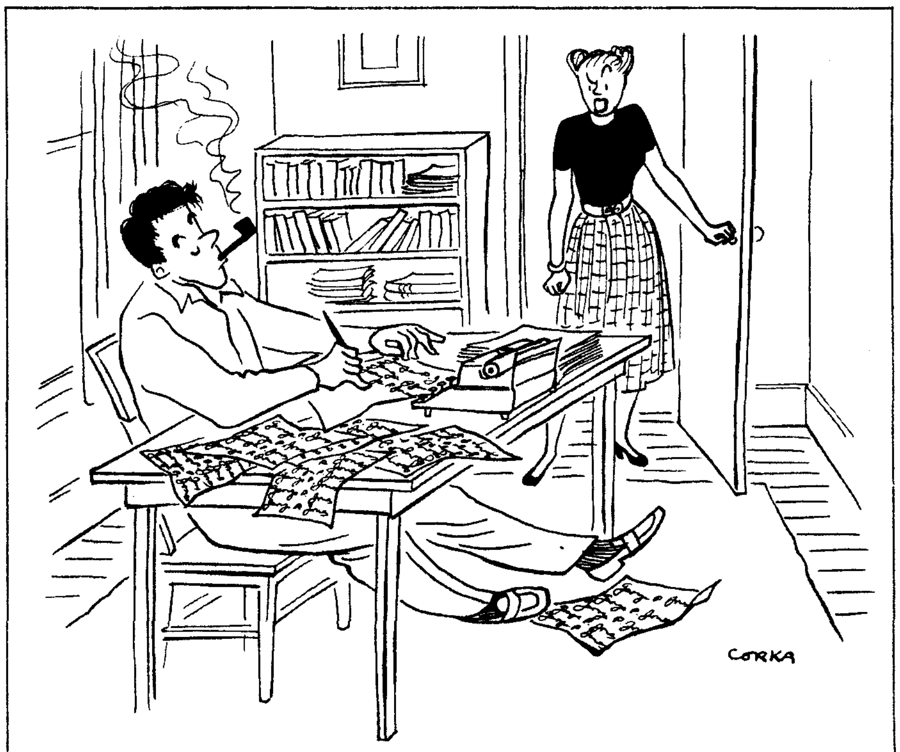
When Tex Rickard died in 1929, Mike made no effort to fill the promoter's shoes himself. Let the other fellow have the headaches, all I want is the choice seats to hustle, seemed to be his philosophy then. It was more or less by accident, as we shall see, that he found himself in the role of promoter, bucking Jimmy Johnston and the Garden from 1934 until he came in as top man in 1937. But in the next decade he hung up box-office records outside the ring that promise to stand as long as Joe Louis' inside the ring. He staged 61 championship bouts, promoted more than 1,500 boxing shows, grossed more than $10,000,000 with Joe Louis alone, staged approximately 70 per cent of all the bouts below the heavyweight division that grossed better than $100,000, attracted in a single year—to 34 Garden shows—nearly half a million people, grossed in that same year $5,500,000 and sold tickets over a 15-year period to an estimated 10,000,000 people, who pushed something like $30,000,000 through his ticket windows.

Despite the commanding position he maintained in New York for three decades, surprisingly little is known about the personal life and actual career of Uncle Mike. As late as 1929 ex-sports writer Westbrook Pegler referred to him merely as "the box-office man for Tex Rickard." Except for an occasional reference to excursion boats, the columnists have seemed more interested in Mike's exasperating presence than in his somewhat incredible origin, his grotesque childhood and the compulsive money hunger of his young manhood.

Undoubtedly this reticence stems from Mike himself, whose habitual secretiveness finds a natural ally in his inarticulateness when talking anything other than the fight business. People who have worked and lived with him for years fall strangely silent when his early days are mentioned. His own family approaches the subject with a strange caution. The one man most often mentioned as a personal friend, Captain George Foster, formerly of the New York Fire Department and now a baseball executive with the New York Giants, testifies to Mike's secretiveness even about relatively innocuous matters.

"He wasn't much of a talker unless there was some definite point to be gained," said Foster, the only one of more than 30 interviewees who confessed to a genuine liking for Mike. "Sometimes on the drive out to Rumson, he wouldn't say a word all the way. Only once in a long while he'd let down and reminisce a bit. Mike knew how to keep things to himself. That was a large part of his success.

"He knew who to take care of and he always paid off, and nothing small about it either. He was a great judge of human nature—knew just how far he could go with everybody he dealt with. That's how he had everybody in his pocket. With tickets;



"I think it's about time you stopped practicing on your autograph and started writing your novel!"

COLLIER'S CORKA

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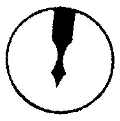

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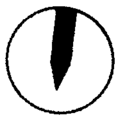

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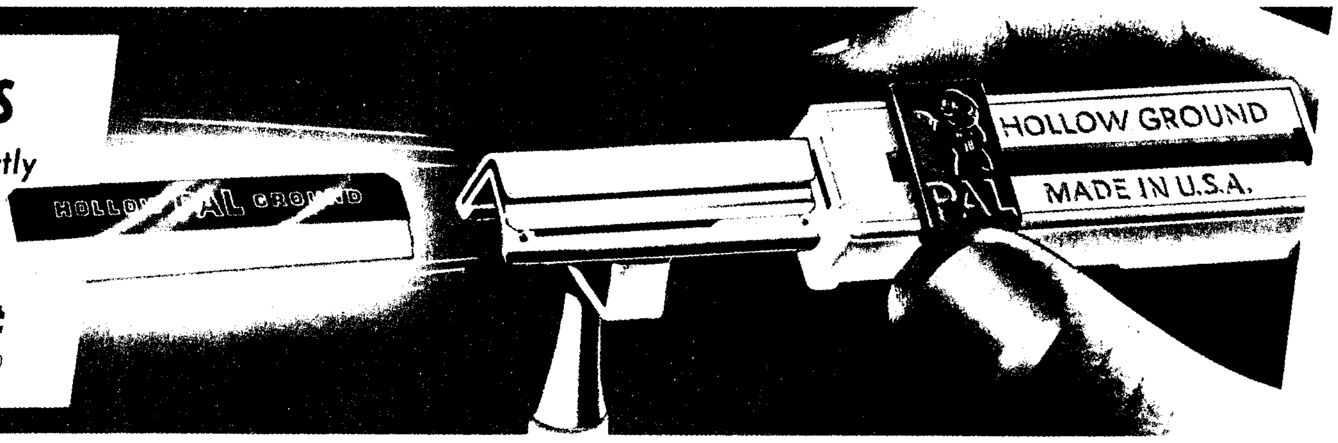

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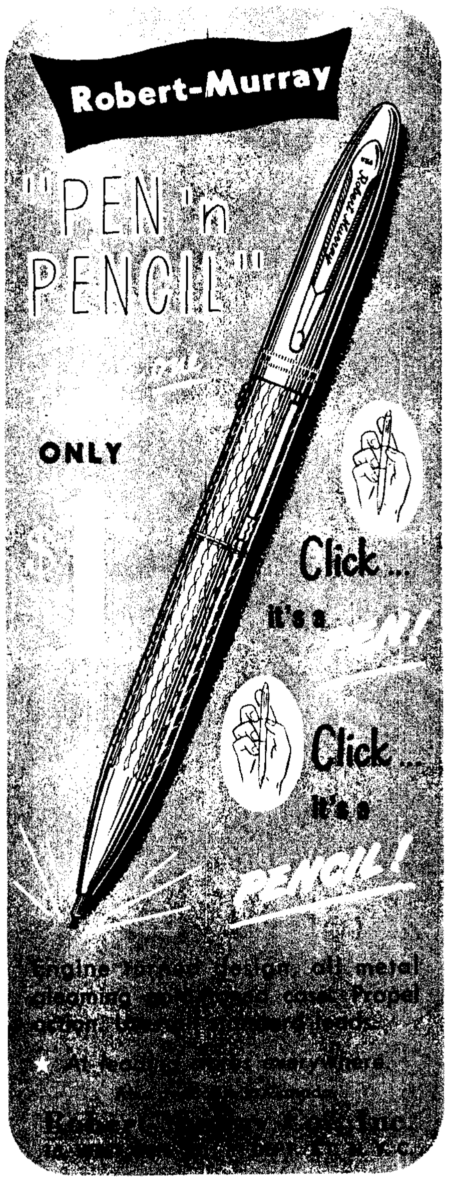

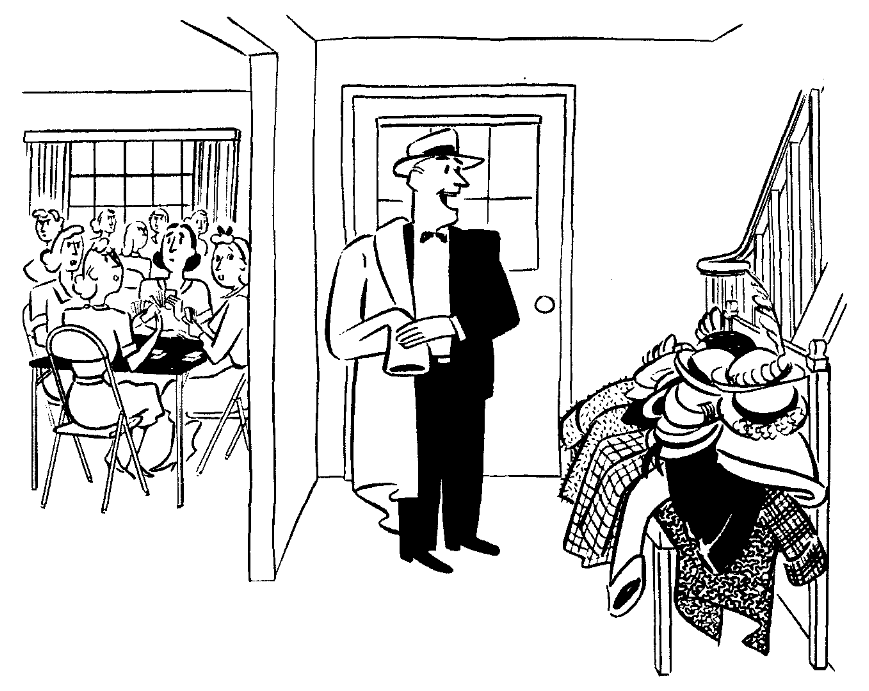

"Dear, don't tell me that you've finally decided to toss out those funny old clothes you've been hoarding in the attic"

COLLIER'S LARRY HARRIS

with favors. He was a great fellow for knowing the other fellow's weakness. A mortgage falling due. A political jam. Some rap he could square. He was always getting you obligated. Not a bribe, understand. Just insurance against some time when you could do him a favor. And the fellow could always depend on the fact that Mike would never talk. Operating in this town like he has all these years, he knows a thousand things that could hurt a guy. But he never opens his mouth. You've got to give him credit."

That no one knows just how much money Mike has is an example of just how close he plays 'em to his chest. Captain Foster is authority for the statement that Mike has more cash money than anybody else in America—"it runs into millions, hard cash." General John Reed Kilpatrick, president of the Madison Square Garden, estimates Jacobs' fortune as "several millions anyway."

But apparently not even Josie Jacobs, after living under one roof with him for 35 years, is completely taken into Mike's confidence. At dinner one Sunday recently Josie was protesting what she considered the exaggerated accounts of Mike's wealth. "Mike was a great promoter, but he never made as much money as people think," she insisted. "We're comfortable but that's about all. Living like this, with his big family to support, and all my nephews and nieces to put through schools, in 10 years we'd both have to go back to work. If we've got $1,000,000," she concluded, "I've never seen it."

Irked by Talk About Money

When we first sat down to dinner, the expression on Uncle Mike's face had been positively benevolent. He had been beaming proudly when their adopted daughter, six-year-old Joan, sang all the lyrics to a popular tune in a clear confident voice. But as Josie went on about their finances, an expression began to cross his face that looked to us suspiciously like embarrassment. He began to growl and then to mutter to himself and finally blurted, "Okay, okay, talk about somethin' else."

Sitting on the impressive veranda under a bright canopy, looking out across his well-kept lawns and broad fields and meadows rolling down to the Shrewsbury River, we tried to resolve the various contradictions in the tyrannical and somewhat sinister personality of Uncle Mike.

Secretive, friendless, inarticulate, he would suddenly drop in on his chiropractor or some other casual acquaintance for a few minutes of isolated garrulousness.

He has been described as greedy almost to psychopathic extremes, "the stingiest man in the world"; yet even men with whom he had been feuding were in to him for tens of thousands of dollars. So ruthless and inhumane was he considered that at the time of his heart attack a popular gag along Jacobs' Beach was: "Since when can a man without a heart have a heart attack?" Yet at the age of sixty-five he could take to his heart, in a way that could not be feigned, an adopted little girl.

Sitting with Mike on the comfortable veranda of the great 22-room house, we looked out into the driving rain and pondered these complexities. More than ever, we wanted to get the whole story. But it was not one that any single person could tell us, not even Uncle Mike. In due time, *it* led us literally from the Polo Grounds, where we talked to "Mike's one friend," Captain Foster, to the Battery, where we talked to seventy-year-old Leonard De Conza, who remembered "hustling excursion tickets shoulder to shoulder with Mike some 50 years ago."

We walked through the wretched slum building where Mike was born. We strolled through the neighborhood where little Mike hustled his first nickels and dimes, and we talked to a few old-timers who remembered his family. We talked to relatives, early associates, servants, managers, boxers, sports writers, doctors, employees, to the distinguished General Kilpatrick and highly respected Ray Arcel, as well as to jailbirds, gamblers and racketeers. We talked to whatever friends we could find; enemies were easier to locate.

As soon as they heard we were on the trail of the true story of Uncle Mike, with no axes to grind but no punches to pull, they called to volunteer. We listened to as many as we could while reserving our right to evaluate.

What got this man started on this golden treadmill? we asked ourselves. What pressures, what hungers, what influences?

And so we went back, all the way, to a birth certificate that said: Michael Strauss Jacobs, born March 10, 1880, son of Isaac and Rachel Jacobs, 651 Washington Street, New York City.

That's between Christopher and West Tenth Streets, about a block from the water front. A rugged district today. An even more rugged district seventy years ago.

To better understand what makes Jacobs run, Author Schulberg goes back to his poverty-ridden childhood, re-creates it in the next installment

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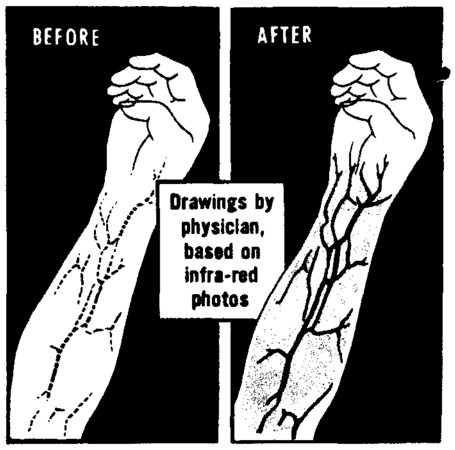
BEFORE
AFTER
Drawings by physician, based on infra-red photos

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Is He a Big Laugh!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

"Boy! Was that a tonic," he recalls. "One bottle and you either called in the undertaker or you had a constitution that could take anything. We never made repeat trips."

From medicine shows, Red progressed through the John Lawrence Stock Company, Clarence Stout's Minstrels and Captain Hittner's Cotton Blossom, a showboat which plied the Ohio and Missouri Rivers. By the time he was fourteen, he was filled out in both flesh and worldly experience, but his schooling had ended at the sixth grade and he sometimes found polysyllabic words difficult to read and pronounce. Subtle plays on words, for example, frequently escaped him. The comedy he originated, therefore, became essentially sight stuff—slapstick and pantomime. He would entertain his audiences by falling off stage and climbing back with a drum draped around his neck. His audiences ate it up.

In 1930, Red was playing a Kansas City burlesque house when he met a sixteen-year-old usherette named Edna Stilwell. "Even back then," Red says, "Edna had good sense. She took an instant dislike to me and my act."

Several weeks later when Red got a job emceeing a Kansas City walkathon, one of the contestants was this same Edna Stilwell. By staying on her feet for 2,810 hours, she walked five men partners into the ground and won the walkathon. That was enough for Red. He proposed marriage and was accepted.

Under Edna's competent supervision, Red's career began to mean something. Edna talked the walkathon manager into raising his salary to $100 a week. She herself got a job as a cashier to make sure that he was paid, and as the years moved along, she not only hired a tutor to educate her man, but she wrote the routines and sketches for his acts and insisted that he try his hand in vaudeville.

In 1936 at Loew's Montreal, the theater manager told Skelton that the customers were tired of seeing him prat-fall into the pit, whereupon Red worked up his doughnut-dunking pantomime, a routine which calls for him to eat 12 doughnuts in 20 minutes. Working three shows a day, Red put on 35 pounds in one month—all doughnuts. Quickly booked into New York, he proved a howling success on Broadway, and Hollywood just as quickly beckoned.

Red came West and flopped in the movie Having Wonderful Time. But Frank Borzage, a Metro director sure of his eventual cinema stardom, brought him out again two years later. That's when Red made the screen test which is now considered a comedy classic. After two films, he was quickly signed for radio.

In 1944, after making certain that she would get 50 per cent of his income for the next 10 years and would remain his perennial business manager, Skelton asked wife Edna to divorce him. She complied, and a year later, while on Army furlough, the comedian married the ex-photographer's model from Glenwood Springs, Colorado—Georgia Maureen Davis. Edna herself became Mrs. Frank Borzage in 1945, but divorced the producer-director in 1949.

Today, having recently completed his twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth motion pictures, The Yellow Cab Man and Three Little Words, Red Skelton lives blissfully in a white, rambling, 14-room mansion located on the fringe of the Bel Air golf course. His wife and two children, Valentina, three, and Richard, two, are all redheads which causes the neighbors to refer to the Skeltons as the "four reds."

One of Skelton's proudest boasts is that "my house has seven bathrooms. Maybe we ain't funny. But we're sure clean." The structure also contains Red's tremendous collection of guns, cameras, gold souvenirs and hats. He owns one copy of practically every hat model in existence, and when he rises at eight or ten or twelve each morning—he sleeps erratically—the first thing he does is to put on a top hat or a Homburg or a battered brown derby.

Such headwear, he claims, puts him in a humorous mood, amuses the entire family at breakfast, and frequently inspires a funny routine which he promptly bangs out on the typewriter. He has a cottage workroom away from the main house which resembles the aftermath of a Key West hurricane, but he prefers to concentrate in the sun wearing as few clothes as possible.

A Unique Memory System

He is an amazingly fast study who never personally reads the lines of his radio or motion-picture scripts. If Red has a certain scene to play at the studio, his wife reads his lines aloud to him while he's shaving. When Skelton reports on set, he knows his part perfectly. If he doesn't like a particular joke, he makes a mental note of it and then ad-libs a new one.

While Skelton is extremely affable and one of the most widely loved entertainers in Hollywood, he is basically an eccentric—and occasionally, a very trying man for a woman to live with. He sleeps alone in a nine-foot bed and retires in a plain white shirt in lieu of pajamas. He is inexplicably in love with the color maroon, and owns 400 ties in that hue. He hides money in books throughout the house and then tears wildly through his library trying to remember which ones contain his loot.

He will get up at three or four in the morning, go down to the kitchen, cook an entire meal, and then awaken his wife to come share it. He scribbles phone numbers on his shirt sleeves. He loves gold pencils, but when he signs an autograph he has a habit of handing over his pencil when he returns the autograph album. He's lost 60 this way. He refuses to wear any jewelry except cuff links. He refuses to answer or speak over the telephone. He declines to sit apart from Georgia at any dinner and frequently likes to come to the dinner table without shoes or socks.

As a father, of course, he's incomparable. He not only reads stories to the children, but he plays all the animal parts. When Valentina says, "Do a bear, Daddy," Red waddles about with the perfect rolling gait of a grizzly. When Richard says, "Now, do the bunny," Red drops to his knees, and the house becomes a shambles.

Skelton believes firmly that there is only one way to live, and that is by clowning through life and making people laugh.

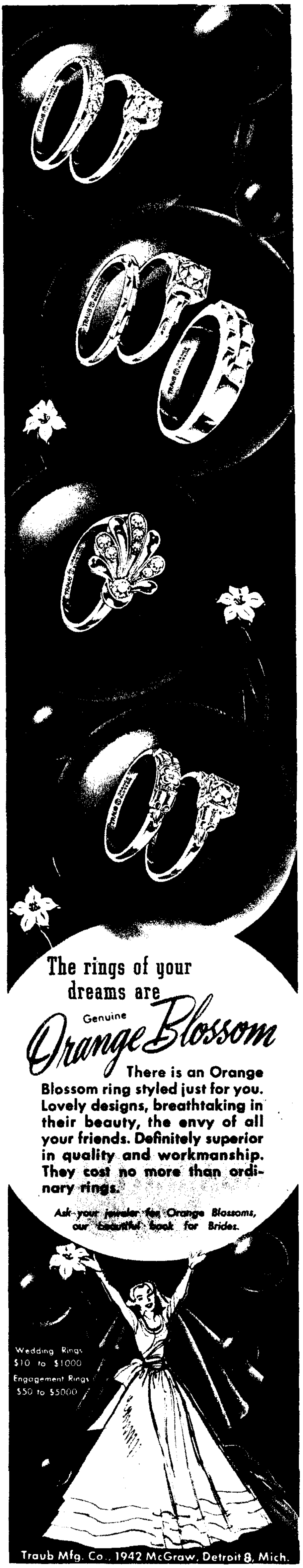
"The only man that's ever called me Mister," he says, "was the tax collector. When I was a kid, my mother once said to me, 'Red, don't take life seriously. You'll never get out of it alive.' How right she was!"

THE END

DEBUNKING EXPEDITION

THE DEBUNKER	THE DEBUNKING
Physiologist, California College of Dentistry	A receding chin does not indicate weakness—either mental or physical.
Meteorologist, Public Health Service	A good rain does not clear the atmosphere—it has absolutely no effect on atmospheric pollution.
Anthropologist, Sydney University	The Australian bushman is not a dim-wit—he's quicker than the white man at card games such as poker.
Botanist, Academy of Natural Sciences	There's no such thing as a banana tree—bananas grow on plants.
Ophthalmologist, Temple University	Cheap sunglasses don't harm the vision—they are just as good as expensive ones.
Apiarist, British Bee Research Institute	Bees are very stupid insects—much less intelligent than wasps, for instance.
Jeweler, American Gem Society	Blue-white diamonds are extremely rare—less than ½ per cent of good diamonds are really blue-white.
Agriculturist, Pennsylvania State College	Pigs are not naturally dirty—farmers make them that way.
Researcher, American Chemical Society	The Chinese did not invent gunpowder—it was the Hindus.
Hygienist, Western Reserve University	People never contract colds from getting their feet wet—positively never.
Explorer, National Geographic Society	Icebergs are a rarity in the Arctic Ocean—most of them originate in Greenland.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN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Adventurer in Darkest Washington

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

performing a professional task for a fee. Eventually both the President and Defense Secretary Louis Johnson agreed. Last August 15th Heller moved into the Pentagon, and went to work.

Old Washington hands think of the 34-acre Pentagon, with its 17 miles of corridors, as the world's most perfect symbol of a tape-shackled bureaucracy skating around in circles. Heller's job is to come up with a reorganization plan which will straighten out the circles and permit the administrative chain of decision to get from A to B in a direct line. The first thing he discovered was that lots of other able men had been trying, piecemeal, to do the same thing. Pigeonholes were stuffed with thoughtful plans for streamlining. "In the Pentagon," Heller reported, "frustration is epidemic."

To keep Heller from getting red-tape cutter's spavin, Secretary Johnson appointed a management committee with broad powers to put reorganization and economy measures into effect. This committee is composed of General Joseph T. McNarney and representatives of the Secretaries for Army, Navy and Air Force. Heller is committee adviser, and his job is to find facts and make recommendations.

He has a special advantage in that Committee Chairman McNarney is a Heller enthusiast who had already retained him last year to do a reorganization job on the Air Force. This caused some people, particularly Navy partisans, to grumble that Heller was McNarney's hatchet man. But most of the grumblers soon learned a fact that is explicit in Heller's success story, which is that Robert Heller is no man's man but Heller's. The realization thawed many cold shoulders and now Heller is getting the co-operation his assignment demands.

Heller's approach has been direct, elemental, orderly. In the bitter bickering that attended unification, a good many basic factors were overlooked. Most of the public arguments have been on a high strategic level, such as whether the supercarrier or the superbomber is what the nation needs. Heller heartily agrees that unity on such strategic planning is the ultimate, paramount necessity. But he thinks that the place to begin unifying is at the bottom. His argument is that if unity starts from the bottom up, by the time it reaches the top the problems now bedeviling the unifiers will be as easy to solve as fitting the last piece into a jigsaw puzzle.

Many Task Forces at Work

In his first two months, Heller set to work 35 task forces of four men each, all service officers, studying various pieces of the vast, jumbled defense setup. New task forces are being created every few days and old ones dissolved as fast as they finish their assignments. Each is a miniature of those which served the Hoover Commission and works in the same way. Each contains a man from Army, Navy, Air Force and the Defense Secretary's office, to assure impartiality. Heller supervises and co-ordinates them all.

Leaving the bomber versus carrier issue to the admirals, generals and armchair experts, Heller concentrated, for example, on the lowly motor vehicle. He found that in many places all three services were maintaining motor pools, transport systems and maintenance garages where one could serve all needs. In four months 34,380 vehicles were retired with an immediate saving of $20,000,000. In addition, 2,136 chauffeurs were transferred to other jobs—mostly to places formerly held by civilian employees—with another $6,000,000 a year saving in pay and subsistence allowances.

On this pattern, other task forces took up such non-newsworthy service establishments as laundries, printing plants, libraries, parachute test facilities and office rentals. As Heller sees it, the result of all these activities means real unity rather than paper unity, and enormous incidental savings.

This is the first phase of Heller's program at the Pentagon, or, as Heller puts it, "the crash phase." It is aimed at finding places to save money and simplify organization. In the months to come it will be followed by a reorganization study in which he hopes to get at the "soft underbelly" of the Defense Department's high policy-making boards.

Political Value of Savings

Heller's old friend Louis Johnson (both have served as directors of General Aniline and Film Corporation) is pressing for savings in 1950 of $3,000,000,000 or more. This being the year of Congressional elections, the Truman strategy is keyed to a glittering program of more multibillion dollar welfare. Since these projects can hardly be paid for out of new soak-the-rich taxes, it follows that every nickel that Heller can squeeze out of the defense budget becomes a real contribution to Democratic strategy.

If Republican Heller were political-minded in the partisan sense his position would be untenable. But Heller places at least two other considerations above partisanship: his professional reputation and a genuine zeal to inject some efficiency into government. Thus his position as a Republican helping the Democrats doesn't bother him. What does burn him up is the occasional crack he hears in Washington that he is getting rich on government fees.

Heller expects that his total fees for the Pentagon job will be no more than $300,000. In 1938, at the end of a similar job for U.S. Steel, he had been paid 10 times as much—a cool $3,000,000. Heller's reorganization of U.S. Steel remains the largest feat of its kind in our industrial history.

Heller got the idea for his career from a Harvard professor and he got to Harvard by a circuitous route from New Castle, Indiana, where he was born on January 14, 1899. His father, Myron, was a rose breeder, some of whose hybrids, such as the American Beauty, attained a wider and more lasting fame than their creator. The Hellers were well-to-do in a small-town way, and when young Bob decided he wanted to be a violinist they gave him his chance by sending him to the Cincinnati Conservatory.

A year of music study changed his mind. He just couldn't see himself devoting his life to a talent which, he had become convinced, was not first-rate. In search of something that suited him better, Heller went on to the University of Michigan. There he found that economics held more fascination than any other subject he had encountered. After two years he forsook Ann Arbor for Harvard in search of greater scope for his studies.

While at Cambridge he had two big adventures. The first was a hitch as an officer candidate in a field artillery school during World War I, which nearly convinced him that he wanted a military career. Military panoply still stirs his blood and he later sent both his sons to Culver Military Academy.

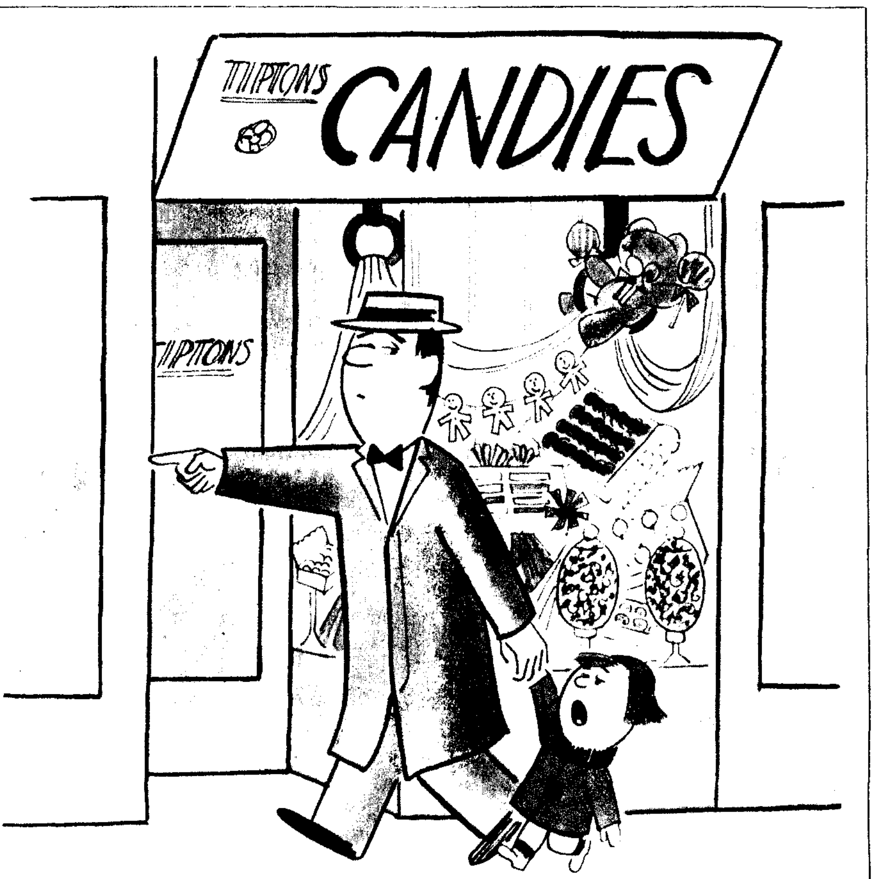
The second adventure was the decisive one. As an undergraduate Heller was invited by William Z. Ripley, one of his professors, to assist in a task that Ripley had been handed by President Woodrow Wilson.

Long Journeys in Cabooses

The assignment was to prepare a plan whereby the government would return the war-seized railroads to their owners. Together Ripley and Heller traveled more than 50,000 miles in freight cabooses and interviewed scores of big and little industrialists.

Meanwhile Ripley expounded a pet theory. It was that U.S. industry after 50 years of enormous expansion, big profits and easy sales had come to the end of an era. The new era would be one of stiffer competition, which would require business leaders to develop new finance methods, a keener eye for keeping account of costs, and a sharper ear for listening to their customers. Heller not only agreed, but decided that a man who could sell these things in a package could make a career for himself.

After his Harvard graduation (class of '20), Heller went to Oxford for more study,



COLLIER'S

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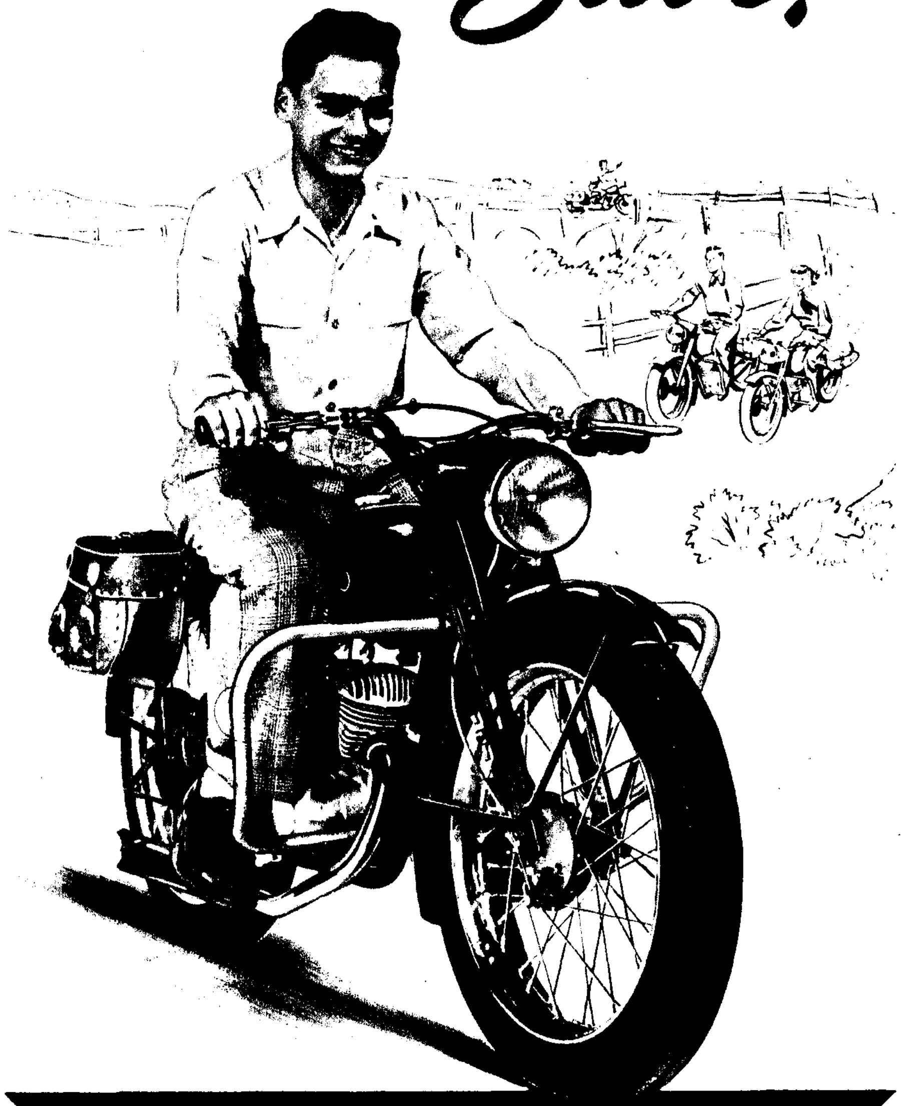

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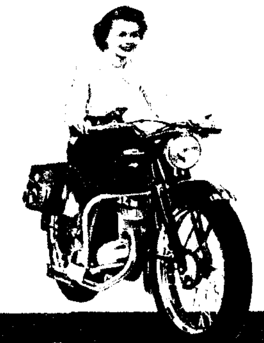

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but he returned in a matter of weeks. "I was in love," he smiles. "I wanted to get married and go to work."

Heller's eye was on a petite, blue-eyed, fair-haired girl named Lois Mouch, whose father owned a small steel mill in New Castle. She had been Heller's sweetheart since their kindergarten days. They were married in New Castle at the end of 1920. This year, on December 28th, they will celebrate their thirtieth anniversary, at the age of fifty-one.

The newlyweds returned to Boston, where Heller set about starting his chosen career. That he was brash seems never to have occurred to him. But picture the budding Dr. Fix-it to industry—bright, earnest, good-looking, dispensing a glittering line of learned gab—and twenty-two years old. Bank presidents and corporation executives indulgently opened their doors to warm themselves at his youthful fire and shiveringly slammed them shut on any suggestion that they entrust their company affairs to such inexperienced hands. Since Heller refused to accept a family subsidy he had to take a job. The one he found paid $216 a month. Meanwhile he kept hunting for clients.

Perseverance paid off. Toward the end of the first year of his efforts, in early 1922, the National Shawmut Bank referred a client to him. The man was a Boston Brahmin, long on tenacity and short on judgment, who had acquired some Pennsylvania anthracite mines. The coal was inferior, and next to impossible to sell in a competitive market. But he had gone on keeping his miners busy until he had stockpiled hundreds of thousands of tons above-ground and was broke. The bank's recommendation was: "Why don't you turn it over to Heller? He can't do your company any harm. Nobody could."

John L. to the Rescue

For a time it appeared that nobody could have done it much good, either. Then, unknowingly, John L. Lewis, the union man, came to Heller's rescue. In April, 1922, Lewis launched his first really effective national coal strike. Mines everywhere were still, coal piles dwindled and prices soared. By September, when the strike ended, Heller, having made a quick market survey of likely customers for his client's inferior coal, had not only sold it all but at very profitable prices. His fee, agreed on in advance, had been $300 a month. Heller tells the rest of the tale with dramatic feeling:

"One day he asked me to dinner, saying he wanted to make me a present. On the way, I tried to guess how big the tip would be. I convinced myself it would be $500. During the evening a plain envelope was handed to me. I didn't open it—I didn't dare. But my curiosity kept getting stronger as the evening went on and the gift was not mentioned. Finally—it seemed like ages—I left. I stopped under the first street light and ripped open the envelope. Inside was a check for $100,000!"

Banking the $100,000, Heller opened his own office. "It was tough," he says. "The only companies that weren't scared off by my inexperience were the ailing ones that were ready to try anything. I had to take most of my fees in stock."

Heller soon found he was slowly but steadily exchanging his $100,000 cash for a bagful of sick-pup stocks. But under his care some of the sick ones got well and flourished, while the fantastic bull market of the twenties kept hoisting the value of all his stocks ever upward. By 1928 the $100,000 was gone, and Heller felt himself at a decisive cross-road.

"I decided," he says, "to quit the East. Some of the big people were disdainful of Midwesterners. For my part I felt that there was too little integrity among some of the banks and business firms I dealt with. I was sick and disgusted." In this mood Heller unloaded most of his holdings near the peak of their inflated values. When the crash came a few months later, he was sitting pretty with nearly half a million cash in banks.

In keeping with his Midwestern preferences, there was one block of stock he did not sell. Back in New Castle there was a family named Teetor which owned the Perfect Circle Piston Ring Company. Bob Heller and the Teetor heirs had been schoolmates.

When, in 1928, the Teetors followed the prevailing financial fashion and invited the public to share their ownership by buying stock, they had asked Heller to arrange the issue. For a fee, he took 10,000 shares, and he still has them. In the 21 years since, these shares have annually paid dividends of $18,000 to $32,000 a year—a total of nearly a half-million dollars. Split four for one in 1947, they have a market value at this writing of approximately $440,000. In other words, this one relatively small job for a single company has paid Heller nearly $1,000,000.

After trying Chicago and Detroit, Heller finally resettled in Cleveland in 1932. His management-engineering business meanwhile had grown steadily and continuously. Then, in 1934, the big break came.

Breaking into the Majors

"We were down in Dayton on a job," Heller recalls, "when my secretary telephoned to say that Carnegie Steel had accepted a proposition we had made. This put us in the big leagues at last. We were so elated we laid down our work and went to the country club to celebrate."

Heller's firm is called Robert Heller & Associates. Its offices fill a big corner of the fifteenth floor of Cleveland's sprawling Union Commerce Building. Inside the massive, brassbound front door the atmosphere is one of quiet, informal ease. To his associates, Heller is Bob. When he wants to talk to any of them he does not push a button but walks to where they are. The inter-office call box, that increasingly prevalent symbol of executive importance (and sometimes self-importance) is conspicuously missing. Yet everybody, from Heller to the receptionist, wears the air of affable aplomb which is the badge of people sure beyond doubt that they're doin' all right.

Heller's firm employs about 100 persons and his pay roll runs around $2,500,000 a year. Averaged out, this is $25,000 per year per employee, or enough to pop the eyes of the most sophisticated auditor. But, naturally, most of it goes to the associates, and there are 45 of them.

A Heller associate must be a highly trained expert in engineering, finance, cost accounting or marketing. Most are pretty well grounded in all. It is a Heller rule that each of them must have the experience and personality which would qualify him to step into the presidency of any U.S. corporation without turning a hair. Since he insists that his men be the technical equals of his clients, he sees to it that they are able to move in the same social strata. Salaries for associates run from $25,000 to $75,000 per year. For good measure, Heller annually whacks up most of the profits into bonuses that range from 15 to 150 per cent of salary.

Ruml, one of Heller's closest friends and the only outsider on his board of directors, is frankly intrigued by it all. "It's obvious," he says, "that the man doesn't want to become rich."

Heller, who is only a millionaire and not a multi-one, blandly ducks this impeachment.

"Our fees," he admits, "are really outrageous." From this it emerges that Heller gets more of a lift out of keeping a stable of 45 potential corporation presidents contented and busy than he does from piling up wealth.

Retention of Heller's firm by a corporation usually results in the client getting reorganized. Heller's men work in teams. Fees are estimated in advance, at so much per month, based on the size of the crew necessary and the probable length of time they will need to finish a job. Once Heller and client reach agreement the crew moves right into the client's business.

An official of the Gulf Oil Corporation

has described a Heller invasion this way: "They sat in the highest-level offices, and in the offices of the division sales managers and the district sales managers. They talked to our salesmen and rode our trucks. They followed our products from terminals to bulk plants to service stations and right into our customers' cars and homes."

Although extremely complex in practice, studies by Heller men are governed by a simple formula. It is: (A) Find what the customers require; (B) find what has to be done not merely to satisfy but give them better products and service; (C) find what is needed to keep profits up while production facilities are used to full capacity; and (D) put A, B, and C in a workable plan.

In the case of Gulf Oil, when all these things had been done, the same men who had been riding trucks went back to President Sidney A. Swensrud's office with a reorganization plan that would have the effect of shaking up the company sales force of 11,318 employees from Swensrud's Pittsburgh office door to the filling station in Wetumpka, Alabama. Swensrud put the plan into effect. In Heller's business the pay-off has to be in figures. In 1947, when Gulf retained Heller, its sales were at an all-time peak of $802,850,000. In 1948, with the plan only partly in effect, and with general business conditions prosperous, sales jumped to $1,073,998,000.

"Are you going to buy something, or do I have to come back later when your husband is home?"

COLLIER'S AL ROSS

Many Big-Business Clients

U.S. Steel and Gulf Oil are by no means the only giants among his clients. Among the several hundred Heller has served in 25 years of operation are Henry Ford II, Du Pont, International Harvester, the Mellon bank, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, Libby-Owens-Ford and Westinghouse. He knows the personalities of U.S. big business by their nicknames.

Heller does not solicit clients. But over the past 10 years he has had to turn away three times as many as he could accept. He now thinks his company has about reached its growth limit. "It gets harder and harder to find the kind of men I have to have," he says. Which is probably a break for Heller. He already has so much on his mind that the only way he can get to sleep nights is via the hot-bath routine.

Among his friends, no two can agree on what they regard as his dominant trait. Ruml is fascinated by his mental ability—"One of the finest minds in the country." Another friend, a Cleveland lawyer, is struck by his pessimism—"He always looks at the worst side of everything first." A third said simply: "He strikes me as just a straightforward guy who knew what he wanted, and worked at getting it."

Heller displays a mind of extraordinarily complex content and operation. He can reduce a large question to a short statement of penetrating originality: "The great, long-range difference between Russia and the United States is that they are creating a management class, doing everything possible to make an aristocracy of it, and here we are destroying ours."

Corner Grocery Headaches

He carries a seemingly endless wealth of precise detail in his head, and this enables him to boast in a matter-of-fact way that does not sound like boasting at all: "We created the supermarket, as a service for a client. The problem there was simply that *the corner grocery had become uneconomic.* At $40-$50 a week it was impossible to get competent managers and the operation would not support higher wages. Transportation costs were high. Pilferage ran from 2 to 5 per cent of inventory.

"The obvious answer was to put a lot of the little stores together in a bigger one. For many reasons our client did not want to be identified with such an innovation. What we did was to go to California and set up two supermarkets under dummy names. It developed that as soon as you got a $150,000-$300,000-a-year volume under one roof, other problems practically solved themselves."

While Heller talks he is constantly in motion, flicking at his tan tweed jacket or his gray flannel trousers, lacing his fingers behind his head, bouncing up to poke the fire, bite the end off a cigar, or point, with rosy pride, to photographs of his two sons. By turn he is shy, expansive, genial or unabashedly uncertain—"What have you found to be the real opinion people have of me?" It would be hard to imagine a more human being.

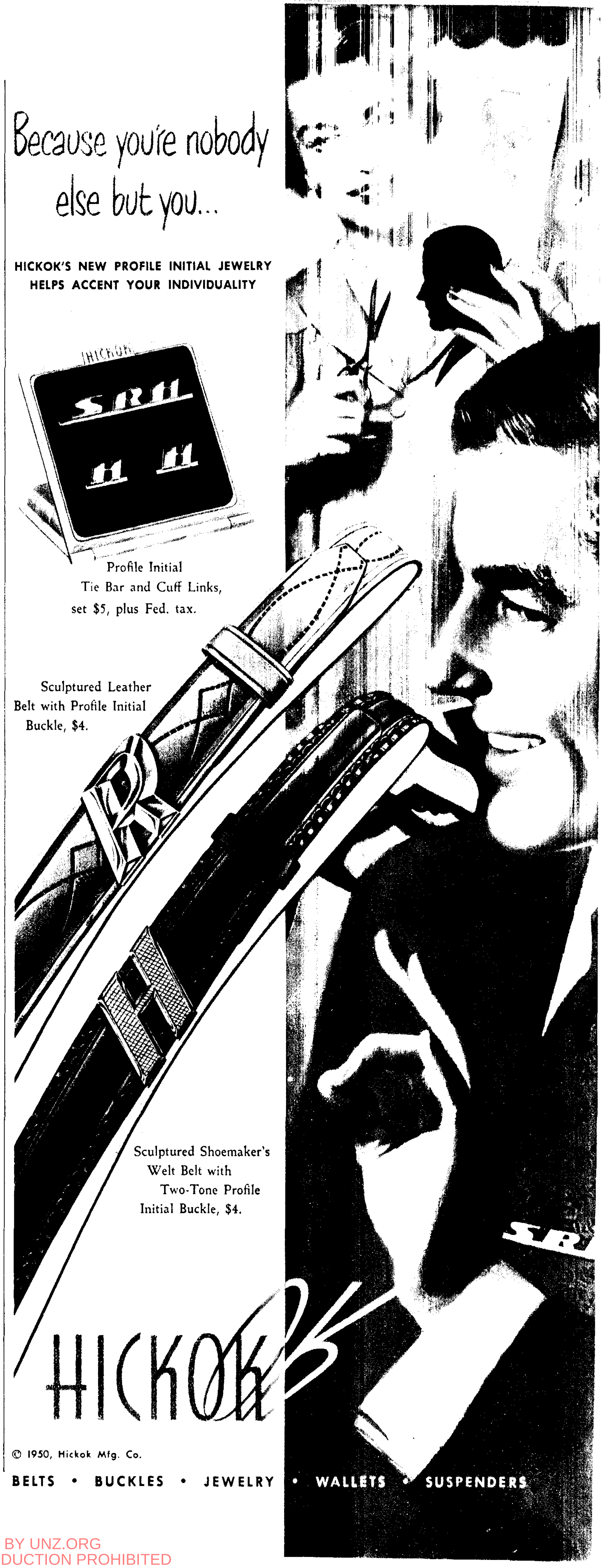
But he can also be daring and ruthless. Once, a few years back, he was retained to analyze a $100,000,000 corporation on behalf of a family which controlled a very large share of its stock. Heller found that the company executives came to work at 11:00 A.M., went to lunch at one and often did not return. They drew fabulous expense accounts and were pursuing potentially disastrous sales practices. Worst of all, one of them tried to buy Heller off.

This company had been stitched together by a famous banking house out of a number of littler ones. Heller found it impossible to believe that the bank could be ignorant of what was going on, and equally impossible to believe that the partners would tolerate it if they knew. He took the straight line out of his dilemma: he went to one of the partners and laid the facts on the table. The partner was at first gruffly unbelieving, then incredulously convinced, then furiously angry.

Next afternoon Heller and Heller's client, summoned by air from California, met in the company's executive offices. Starting with the president, they walked down executive row. In five minutes they fired a dozen men whose salaries aggregated more than $1,000,000 a year. The dismissal notices, inspired by Heller and delivered verbally by his client, went this way: "So glad to meet you. Now, will you put your things together and get the hell out of here in not more than 25 minutes."

Heller's friends expect to see him giving more and more attention to public affairs. Heller is not so sure, but is definitely thinking about it.

Washington's newest Mr. Fix-it says, "I regard my efforts to improve government efficiency as an extension of the services I've already rendered my clients." THE END



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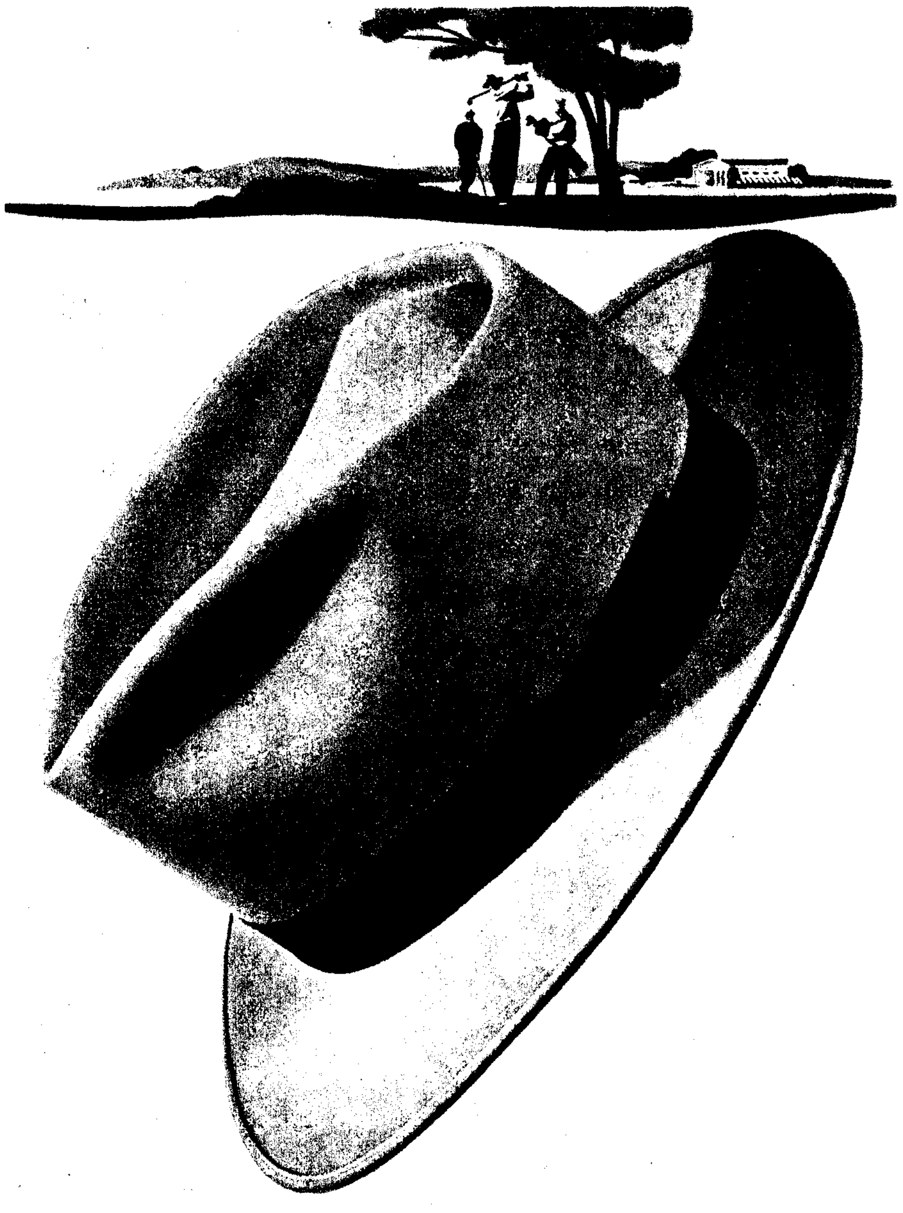

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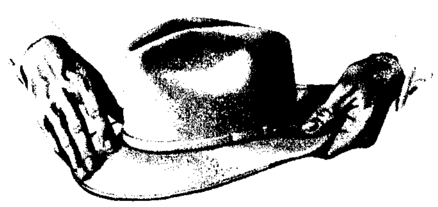

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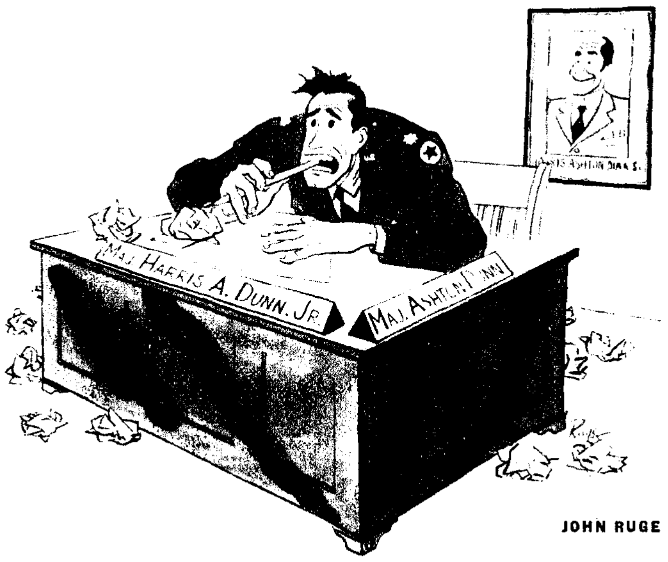

MAJ. HARRIS A. DUNN, JR.
MAJ. ASHTON DUNN

JOHN RUGE

Army memorandum style is so cold and impersonal I had great difficulty phrasing a letter of explanation

JUNIOR MISTER

The Army doesn't care what your name is so long as you don't change it

By ASHTON DUNN

I WAS named for my father. My parents tacked "Junior" after my dad's full name and decided that would save a lot of trouble trying to think whether I should be called James, William, Samuel or by some other relative's name. It worked very well through school and college and at home. My mother called her husband Harris and me Ashton so there was no confusion there and no one had thought of referring to me as "June" so I escaped that punishment from my schoolmates.

But when I entered business I wanted to stand on my own and not trade on being my father's namesake. The easiest thing to do, so I thought, was to drop the Harris and the Junior and be known as just plain Ashton Dunn. It all sounded very simple. It wasn't so simple when, just after Pearl Harbor, I volunteered for service in the Army. I was excited when I received a telegram addressed to Major Ashton Dunn directing me to proceed to Washington to report to the Commanding General of Services of Supply. Except for having put the wrong branch of service insignia on my lapels and traveling from New York to Washington in a brand-new uniform without first having been sworn in as an officer, and therefore being duly reprimanded on both accounts, I plunged into the maze of the Pentagon and felt I was doing my bit.

I had just begun to think I was rather useful when a messenger arrived one day and presented me with an ominous red-bordered letter with IMMEDIATE ACTION stamped on top and bottom. Addressed to me it stated that the Secretary of War "desired" to learn why I had not entered the service using my true name, Junior and all. I was directed to submit at once a written statement to the Adjutant General giving full explanations.

Army memorandum style is so cold and impersonal I had great difficulty phrasing a letter of explanation. I was sure to be suspected of being a spy or at least a criminal fleeing justice. But somehow the letter was written. Weeks passed and a second red-bordered memorandum arrived directing me to be known as Harris A. Dunn, Jr., and issuing me a new serial number.

Now, you wouldn't think this would cause anyone any trouble, but it did. As Ashton Dunn, 0-902911, I had authorized the Office of Dependency Benefits to send my wife $250 a month from my pay. Changing my name required that I cancel that instruction and as Harris A. Dunn, Jr., 0-273948, I asked that a similar amount be sent my wife each payday.

At the end of the first month Mrs. Dunn phoned from New York to say she had received two checks, each for $250, and what was she to do? That resulted in my sending a memorandum to somebody telling of the overpayment, and asking what my wife should do with the extra check.

No answer. A second month, a second overpayment, and a second memorandum from me. Third and fourth overpayments were made and a corresponding number of memos went to the ODB in Newark, New Jersey, but no word as to what I should do to pay back the money.

Then arrived word I was to go overseas. With the orders also came another red-bordered letter stating that since I had been overpaid the sum of $1,250 all future payments for my services would cease until I paid up. My wife insisted she had received only $1,000 too much. So that both my wife and I would continue to have some sort of income, a check for the $1,250 was sent the Office of Dependency Benefits but with it went a letter protesting that the check was for $250 more than had been received.

Being unable to visit ODB in Newark because I was in transit to a foreign post, I enlisted the aid of my father. For nearly two years he wrote letters to a brigadier general in Newark asking for some sort of accounting. Not one reply was forthcoming—not even an acknowledgement. We finally gave up.

Perhaps 20 years from now when some auditor goes over the ODB records it may be found that Uncle Sam is richer by $250 than he should be. Then, I hope a check in that amount will be sent my wife, who probably will have forgotten the reason for it and will wonder what it's all about.

So don't name your offspring Junior. Take a little time and give him a name of his own. It may save him a lot of one-way correspondence with the government. THE END

Boom on the Bottom of the Sea

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

world's new frontier. In the next few years, the frontier will stretch over 915,000 acres of which 550,000 will be farm land.

The largest chunk of it is called the Northeast Polder. A polder means any acre of land reclaimed from water and protected by an encircling dike.

The Northeast Polder is 120,000 acres of flat earth without a tree or a hillock to break the horizon. It's probably the world's costliest farm land—the Dutch government has spent $5,000 an acre to create it.

The bill for the entire Zuider Zee project will be nearly $2,500,000,000.

Building on the Sea Floor

This land is like a flatter, wetter version of a wildcat oil field in Oklahoma. The canals that lace the polder are jammed with houseboats where workers, scientists, storekeepers and bankers live gunwale to gunwale. Near the few villages under construction, dingy prefabricated barracks house hundreds of laborers. Scaffolding for barns and houses climbs higher every day. Plows and disk harrows clank over the rich new soil even while labor gangs are still digging the hundreds of miles of drainage ditches that will keep the earth dry.

In Emmeloord, the capital village in the center of the polder, branches of Holland's great and ancient banks do business in tar-paper shacks, dispensing 4 per cent credit to booted farmers who are snapping up combines, tractors and fluorescent potato germinators like tooth paste at a one-cent sale.

There's mud everywhere—in the farmyards, the village main streets, along the tractor paths that flank every road. There's an air of urgency everywhere, too, a rush to get the job done. The Dutch are normally a slow and steady people, but here on the frontier life is different.

Why the rush? There's money in this fabulously fertile ground. Untilled since the beginning of history, this virgin soil yielded $5,500,000 worth of crops last year alone, and only 75,000 acres were under cultivation. That meant $1,375 for each of the 4,000 men, women and children living there—one and a half times the per capita income of oil-wealthy Oklahoma. And that's only the beginning. In a few years, the bursting soil of the Northeast Polder will furnish homes and high incomes for 50,000 Dutchmen. Eventually, the whole Zuider Zee project will support 350,000 people.

If the new frontier in the heart of old Holland closely resembles America's wildcat towns, the resemblance stops short at many points. For one thing, there's no speculation, no grabbing of land for quick resale at fat profit. The Dutch government owns it all, and none of it's for sale.

Government laboratories, manned by skilled agricultural scientists, set the pace for planting, crop diversification and yield. Raising this soil from the sea costs too much for its richness to be skimmed off in a few boom years.

The helter-skelter jerry-building of American frontier towns is barred by law. Villages aren't sprouting haphazardly around crossroad saloons; instead 10 towns were planned in orderly, compact units with schools, churches, broad lawns, brick walks and a careful ratio of business, light industry and residential blocks. There will never be a traffic problem; each of the towns has a central square with enough parking space for all the automobiles for miles around.

And, finally, to stamp the most spectacular difference between Holland's frontier and America's, there's no vice. Not a house of prostitution, not a gambling joint, not a single lusty dance hall. This is government territory, and if any of the polder's 3,500 laborers want sin, they have to travel 65 miles to Amsterdam to find it.

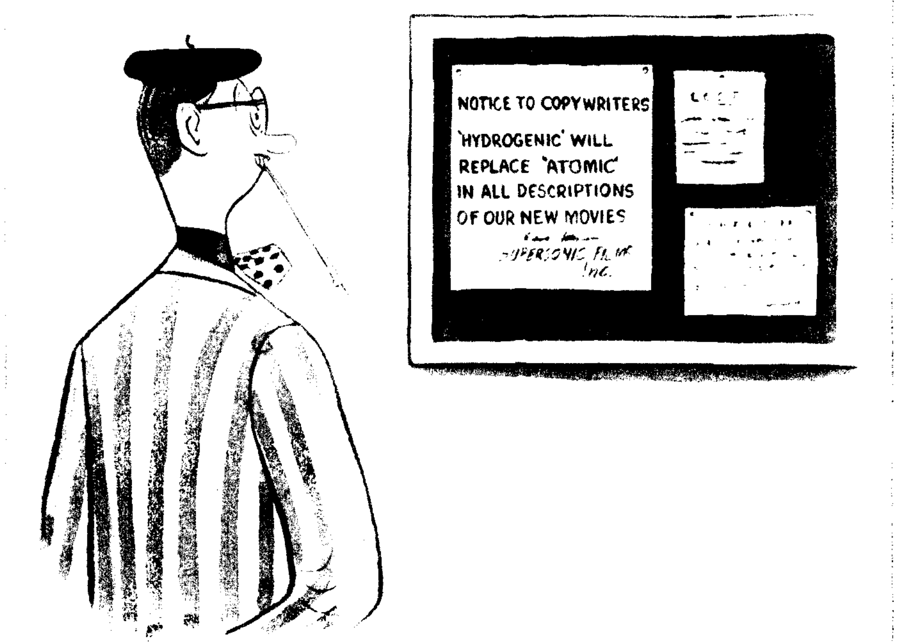
Most of them don't bother. Many are married, and return to their families on week ends. The majority, young farmers recruited from all over Holland who hope to rent acreage of their own on the polder, study textbooks on agriculture at night. For mild dissipation they go to a movie or drink an occasional glass of Dutch beer in the recreation halls. Some work during the day laying the 8,000 miles of drainage pipes that will eventually crisscross the subsoil.

State Farms Improve Soil

Most, however, are employed on the big state-run farms that comprise 85,000 of the polder's 120,000 acres. These farms perform an interim job. They take up the land where the engineers leave it—freshly reclaimed, flat and fallow. For three years or more they work up the soil to the right degree of productivity, then the state farms are carved into smaller holdings and turned over to individual farmers. There are about 150 private farms on the polder today; six years from now there will be 2,000.

The men in the labor camps have a vested interest in their work. Take Jan Overbroek, for example, a husky, blond, twenty-five-year-old who runs a tractor on a state farm.

"I plowed that field by the canal today," he says. "Did a good job, too. You know why? Next year this state farm's going out of business, and I'm on top of the list for a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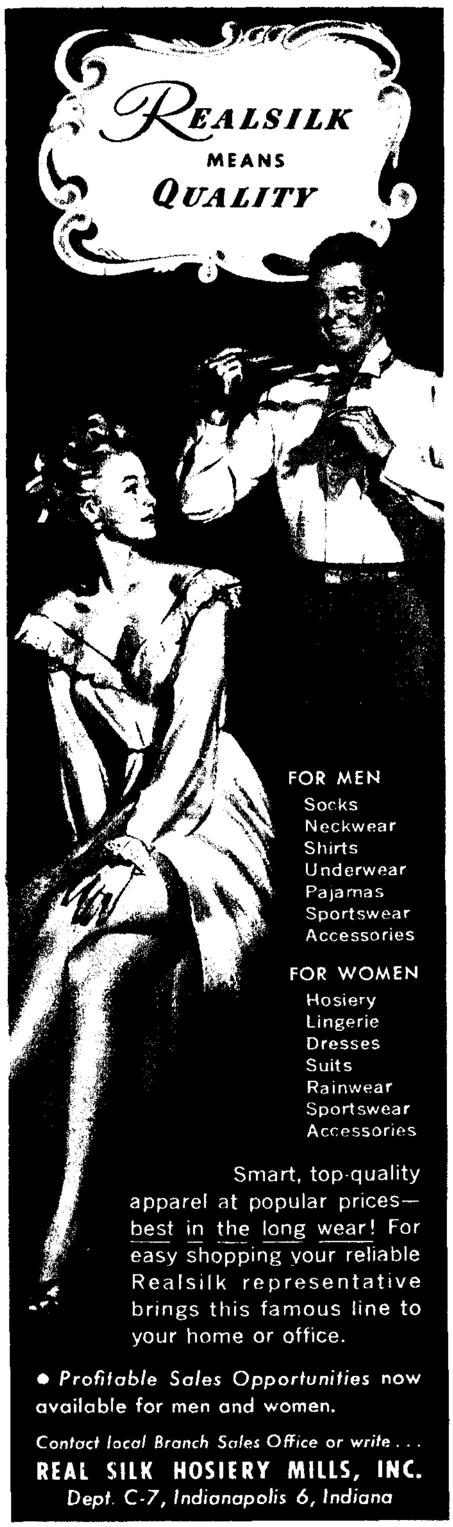

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100-acre private farm. That field's right in the middle of my 100 acres. I'm taking good care of it."

Or take Kees van Heuck, thirty, whose wife and child live across the old Zuider Zee in Alkmaar. Kees came to the polder in 1944.

"They call me a diver," he says. "That's because I dived onto the polder one night five years ago when the Germans were after me. I hid out in a patch of weeds for a while, and then I decided to stay. I worked on a farm before the war, but I never thought I'd get to run my own. I will, though, in another two years, so you can see what this land means to me."

None of these men can actually own their farms on the polder. The government keeps title to the land, and rents it at a top price of $28 per acre per year, on 12-year renewable leases.

Willem Otten, a government representative on the polder, explains it this way:

"We'll have to rent the land for a long time to come in order to get back the tremendous cost of reclaiming it. The government's already paid out $5,000 an acre. And we want to make sure we get only the best farmers here. If a man neglects his land we cancel his lease. So far, that hasn't happened."

Nor is it likely to happen. Look, for instance, at a man like Piet van 'tZet, a thirty-nine-year-old Frisian who took over his 125-acre farm a year ago. He came to the Northeast Polder in 1941, when it was little more than a flat stretch of oozing muck. For seven years he lived in a work camp and saved his money. The government requires each new settler to have at least $28 in cash for every acre he rents, and to be guaranteed by friends, a bank and the government itself as a good credit risk for additional money to buy equipment.

Piet was adjudged a good risk two years ago, but he had to wait anyway because the government won't turn over a farm until it's completely equipped with house and barn. Since the war Holland's lack of building equipment and shortage of dollars have held up the housing program, but with the Marshall Plan things are moving faster.

A Reclamation Enthusiast

Piet, like his house, is a solidly built man. He has sandy hair, twinkling blue eyes, and a slow, undemonstrative smile. But he radiates a quiet pride in his work and in the achievements of the whole polder.

"Reclamation is my life," he says. "You might say I am married to it."

Piet is also married to an attractive young wife who keeps their two-story brick home in shining neatness and takes care of their six children. Her proudest possessions are a radio, a telephone and a washing machine.

Piet is proud of the equipment in his high prefabricated barn. With its wooden beams, tile roof and concrete walls, the barn took just three and a half days to erect, and Piet began moving his mechanical equipment in the minute the roof was on. Here's what he owns: a rubber-tired tractor and a four-row plow made in the U.S.A., a disk harrow made in England, three spring-tooth harrows made in Belgium, a binder made in Germany, a weeding machine, a sugar-beet harvester and a loading elevator, all made in Holland.

By this summer he'll have fluorescent lights to speed germination of his big crop of seed potatoes. With four neighbors, he also owns a share in a tractor and combine, and two sowing machines. For a continent where human and animal labor has long been the mainstay of agriculture, that's a pretty high degree of mechanization.

Piet won't talk about his cash profits, but it's a safe guess they will reach 10,000 Dutch guilders this year. The average Dutch factory worker or government employee makes about 2,500 guilders a year; Piet, therefore, makes four times as much. In purchasing power, his net income would approximate $8,000 in America.

If that sounds high, consider the fantastic yields Piet gets from his rich polder fields. He grows wheat, and gets 77 bushels an acre—nearly five times the average wheat yield in the States. His sugar-beet crop averages 22 tons an acre, compared with 14 tons in America. His potatoes run 481 bushels an acre, compared with 204 in the States. Peas are a major crop, and Piet gets a ton and a half an acre; the American average is a half ton an acre. His oat crop yields 62 bushels an acre, 30 bushels more than we get in the States.

Here's where America and the Marshall Plan come in. Three years ago, even if Piet's farm had been ready for planting, he couldn't have bought a tractor or a plow for love or money. Today he pays his money and takes his choice because the United States has sent more than $6,000,000 worth of agricultural equipment to Holland under the Marshall Plan, and another $11,000,000 worth of tractors.

Over-all Marshall Plan aid to the Netherlands has totaled more than $710,000,000. For every one of these American dollars, the Dutch government must deposit an equivalent amount of money in guilders in its own banks to keep the sudden influx of new money from causing a runaway inflation. The guilders are called "counterpart funds" and can only be spent on projects approved by the United States experts in the Economic Co-operation Administration.

So far, we've okayed the spending of $30,000,000 in ECA counterpart funds for Dutch land reclamation, and more than $1,000,000 for research in soil conservation, microbiology and fertilization. We've allowed Holland to spend another $22,000,000 for rebuilding the flooded island of Walcheren, $6,000,000 for land improvement, and $3,000,000 for reconstruction of other agricultural war damages.

The future the Dutch are building is already crowding out Holland's storied past, and you can see its impact right on the Northeast Polder. At the southeast corner, sandwiched in between two stretches of dike, lies the island of Urk, or what's left of it. Before the frontier was reclaimed, Urk was a half-mile dot in the middle of the Zuider Zee, a fishing village whose people had lived an insular life for centuries.

Now Urk is part of the mainland, and its inhabitants are sullen and resentful that they're being dragged into the twentieth century. The older men, most of whom have given up fishing, still wear the baggy pants, the silver buckles, the earrings and the black peaked caps that you see in old Dutch paintings.

Chris Hientjes is one of the old ones. For a generation he sailed his herring boat straight out the Zuider Zee and into the North Sea. Now that the Zuider Zee is an inland lake, he's given up. Two of his sons still run the boat through the long detour by way of Amsterdam, the North Sea canal and Ijmuiden. They get home about once in two weeks.

Old Chris sits his days out on the sea wall of Urk, watching the dwindling expanse of water, never glancing at the polder.

"It's a sin," he complains. "My father's father fished in this sea, and there was always a living here for us. Now they are crowding us out, building their damned land on our fishing grounds."

Ancient Greek Tale Recalled

The Dutch have been busy making Holland since well before the birth of Christ. According to one story, partly legend, the Argonauts of ancient Greece, sailing north into a cold, fogbound and unknown sea, discovered a half-submerged shelf of land on the east coast of Europe. Here the sea rushed in endlessly over the sandbanks. Broad river estuaries strangled themselves with silt and spilled over their banks, drowning more land. Rushes and swamp creepers choked the soaking wilderness.

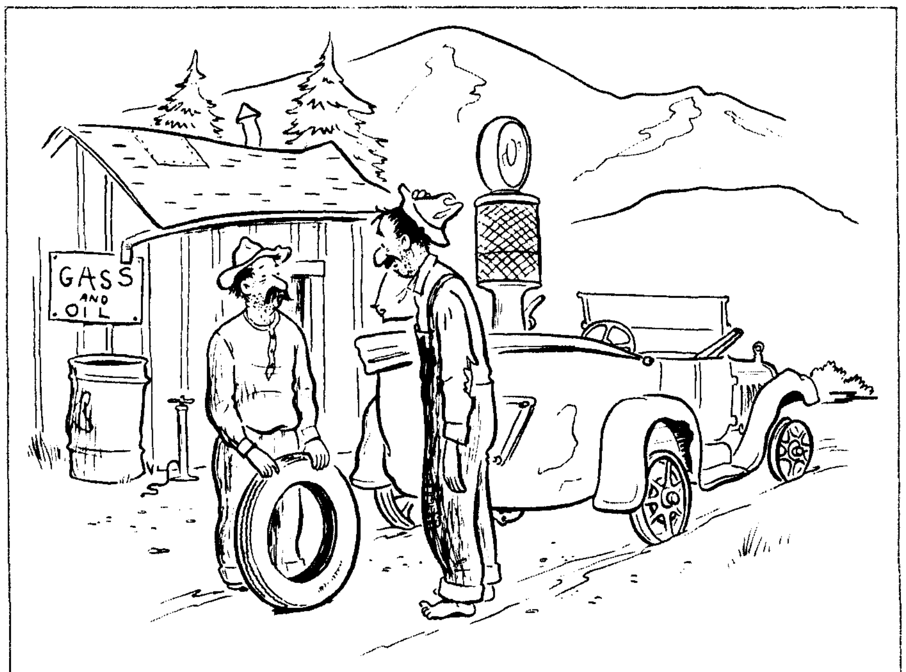
As the Greeks picked their way through this frightening wet desert, they came upon a tribe of men poling log scows through the gloomy half-land. This was the end of the earth, thought the Argonauts, this was where the dead passed water-borne into Hades, and these strangers were ferrymen, carrying the dead across the River Styx.

The "ferrymen" were Frisians, the first Dutchmen. They had settled in that wet, sunless world and built the first defenses against the floods, in the beginning little more than mounds of mud, clawed up by hand. The Frisians called the mounds "terpen," and thousands still exist. Some are as high as 30 feet above sea level, and as large as 40 acres.

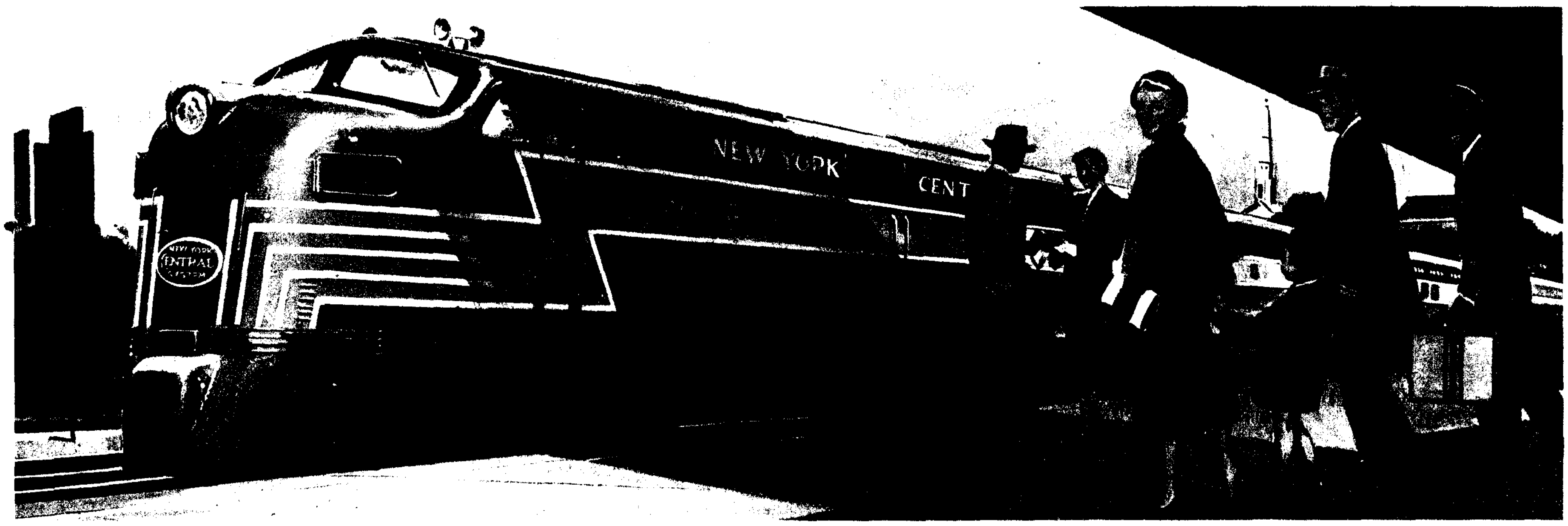
When the sea was low, the Frisians trekked out through the peat bogs, planted their meager crops in the tidelands, grazed their cattle and hunted the wild aurochs through the marshy trails. When winter brought high waters, they retreated to their terpen, froze, starved and stared at the sea raging to the horizon.

The terpen, built by entire villages, were the beginning of Dutch hydraulic engineering and of Dutch co-operative labor. About 1,000 years ago, these same Frisians took another step forward when they invented sluiceways and began building the dikes that have since made Holland famous. Then came the windmills, and the Dutch began adding millions of acres of new land to their tiny country.

It was a continuous battle against the sea, and it took a tremendous toll, for even the strongest of dikes sometimes failed. On No-



COLLIER'S "No, Eb; if I bought one, first thing you know I'd want 'em all around" DAVID HUFFINE



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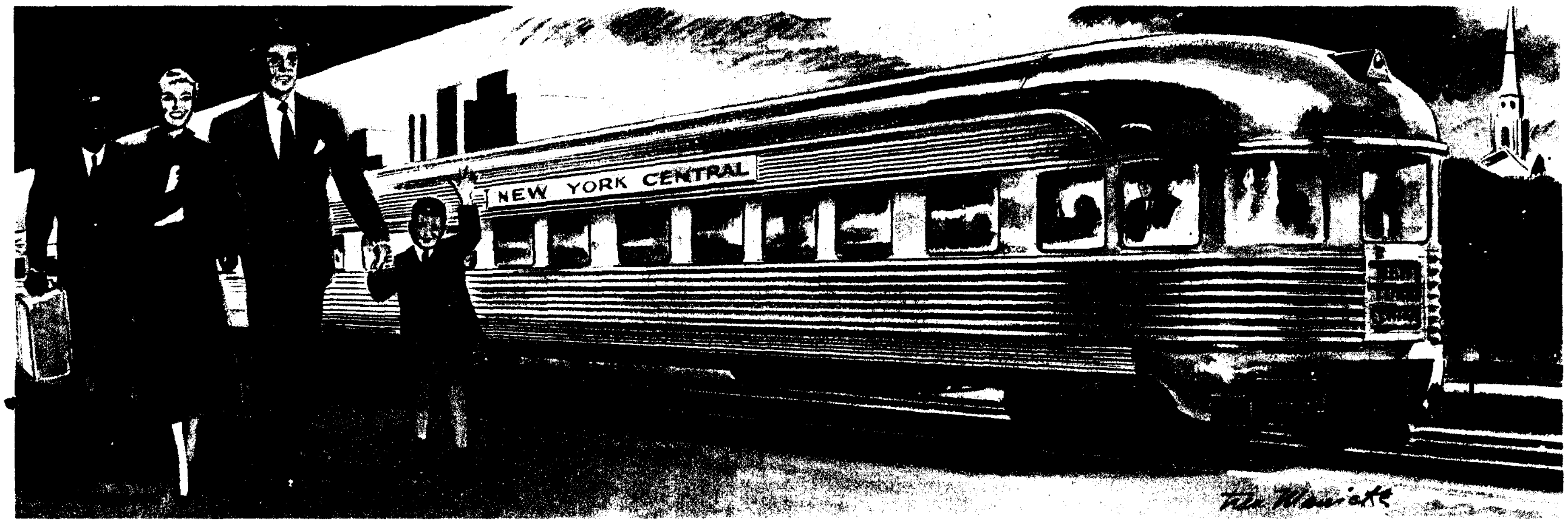

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vember 18, 1421, 100,000 people drowned and 72 villages were destroyed when a dike burst. Work on the dikes became a crusade, and stern laws were made to enforce the "dike peace" so that families would drop their feuds when floods threatened.

In the fight along the dikes the most famous hero, of course, was Peter, the Dutch boy renowned for saving all Holland by sticking his finger into a hole in the dike when he noticed the sea spurting through.

Statue for a Dutch Hero

The Dutch are finally getting around to capitalizing on his reputation, and this spring Peter's heroism will be honored by a life-size statue of the youth, erected on the seventeenth-century dike near the town of Haarlem.

"All the Americans who visit Holland want to know about Peter and the dike," a Dutch tourist official said recently. "So we're building a statue to him. What the Americans don't know is that Peter is an American invention. Nobody in Holland ever heard of him. We don't mind honoring him, though, and his statue will look fine on post cards. Good for the tourist trade, too."

Peter's finger wouldn't do much good on today's huge, modern sea walls, but except for dynamite and bombs there's little danger any more of dikes breaking and spilling water over the land. Over the years, the Dutch have gained world leadership in hydraulic engineering, and it was this skill that led them to conceive the immense project of draining the Zuider Zee. The plan for what is now Holland's new frontier was on the drawing boards for almost a century before work finally started just after World War I. By 1931 the first stretch of frontier territory, 50,000 acres, was open for settlement. It was called the Wieringermeer Polder. During the next few years, 6,000 people moved into Wieringermeer, three villages grew, and crops flourished in unheard-of abundance.

Then came tragedy. As the church clock in the new polder village of Wieringerwerf struck four on the morning of April 17, 1945, a telegraph messenger cycled across the village square. It was just 20 days before the end of World War II in Europe.

The messenger rapped at the house of a chunky, slow-moving man named Albert Ovinge, the Dutch government's director for the polder. Ovinge stuffed his pajama top into a pair of trousers and clumped downstairs to read a telegram from the Nazi high command. In eight hours, the telegram read, the eastern dike holding back the waters of the Zuider Zee would be dynamited. Residents of the polder were warned to retreat south to higher ground.

Ovinge couldn't believe the message. Flood 50,000 acres of farm land for no reason? Impossible. Then he remembered. Canadian troops had already pushed into Friesland, northeast of the Zuider Zee dike. Their tanks could file across the 20-mile dam, and deploy over the polder for a thrust south and east to Amsterdam and The Hague. The Wieringermeer had suddenly become a strategic objective.

Ovinge dashed out into the curfew-darkened streets. As boss of the entire polder, the responsibility for 8,000 lives was his. He beat on doors, rallied the villagers and sent 25 boys on bicycles scattering across the flatlands. Church bells rang, shouts rose from house to house. The polder awoke. In an hour the first streams of refugees were moving down the road toward Medemblik, the nearest town on the old land. Farm families drove their cattle, wheeled their belongings in baby carriages and carts.

As the morning rushed on, hundreds of polder residents lined up along the southern dike, their faces turned back toward the land they'd left. They saw newly green crops, the antlike figures of a few families who just wouldn't leave. They saw, on the horizon, the eastern dike that protected their fields. They stood there silent, hour after hour.

At noon, across the quiet miles of flat farmland, came the muffled roar of dynamite. One long roar, and then another. In a few minutes the polder people saw the slow roll of water over the land. The slow roll became a torrent, black, silt-laden, covering the land deeper and deeper. A wooden cradle floated by, then a half-filled, open linen cupboard, then chairs and tables, and finally the walls of barns and houses.

To cap the ruin, Nazi troops opened the sluices along the main Zuider Zee dike facing the North Sea, and salt water flooded across the inundated Wieringermeer. All this wanton destruction occurred only 18 days before the Nazi surrender in Holland —when the Germans already knew they were beaten. A few days after the explosions, the German high command sent another message to Ovinge. This was the most bitter of all.

The order to blow up the dike, the message said, was an "unfortunate error." The people of the polder were now free to close the 600-foot breaches in their dike and pump the water out.

But the Dutch refused. As long as the Germans remained, who could say that the dike would not be destroyed again? They waited until after the capitulation, and on June 21, 1945, began to seal off the breaches. There was no machinery—the Germans had looted it all—but with heroic hand labor and some tools borrowed from the Allied armies, they had the gaps closed in six weeks and the water pumped out in six months.

As the water receded, the land revealed its devastation. The polder's three villages were destroyed. Of the 512 farmhouses only 60 remained, and only 20 were undamaged. A salt sludge covered the carefully nurtured fields. The inhabitants moved back onto their land, living at first in caves built of straw bales and in a few prefabricated barracks contributed by the French and Belgian armies. They went to work.

A year later the first new crops were sown. In another year new farmhouses began rising, and the gaunt frames of gutted wooden barns were being replaced by splendid new ones of prefabricated concrete and tile. Today, the land is beautifully fertile again and the two gaping holes in the eastern dike—surrounded now by a new wall of earth—are monuments to a bad memory.

Larger Project to Be Begun

The Wieringermeer Polder was the first of Holland's modern frontiers, and despite the war damage it already has a settled look about it. But if you take a boat ride 25 miles southeast from the polder's main protecting dike, you can sail right into the heart of Holland's future. There, in the middle of what's left of the fabled Zuider Zee, you'll find a tall pole stuck upright in the water. It marks the spot where work will begin this year on an even greater reclamation project. Fifteen feet below lies the rich clay soil of still another frontier territory.

With a go-ahead from America's Marshall Planners, the Dutch this year will start diking in another 380,000 acres of water and pumping the sea bed dry. It will be an expensive job—the cost is estimated at $336,000,000—but it will mean thousands of new farms, tremendous new crops, and living space for another 300,000 people. It will take 25 years to complete.

And after that? Dutch scientists are looking now at every inch of water in the country. The deltas of the Rhine, the Meuse and the Scheldt Rivers in southern Holland are a network of wide streams and marshes. They can be reclaimed. Northeast of the Frisian coast there's a string of islands 50 miles long, with the Wadden Zee between them and the mainland. That sea can be reclaimed. It will mean a future frontier of still another 1,000,000 acres.

The age of colonialism, some say, is dead. But the Dutch are effecting a land grab without war. "Give us the years of peace," they boast, "and we can build a whole new continent—on the bottom of the ocean."

THE END

Father Knows Best

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

your age. There was a depression on. I was twenty-eight years old before I had money enough to buy a tuxedo. Remember, Kay?"

Kathleen Baldwin smiled. She was small and dark and she had a low, throaty voice. "It was a great day in our lives," she said. "You had just been made a junior partner in Chadburn, Sullivan, Weissman and Cobb. We were invited to a party given by the firm and you had to make a speech. I'll never forget how proud I was that night, Archie."

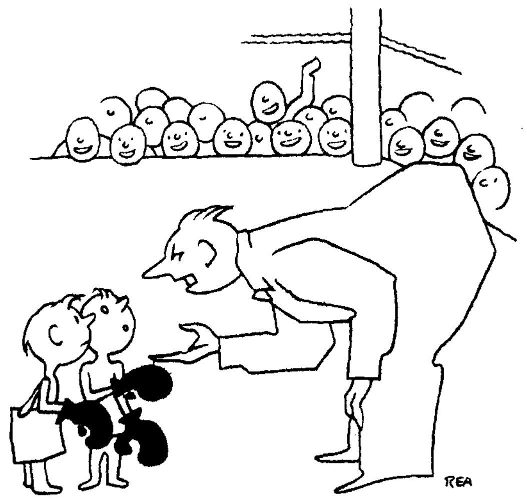
"Will it fit him, Father?" asked Ann.

MR. BALDWIN came back to the present with a start. "I don't know," he said. "How about it, Kay? Will it fit him?"

"It might be a little tight."

"Tight!" said Kelly. He gave a mirthless laugh. "I can't wear Father's tuxedo and you know it, Mother. His trousers will look like ski pants on me."

"You're not that big," said Ann. "You only think you are."



"Now I take it that both of you are thoroughly familiar with the rules and regulations of the state athletic commission"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Kelly stiffened with indignation. "I'll prove it to you," he said. "I'll go right upstairs and put it on and show you."

"Never mind," said Mr. Baldwin. "I withdraw my offer."

"Why not let him try it on, Archie?"

"No. The deal is off."

"Okay by me," said Kelly. He got up from the table and pushed his chair back with such a powerful thrust that the dishes danced and chattered. There was a touch of defeat in the droop of his long, lanky figure, but there was rebellion, too. "There are times," he said, hoarsely, "when I feel just like an orphan in this family."

"Maybe you could get a loan from the bank," said Ann. "Father's on the board."

"That bank," said Kelly, "wouldn't lend Rockefeller seventy-five cents."

Kelly's mother got up from the table and stood beside her son. "Archie," she said, "couldn't we help him out on this?"

"No," said Mr. Baldwin.

"Okay, Father," said Kelly. "I'll earn the money somehow." He turned and walked quietly out of the dining room. He seemed to be making some rapid mental calculations. At the doorway he paused and said, "By the way, Father, I can't afford to give you a special rate any longer on cutting the grass. From now on it'll be seventy-five cents an hour. Cash on the barrelhead." . . .

At the dinner table a week later, Archie Baldwin looked up from his beef stew and inquired, "Has Kelly left home?"

"Not exactly," said Kathleen.

"He's trying to earn a dollar," said Ann.

"At this hour?"

"Yes," said Kathleen. "He says there's only one way to make money today. You've got to forget about everything else—even your family."

"He's got a point there. What's he doing to earn a dollar?"

"He sets up pins at the Middlebury Bowl."

"No!" said Mr. Baldwin. "Oh, no!"

"Now, Archie," said Kathleen, "I don't want you to quarrel with him. I thought it was better for him to work in a bowling alley than in a brewery. He had a chance to make quite a bit of money rolling beer kegs over in Lime Rock, but I wouldn't let him do it."

"Why does he always have to use his back," inquired Mr. Baldwin, irritably, "instead of his head?"

"How could he use his head, Father?"

Mr. Baldwin frowned. "Damn it," he said, "he could do accounts for one of the stores! Might improve his math marks."

"After all," said Kathleen, "he's still growing and I don't want him bent over a lot of books. So please don't say anything to him about it, Arch. You'll only discourage him."

Mr. Baldwin sighed audibly. "I won't say anything," he said. "Words have finally failed me." He turned away from the table and reached for the evening paper. It was a fine, mild evening, and the front door was opened wide to let in the warm spring air. Mr. Baldwin leafed through his paper while Kathleen and Ann cleared the table.

Suddenly there was a raucous burst of noise at the front of the house. Voices broke the quiet of the night, calling out in loud, strident tones; there was boisterous laughter and the throbbing sound of many engines, becoming clamorous and more insistent. Mr. Baldwin stepped out onto the porch and was shocked into silence. A long line of cars was moving into his driveway, headed by a big gray sedan, which Mr. Baldwin was pretty sure belonged to Melvin Brown, the president of the bank, and which was driven by Mr. Baldwin's son, Kelly. Mr. Baldwin counted six strange automobiles before he heard his son's voice calling commands. "Pull 'em up, fellas," said Kelly. "Bumper to bumper. Maybe we can squeeze one more in."

ONE more car joined the line-up, its rear end jutting into the street, its front end cutting off the possibility of any pedestrian use of the sidewalk. "Line the rest of them up against the curb," Kelly commanded. "We gotta get all ten of them set."

Mr. Baldwin watched the operation with fascination. He was figuring his liability—ten new cars worth, roughly, two thousand dollars apiece. Suppose something happened—a car careening suddenly around the corner, or a plane falling from the sky. What would be his position, legally, in the matter? Ten new automobiles lined up like sitting ducks on his property.

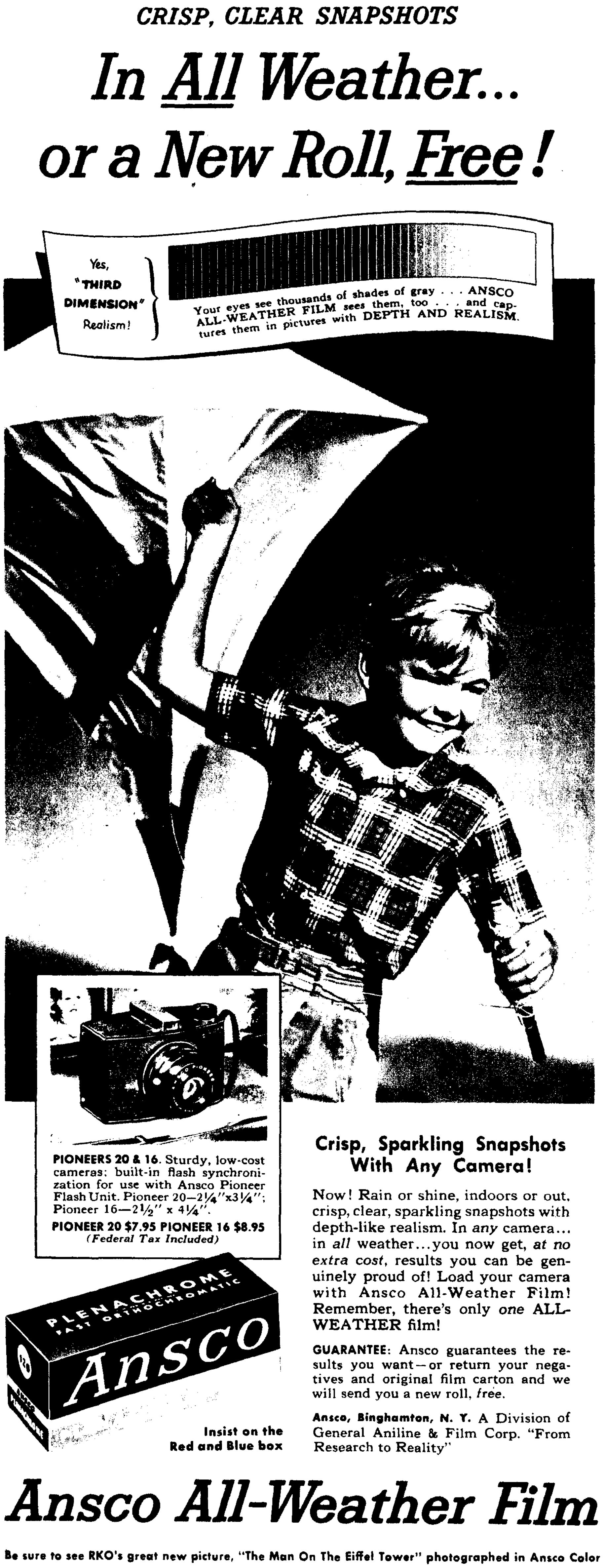
"Kelly," said Mr. Baldwin, hoarsely. "Come here!"

"I'm pretty busy, Father. Can you wait a sec?"

"Not even half a sec. Come here this instant!"

Kelly assumed an expression of great bewilderment and shrugged his shoulders in a way that said, eloquently: "They're characters—no way of figuring them." He signaled his men to cut off the engines, and walked slowly up to the porch.

Mr. Baldwin watched the proceedings without amusement. He knew that every one of the waiting boys had silently expressed a harsh, one-word opinion of him but he was determined to do his duty as he



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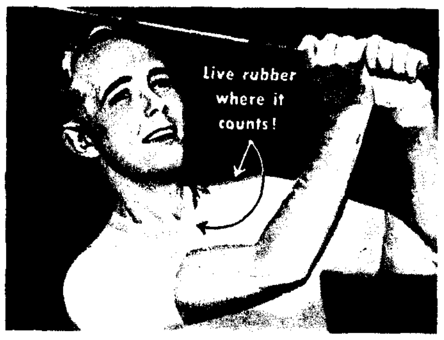
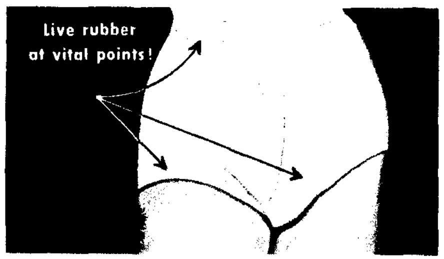


This revolutionary new Allen-A Atlastic* T-Shirt gives you live-rubber s-t-r-e-t-c-h in shoulder seams and collar for the most comfortable action-fit you ever had!



New Allen-A Atlastic* Briefs have live-rubber s-t-r-e-t-c-h in legs and waist-band, of course. But their new live-rubber and combed-yarn knit fly is an Allen-A exclusive—insures both mild support and permanent fit! Ask for this new Allen-A "wonder-wear" today!

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He'll Say Hamburgers taste better with

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SAUCE

Sauce—the dash that makes the dish!

Ask for A. 1. when dining out, too.

saw it. This was his property and the responsibility was his. "What is the meaning of this?" he inquired sternly of his son.

"The meaning of what, Father?"

"All these strange cars on my front lawn."

"It's my new business. I wash cars for a buck apiece."

"Not on *my* front lawn."

"But, Father—there's no other place to wash them. I've got the track team here to help me. We'll have this job wrapped up in half an hour."

"Ten cars—in half an hour?"

"Sure," said Kelly. "These are hand-picked men, the fastest on the squad. We're going to get in a little sprinting and vaulting practice while we work."

"You know I've forbidden you to drive a car after dark. And I'm not going to let these other boys, either. After all, it's my responsibility."

"But, Father—it's ten dollars toward my tuxedo. Can't we just wash them down here?"

"No," said Mr. Baldwin, firmly. "There's hardly time to return them before dark."

"But—there's ten dollars involved!"

"Damn it," said Mr. Baldwin, irritably, "stop talking about ten dollars! Have you any idea what it would cost *me* if anything happened to ten new automobiles?"

"I don't get it," said Kelly. "What could happen?"

"Anything could happen," Mr. Baldwin retorted. "That's why I want them removed."

"If you'll just let us hose them down, Father—"

Mr. Baldwin's patience was running out. "Kelly," he said, his voice rising uncontrollably, "I want you and your track team to get those damn' cars out of here this minute. Suppose they blew up?"

"Blew up?" repeated Kelly, incredulously. He stared at his father for a long moment, then his shoulders drooped in a completely defeated sort of way. He turned and whistled a shrill signal to his squad. "Christmas," he said, as he walked away from the porch, "it's D-Day again!"

IT WAS after eleven that night when Kathleen Baldwin saw the advertisement in the paper for the fifty-dollar tuxedo. It looked so good that she decided to take Kelly into town the next day and have him put down what money he had on it. It might not be a suit that Arch would approve of but, if it covered Kelly's long, rangy frame and didn't look too much like a bargain on him, it would mean twenty-five dollars off the prom budget, which, in turn, would mean a quieter life for every member of the Baldwin family. At the moment, a quiet life seemed worth a compromise with quality.

She had saved the evening for Kelly by intervening between him and his father, something she had never done before and which was in direct contradiction to all her theories of proper child rearing. There were times, lately, when Arch acted as though his son had been born simply to annoy him.

Tonight she had walked right in between them and offered to return the cars to their owners if her husband would let the boys wash them in the Baldwin back yard. Arch had given in, not ungraciously, but with a ringing declaration that he would assume full responsibility for delivering the cars; he would work all night after having worked all day, after which he would probably collapse and die.

Kathleen was cutting the tuxedo advertisement out of the paper when she heard Archie's footsteps dragging up the front walk. It had taken him so long to return all the cars that she knew he would be too tired and out of sorts to share her enthusiasm over a reduction of twenty-five dollars in Kelly's prom budget. She would take care of the whole matter and surprise him. The word tuxedo must not be mentioned in his presence again. She would caution Kelly and Ann about it. When her husband came into the room, she put the paper away and got up and straightened the cushion on his favorite chair. "Are you speaking to me, darling?" she asked.

"Only monosyllabically," said her husband.

"How about a cup of tea?"

"Nothing," said Arch. He waved her away and sank wearily into his chair. After a moment of rest he began a search of his coat pockets. The search produced a handful of crumpled bills. These he smoothed out, counted, and laid on the table beside his chair. "When your son comes in," he said, "tell him that I have decided not to deduct the dollar fee he offered me for driving the cars back. There's ten dollars here and it's all his."

"He'll be delighted," said Kay. "Was everyone satisfied?"

"Very." Archie sighed and stretched out his long legs on the footstool. "Kelly is quite a favorite in the neighborhood."

"I've tried to tell you that, darling. He's popular with everyone."

"Well," said Arch, "I must admit I find him more abrasive than charming. But it seems we're harboring a local hero. We not only have a boy who can run the mile in 4:40, we have one of the greatest backs ever produced in Middlebury."

Kathleen picked up her knitting. "You know, Arch," she said, gently, "I don't think you really appreciate Kelly."

Her husband got out of his chair and walked over to her. "I'm beginning to," he said. He leaned down and kissed her. "Have you any idea how many people in this town are living in a state of suspense over whether or not Kelly will get a tuxedo in time for the prom? It's rather appalling, when you consider the state of the world."

Total Recall

What lips my lips have kissed, and where, and when,
I have forgotten, for they're all behind me;
But when I broach the subject of the *men*
My wife once knew, she hastens to remind me.

—NORMAN R. JAFFRAY

"Everyone doesn't feel as international as you do, dear."

"So I've discovered," said Arch dryly. "The odds are now seven to five on Kelly, but the smart money is holding out for ten to six. Even Melvin Brown is in on one of the pools. I couldn't get a word in all evening on our foreign policies."

"What did you talk about?"

"I listened. Ten times tonight I listened to the story of how my son ran seventy-eight yards to score the winning touchdown against Ashton."

"Oh," said Kathleen.

"Yes," said Archie. "And, darling, if you don't mind, I think I'll go to bed. I was never much of an athlete myself and it's pretty difficult for me to appreciate the importance of carrying a ball seventy-eight yards or, for that matter, of running a mile in 4:40. It must be some talent he gets from your side of the family."

"You wouldn't like to drive down to the bowling alley for him, would you? I hate to have him coming home alone so late."

"He won't be alone," said Arch, wearily. "Any boy who can get ten people to work for him will never be alone."

ON THE morning of the prom, Kelly was up at dawn. He had to go in to town to pick up his tuxedo, for which he had finally accumulated the necessary funds; he had, also, to select a corsage for Holly, give out the lapel tags to the committee, check the decorations in the gym, go over the lists with the refreshment hostesses, make arrangements to have the imported band met at the stadium and submit the names of the official chaperons to the principal.

He bathed and dressed quietly, hoping to avoid any chatter with his family. But when he got downstairs, he found that his mother and sister were already up; his mother had breakfast on the table, and Ann was looking very stiff in her best suit and city shoes instead of a sweater and loafers.

"Where are *you* going?" he asked her.

"Into town with you."

"No, you're not."

"Yes, she is," said Kay. "I want her to look at that suit on you. I'd go myself but I'm afraid your father may expect me to drive over to Cornwall with him today. He has some business there."

"But, Mother—what does she know about a tuxedo?"

"She knows what I've told her."

"I don't want her tagging along after me," protested Kelly. "She won't even walk fast. And she always wants to mope at all the windows."

"She won't today, will you, dear?"

"I'm not promising anything," said Ann.

"See?" said Kelly.

"That'll do," said Kay. "It's too early for you two to start arguing. Your father doesn't know anything about this suit and I'd hate to have him feel that we'd done the wrong thing in picking up a bargain. Ann will be able to tell whether or not it looks well on you."

KELLY ate in silence, knowing that his mother was determined and there would be no way of talking her out of sending Ann with him. Anyway, he could unload his sister if she became too much of a pest. All he had to do was to walk so fast she couldn't keep up with him and then she'd just have to go home. He looked up from his plate of bacon and eggs, and Ann winked broadly at him, so he winked back. Maybe it wasn't such a bad idea to take her along; she was sharp about clothes and he wanted the tuxedo to look well on him. He wanted to knock his father's hat right off with it.

He had a surprise for his father but he wasn't going to spring it until he was all dressed up and on his way out of the house. He'd have a white carnation in his buttonhole and a big square box for Holly under his arm and, at that moment, he'd say, "By the way, Father—" and show him the lapel tag with the word *Chairman* on it. He was sure his father would be impressed when he turned the tag over, and then maybe they'd get along better together. He was going to prove to the old man that he could use his head as well as his back.

"Stop dreaming, Kelly," said his mother. "You have a big day ahead of you."

He nodded, pulled himself away from the pretty picture of his father looking stunned with admiration and surprise, and got up from the table. "Meet me outside the gym," he said to his sister. "I have a few things to attend to down there."

"She'll go right along with you," said Kathleen, "and I expect you to return together. I want no shenanigans today, Kelly."

"How about her fare?" asked Kelly. "Who's going to pay that?"

"Don't worry," said Ann. "We know how much you're worth."

"She has her fare," said Kathleen, "and some money for lunch." She got up and kissed her son. "Take her to a nice place, Kelly. I want you both to celebrate. But be home in time for dinner. I'm putting it on the table at six o'clock and I want everyone to be prompt." . . .

At seven o'clock that night Kelly and Ann walked together into the Baldwin dining room. Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin looked up at them expectantly. Kelly's expression was grim, and Ann had obviously been crying. But Ann's hand was tucked firmly in Kelly's and there was something united about the way they stood there together.

"Well," said Arch, "it's quite evident

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"Well, Janie . . . tonight boy met girl—boy married girl—and we're supposed to assume that boy and girl lived happily ever after."

"So?"

"So things don't always happen that way in real life. You've got to work for happiness . . . and plan for it."

"I'm all for that."

"I know you are. We both are. In fact, just today I had a talk with someone on that very subject."

"Dear, you sound as mysterious as the detective in the movie. Come on—explain."

"The 'someone' was a Mutual Life representative. He showed me what INSURED INCOME would mean to our future security . . . a regular monthly check for you if anything ever happens to me—or a retirement income for us both when the time comes. Sound good to you?"

"Good!—Why Darling, that sounds like the kind of planning real happiness is built on."

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there's been some trouble. Do you want to tell us about it or would you rather have some dinner first?"

"We don't care what's happened," said Kay, warmly, "as long as you're both here, safe and sound. We've been very worried about you."

"Oh, Mother—" said Ann.

Kay got up and took her daughter into her arms. As Ann sobbed against her freshly pleated dress, Kay looked over her daughter's head at her son. "Holly's corsage is here," she said. "I put it in the icebox. One of the boys called to tell you that the gym looks like a dream boat and the newspaper phoned and said they wanted to interview you and take your picture."

"Thanks, Mother," said Kelly.

"Your dinner is in the oven," said Arch. "If you find you're getting behind schedule I'll drive you and Holly to the prom."

"Thanks, Father," said Kelly.

"Now, come on," said Kay. "I want both of you to sit down and eat your dinner. Afterward, you can tell us what happened."

"I'll have to call Holly," said Kelly, hoarsely.

"You can call her after you've eaten," said Arch.

"I have to call her now, Father," said Kelly. "I have to tell her I can't take her to the prom."

"You can't let a girl down at this hour," said Arch, sternly.

"Gee, Father," said Kelly, "you don't think I *want* to let her down, do you? You couldn't take her, could you, Father?"

"Would you mind telling me why *you* can't take her?"

"My tuxedo," said Kelly. "I lost it."

"Lost it?"

"He was swinging it," said Ann, tearfully, "and the string broke and it went under the train."

"What train?"

"The subway train," said Kelly. "Right after I paid for it."

"Damn it!" said Arch. "Who ever heard of tossing a tuxedo under a train? He was using his back again, instead of his head."

"Please, Arch—" said Kay.

Archie frowned at his son. "What kind of a tuxedo was it?" he asked. "How much did you pay for it?"

"Fifty dollars," Kelly murmured.

"Well," said Arch, "it couldn't have been much of a suit." He walked over to his son and patted him on the shoulder. "Tell you what to do, Kelly. Go up and take your bath, and I'll figure out some way for you to get to the prom. You can't let a girl down at the last minute. It's something no gentleman would ever do."

KELLY disappeared without a word. In a minute they heard water running furiously in the upstairs bathroom. Ann started to cry all over again and Archie motioned to Kay to take her out to the kitchen. When Kay returned, her husband looked up at her with a strange smile.

"I must confess," said Kay, "that I feel more like crying than laughing."

"Why didn't you tell me about the tuxedo?"

"I don't know. I guess I wanted Kelly to prove to you he could do it."

"Darling, have you some notion that I don't love my son?"

"No," said Kay, "but I want you to be proud of him, too. I'll admit something always seems to go wrong. I didn't anticipate throwing the tuxedo under a train."

"I hope he didn't try to jump after it."

"No," said Kay, "Ann restrained him. I must have felt something was going to happen when I sent her in with him today. However, she did have a hard time getting him to come home. He wanted to go out West and start life all over again."

"Well," said Arch, "they've both aged perceptibly. I hope a good night's sleep will restore their usual vitality."

"What are we going to do?"

"For the moment," said Arch, "I'm just going to sit here and think things over. Can I have another piece of pie?"

"Of course," said Kay, "but I don't see how you can eat when your son is sweating it out upstairs with a broken heart."

She had turned her back on her husband and was on her way to the kitchen when a bloodcurdling yell from the second floor brought both of them together at the foot of the stairway. "Kelly," called Arch, "what's the trouble?"

"I'm going nuts," said Kelly. "Would you mind coming upstairs for a minute?"

"I'd mind very much," said Arch. "I haven't finished my dinner. What's going on up there?"

Kelly's long, rangy frame appeared at the top of the stairway, draped in a bath towel. "There's a tuxedo in my closet," he said, huskily. "At least I think there is. I'm afraid to go back and look."

"There's a tuxedo there all right," said Arch, "and if it doesn't fit you, I'm going to sue my tailor."

"Yours, Father?"

"Mine, son—made over for you."

"Gosh, Father—I don't know what to say."

"You don't have to say anything. Just put it on and let me see how the pants look."

THE pants looked fine. The suit fitted him perfectly, and, as he stood there, his face shining, his shoulders squared, his father, mother and sister gave him the tribute of a moment of silent admiration. Then Kay's eyes filled with tears and Arch put his arm around her. Ann giggled and Kelly bolted out to the kitchen to retrieve Holly's orchid from the icebox.

He came back with a white carnation in his buttonhole and a big square box under his arm. He took a lapel tag out of his pocket, a large circle with the word *Chairman* printed in big bold letters. "Pin it on for me, will you, Ann?" he said.

"Do you want me to drive you over?" asked his father.

"I can walk it in time," said Kelly. "By the way, I'd like you to look at this tag."

"I can read it from here," said Arch. "It says 'Chairman.'"

"The other side, Father. Read the other side."

Arch stepped up closer to his son and turned the tag over.

"Read it out loud," said Kelly excitedly.

"It says," Arch read, slowly, "the Pigy Prom—Class of 1950."

"What does it mean, dear?" asked Kay.

"You don't get it?" demanded Kelly, incredulously.

"No," said Arch.

Kelly's smile faded. "Can't you even guess, Father?" he asked.

"I know what it means," said Ann.

"You shut up," said Kelly.

"I give up," said Arch. "You might as well tell me."

"It's the Poles, the Italians, the Greeks and the Yugoslavians," said Kelly, excitedly. "We've voted to adopt them, Father. Every cent we make is going to buy them shoes and things. We're going to do that instead of planting a tree or hanging a picture in the senior corridor."

"I'm afraid it'll get pretty complicated, sending food to the Poles and the Yugoslavians," said Arch.

Kelly's face colored. "You mean I've made a mistake, Father? I've got things mixed up again?"

"Run along, darling," said Kay. "You're the chairman and you can't be late."

"But, golly," said Kelly, "I wanted Father to be pleased."

"Run along, son," said Arch. "After the prom is over, I'll try to explain the state of foreign affairs to you. It's something you should know."

"I want to know," said Kelly, fervently, "and I'll pass the news along." He waved a hurried farewell and was out of the door before either Kay or Archie could speak.

"You've got to admit," said Kay, "that his heart's in the right place. He may get things mixed up but he tries awfully hard to please you, Arch."

Her husband smiled. "Who but Kelly," he said, "could parlay the European situation into a Pigy Prom?"

THE END

The Perfect Blind Man

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

the state. In addition, we have 150 private agencies, most of them serving only cities or parts of cities. In the services they offer, both state and private agencies vary widely in quality. Our federal vocational-rehabilitation program for the blind, set up little more than a decade ago, has to deal with all 48 state agencies, which in turn have to consider what the private agencies are doing.

By way of contrast, the C.N.I.B. has a complete file on every blind Canadian it knows about—at last count, 17,272. When such a person moves, his record follows him, and a second C.N.I.B. office picks up where the first left off, handling his needs —whether for money, a job, medical help, training, or just plain encouragement.

The institute also has semiprivate status, which gives it all the flexibility and morale of any good private organization, but at the same time permits it to count on government help. The percentage of public support has always been greater. Last year Canadians privately contributed well over $800,000; the federal, provincial and municipal governments around $200,000. Government grants have to be voted on each year.

In 1920, Baker became the C.N.I.B.'s managing director and general secretary, a position he has held ever since. His biggest problem in the early years was to persuade both public and government that a substantial number of blind people could be rehabilitated to stand on their own feet. Traveling back and forth across the Dominion as his own Exhibit A, he expounded his philosophy to legislators and executives of each of the nine provinces. Within a few years all the provinces were making grants.

In his travels Baker also organized and put to work a large number of seeing volunteers whose efforts he felt would be essential. These volunteers register the blind, help paid C.N.I.B. staffers check up on their needs and progress, provide transportation, and raise money.

"In Canada," one American authority declares, " a blind person living 50 miles from a railroad gets better care than many a blind person living on Main Street, U.S.A."

Chalk this up partly to circumstances. Instead of the conglomeration of private and government agencies in the United States, Baker faced almost virgin territory. If there were few groups available to co-operate with his ideas, there were also few to oppose them as impractical.

Chalk up the C.N.I.B.'s success also to Baker's ability to recognize and put to work the talents of other blind people. His present staff of 250 includes 92 of these.

Unquestionably the most effective blind person Baker ever hired was a sightless Ohioan, Joseph F. Clunk, who had been placing people in industry in the states by the simple method of walking into a plant and demonstrating that he himself could do the job he wanted to get for a blind client. Clunk had tried to sell the U.S. his ideas—which resembled the colonel's—and had been rebuffed.

In 1928, Baker offered Canada as a large-scale proving ground, and the American joined the C.N.I.B. staff. During the next nine years, Clunk and his co-workers found jobs for 700 blind Canadians in industry and business or as managers of cafeterias and refreshment stands. As a result of this experience, he was called home in 1937 to head a new U.S. government program for the blind. As U.S. Chief of Services for the Blind, Clunk is now applying the Baker-Clunk philosophy in his own country.

For an example of how the C.N.I.B. operates, consider Douglas R. Strong.

Strong, a mechanical engineer, was smashed up in an auto accident in 1931. His left eye had to come out. The right eye stayed in but was useless.

Friends suggested he let the institute help plan his future, but Doug was blamed if he'd accept charity from anybody. By and by, though, he figured he'd better learn Braille, so an institute teacher gave him a few lessons and showed him how to pick up the rest at home. She next arranged for this stubbornly proud young man to meet Colonel Baker. Strong came away convinced that the institute was a co-operative venture in which blind people aided other blind people not out of charity but of common sense.

Then Doug got a letter from Joe Clunk suggesting that he might like to consider a job. It came at the right moment. After two years, he was tired of sitting around.

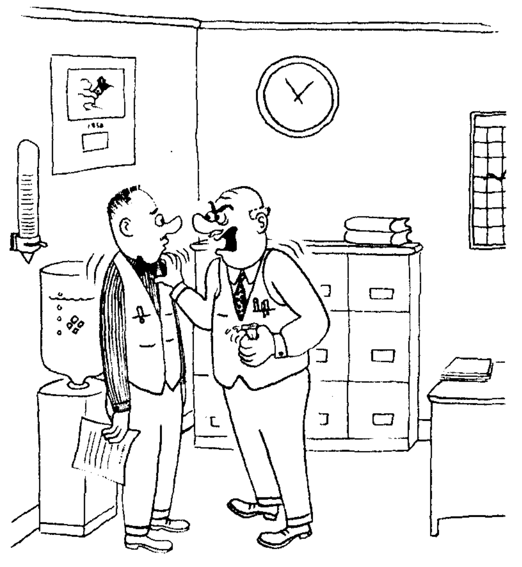
One day Joe Clunk took Doug to a small factory, showed him around the cafeteria the C.N.I.B. had installed, introduced him to the cook, and announced, "Well, Doug, you're the new manager."

As manager, he was also cashier. He'd stand by the cashbox and, as the customers passed by with loaded trays and told him what they had, add up the items in his head, take their money and make change. Sometimes the cook would stand near by to make sure the tray carriers hadn't forgotten anything.

After Doug had spent a few months on the firing line, institute officials brought him into the office.

For a while, one of his biggest jobs was to seek out new locations for eating places and tobacco and refreshment stands. But as word got around how well the blind were managing their businesses—some C.N.I.B. cafeterias even today serve a decent meal for only 35 cents—industries began flocking to the institute, some begging it to install new cafeterias, others, to relieve them of managing cafeterias already established.

Today Doug Strong supervises 350 cafeterias and stands, which last year did a business of $6,350,000 and made a profit of $184,000. They employ 400 blind people, most of whom would otherwise be jobless



"Yes, you told me *several* times today about the cute thing your kid said! Now let me tell you the cute thing *my* kid said! Came to me this morning and said—and he's only thirty years old, mind you—said to me, 'Dad, . . .' "

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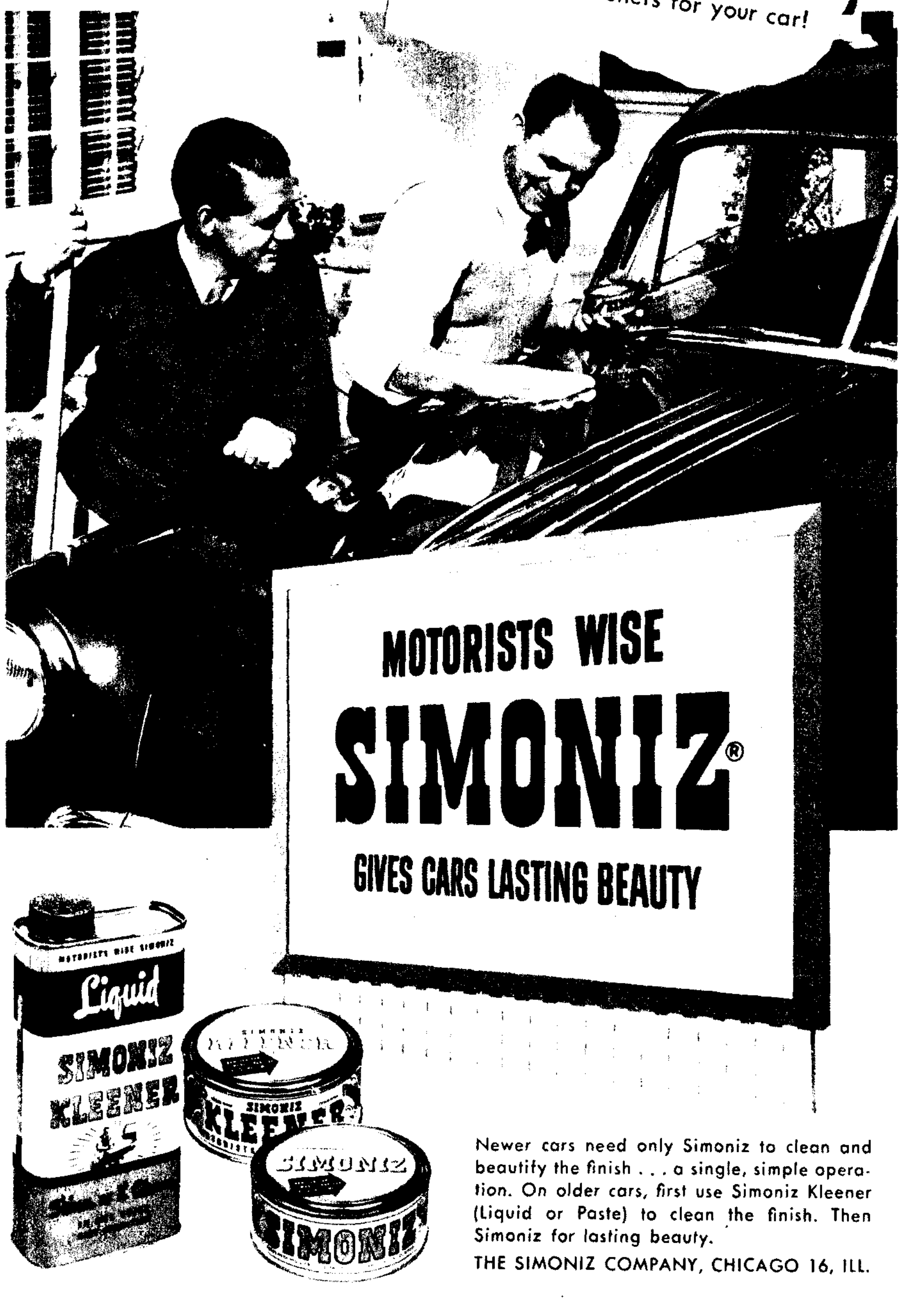

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Santa Fe

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R. T. Anderson, General Passenger Traffic Manager, Santa Fe System Lines, Chicago 4

but who earn, on the average, $1,500 a year.

The C.N.I.B. recently estimated that some 1,600 blind Canadians were working at full-time jobs it found or made for them, and that another 500 had made or found jobs on their own, though often with advice from Baker's staff.

These 2,100 comprise 12 per cent of the total registered blind throughout the Dominion. In the United States, of an estimated total of 300,000 blind persons, 20,000—a mere 6⅔ per cent—have jobs.

This record was part of what Joe Clunk had in mind when he recently declared that it would take the United States years to catch up with Canada.

He and other blind U.S. leaders also find a significant difference in the attitudes of the people of the two countries toward their blind. Canadians, they say, are more understanding and friendly. One widely traveled American puts it this way: "In Canada I don't have to stand on a street corner more than a minute before somebody offers to take me across. At home I can wait all day—and sometimes when I ask for help, people act as if I were diseased."

Canada's attitude can be traced at least partly to the fact that the C.N.I.B. setup, although designed to serve the blind, also keeps in close touch with the seeing through its use of seeing volunteers.

The C.N.I.B. has a regular staff of paid workers divided among six divisional headquarters and 25 district offices. In addition, scattered across the country, it has 150 boards and committees composed of more than 3,000 volunteer workers who spread among their seeing countrymen the institute's plea for understanding of the blind problem.

The C.N.I.B.'s job program, while a key institute activity, is by no means the only one. A home-teaching service, staffed by 38 blind women, trains the blind to read and write Braille, type, knit, and manage a home. The institute's Social Service Department provides trained social workers to aid the blind in home and community adjustments (last year it so helped 11,000).

Many Services Are Rendered

As part of its prevention of blindness program, its Eye Service helps visually handicapped people to get ophthalmological aid and provides glasses and artificial eyes when needed. The institute operates summer camps, provides money allowances to needy blind to tide them over until they make their own way, furnishes residence for some, operates 10 workshops and helps sell articles made by the blind through retail stores. C.N.I.B.-backed laws provide the blind with streetcar and theater passes, reduced railway fares, free radio licenses and discounts on radio equipment.

The institute also regularly puts on a show at the annual Canadian National Exposition in Toronto. At last year's, some of the blind persons wrote visitors' names in Braille, others ran machinery, and still others demonstrated that the blind can play chess.

One evening one of the blind chess players challenged the spectators. He beat three of them handily, but the fourth won two games in a row. The blind man shook his head. "You play a pretty good game."

"I ought to," the winner told him. "I'm champion of Ontario."

Now rounding out three decades as driving force of the C.N.I.B., Colonel Baker harbors no thoughts of personal letup. Once a year he visits institute offices across the country, and almost every week makes at least one out-of-town trip to address an organization or confer with institute personnel.

He has under way a number of ambitious new projects which would weary a lesser man. Within the past two years five new institute centers have been completed and five more begun. He is proud of the C.N.I.B. record of job placements for the blind, but says, "Many of them ought to be in better jobs. We have to refine our program. We have to devise better ways of testing a blind person's capabilities."

Baker's magnificent verve and indomitable spirit have been transmitted to all parts of his organization and staff. Nowhere is this better illustrated than in the amazing story of Doug Strong, now one of his top lieutenants.

One day in 1941, Strong was one of a party of five driving to an aircraft factory out of Toronto. In the group, besides Strong and the chauffeur, were Lindsay G. Williamson, the C.N.I.B.'s national supervisor of employment and himself a blind man, a blind American named Barney Day, who had come up from the states for C.N.I.B. training, and a young blind man now remembered only as Ernie. One purpose of the trip was to find Ernie a job.

Where Was the Chauffeur?

Strong sat up front with the chauffeur, and soon Barney Day noticed something strange. Whenever the chauffeur spoke, his voice came from the right-hand seat. Barney had thought that Canadian cars, like American cars, had left-hand drives. Now he decided he must have been wrong.

After the party had left the factory, Barney reached his hand into the front of the automobile and discovered that the steering wheel was where he had originally thought—on the left. Unless the chauffeur were a ventriloquist, the implications were startling.

Barney took Williamson aside. "I thought you told me Strong was blind."

"He is," was the reply. "That accident he was in cost the insurance company a fortune."

"But good grief, man, it was Strong who drove us out here."

Williamson called over to Strong: "Doug, Barney thinks you've been driving the car."

"That's right," Doug replied.

Then the fantastic story came out. After eight years of blindness, Strong had noticed he could perceive light. An ophthalmologist explained that a tiny hole had developed in the cataract in his right eye, giving him some vision, but that his iris, the colored part of the eye, was gone. Under the circumstances, even an ordinary amount of light would cloud his sight.

Strong got an optician to rig up a special pair of spectacles, all black and with opaque sidepieces, like blinders for a horse. In the center of the lens over the right eye he left a clear space. Behind this, on a narrow track, he mounted two other lenses, one for close-up work and one for distance. Each had a little pin attached so Strong could slide them back and forth. Thus equipped, he could see about half as well with his right eye as other people, but only what was directly in front of him. To catch anything else he had to roll his head.

Then he wondered if he couldn't have the cataract removed and wear a contact lens with an iris painted on—provided a contact lens rolled with the eyeball. A specialist agreed to do the operation. Six weeks later the bandages came off and a specially made contact lens, with a baked-in iris, was slipped over his eyeball.

The blind man saw. But he kept quiet about it till he was sure the operation had been completely successful. The trip to the aircraft factory was one of his first behind a steering wheel. Sight brought him another problem. Now that he had one good eye, he told Colonel Baker his job ought to be given to a blind man.

Baker urged him to stay, provided he liked the work as well sighted as he had blind. Doug stayed. "I started out to be a mechanical engineer," he explains, "but this is engineering, too—human engineering. And a lot more satisfying."

How Barney Day, on his return to the United States, applied the lessons he had learned in Canada is told next week in a final article on the blind

Miss Agnes Keeps Store

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

medicine for man or beast. By a process of parthenogenesis, the business has multiplied so that a farmer can, without leaving the Guy family, obtain a new automobile, a family photograph, a television set or a barrel of beer—sometimes without putting up a cent of cash.

For it has been the practice of the store, in its nearly 50 years of existence, to "carry" farmers from crop to crop. In some cases, this has evolved into cradle-to-grave credit. The young people are staked when they start married life, are granted credit in years when money from crops does not cover their expenses and are allowed to pay when they are able. Some have obtained their diapers and their buryin' clothes on credit.

Miss Agnes knows almost everything about almost everyone in the county. When she decides how much credit to let them have, she takes into consideration their character and needs, as well as their ability to pay.

"I just can't help helpin' the poor folks," she explains. "But there're limits. It's not good to let them get too much in debt."

There was one family of shiftless tenant farmers which managed to eke out a living for years by obtaining food and supplies from Mrs. Guy. Finally, when she saw that for all their struggles they were only managing to work themselves deeper into debt each year, she cut off their credit. Two years later, the man of the family stomped into her office and Mrs. Guy was prepared to hear angry words. Instead, he paid off the family debt to the store and explained happily:

"Since we've been dealin' for cash, Miss Agnes, ever'think is better. Don't buy no silly thinks we don't have to have. We sure thank you, ma'am, for cuttin' us off."

Joe's Credit Wasn't Good

Mrs. Guy's appraisal of the people who seek credit is often shrewd enough to confound the safe-and-sane businessmen of the county. There was the case of Joe, who made a mighty effort, over a period of years, to drink all the whisky in the world. When he announced one day that he was going on the wagon, the news was greeted with skepticism. Joe wanted to go in business building roads and clearing land, but when he tried to raise money to buy a bulldozer, his neighbors, the merchants and bankers all shook their heads glumly to him.

So it was that Joe, twisting his cap nervously and licking his dry lips, made his way to Miss Agnes' desk. Joe already owed her a few hundred dollars, but there was no hostility in her face as he put his request to her.

"All right, Joe," she said. "I'll go on your note at the bank."

That was three or four years ago and Joe has prospered enough to pay off his debt to the store and to buy from Mrs. Guy another tractor, a road scraper and two or three dump trucks.

"If you'd turned me down that time, Miss Agnes," he says every few weeks, "I don't know what would've happened."

Whenever Joe pays his bill, Mrs. Guy always makes a little credit entry in her mental ledger under the heading of Faith. In spite of enough negative experiences with her debtors to turn a saint skeptical, Mrs. Guy has more faith in People than a horse player has in his own judgment. She believes that People are honest and do the best they can. Her sympathies are firmly with the poor farmer as he battles flood, drought, the caprices of the economic system and his own tomfoolery. This sympathy with people makes harshness impossible for her.

Guy Brothers' store was started in 1904 when Claude Guy, a schoolteacher, saved up $175 and, with his three brothers, bought an establishment in Clements consisting of two rooms—one for a bar and the other for groceries. In 1909, Claude and Agnes were married and she entered the business as a full partner. The other brothers were bought out over the years.

Mrs. Guy expanded the business by putting in a line of dry goods. As the years went by, more rooms were added until the store became ten times as large. What couldn't be fitted into the big building was tucked away in sheds near the store.

The Guys went after business aggressively. These were the days when merchandise was hauled by oxcarts from the wharfs where boats bound out of Washington and Baltimore tied up. The Guys bought an automobile and made deliveries.

Luring Holiday Shoppers

Each December, they would send the automobile around the county to pick up customers who wanted to do Christmas shopping. The lure of an automobile ride drew customers by the hundreds. Other storekeepers gnashed their teeth, for the parties bound for Guys' would gather in the stores nearest their homes to wait for the automobile.

"Everything people asked for, we'd get," Mrs. Guy recalls. "Finally, the place got so full that we couldn't find half the things we had."

Every year now, the inventory turns up some item left over from other days—a buggy whip, the sort of bung starter used to open whisky barrels, or some fringe for a surrey. Mrs. Guy holds a sale of such items, and what she can't sell, she gives away. The only things she has ever found that she could neither sell nor give away are the women's high-laced shoes with pointed toes, circa 1915.

The Guys were aggressive salesmen. While Mrs. Guy kept store, Mr. Guy got out to visit the farmers. When times were bad, after the first World War and during the 1932 depression, Mr. Guy would move around the countryside, spurring farmers to sell their crops so he could collect enough money from them to pay for merchandise he had received.

Occasionally, when a farmer who was deeply in debt to the store would die or fail utterly, the Guys would find themselves taking over property in settlement of a debt. Today, Mrs. Guy owns seven valuable farms in the county and shares ownership of another with a brother-in-law. They are managed by her children or by tenants, but Mrs. Guy knows the details of the operation of all of them—from the kind of roofing they carry on the barns to the condition of the hogs.

Each year, people became more and more dependent upon the Guys—financially and otherwise. Married couples having trouble came to the store to have things arbitrated. Fathers who couldn't keep their sons down on the farm brought the recalcitrants in to get a good talking to. When farmers scoffed at the telephone and refused to sign up for it, the Guys convinced them that the contraption was useful by building a line at their own expense.

When Mr. Guy died in 1941, there were so many cars in the funeral procession that led to the church that mourners were still driving into the churchyard when the Mass, which lasted for an hour, was finished. After her husband's death, Mrs. Guy received several offers to buy the store. But, like the man who was holding to the goose to which everyone was so attached, she found that she could not let go, either.

Mrs. Guy, alone, was in charge of the store during the prosperous war years. Farmers were buying overalls, wearing them until they got dirty and throwing them away in favor of a new pair. People came in to pay bills that were 14 years old. Guys', with its assorted stock of everything under the sun, was in fine shape—but

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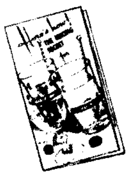

CAPTURED FLAVOR

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NEW YORK STATE
VERMOUTH
TAYLOR'S
NEW YORK STATE
Vermouths
SWEET · · · DRY
from the famous Cellars
at HAMMONDSPORT, N.Y.

This month you will find these fine New York State Vermouths featured at leading stores.

Mrs. Guy went almost mad making out forms. She was selling everything that was rationed. People came from the city to find things at Guys' which weren't available elsewhere.

Business is somewhat less frantic, now. The store, which employs 11 people and operates four heavy trucks hauling merchandise, did a business which Mrs. Guy estimates at around $200,000 during the past year. She sets the value of her stock at a little under $50,000. Much of the store's business is in commercial fertilizer, of which she sells some 1,100 tons—at about $43 a ton—during the spring.

New Idea in Cost Accounting

Aside from fertilizer and a few heavy items like tractors, Mrs. Guy keeps no records—in a modern business sense—of the sales and profit from items or lines of merchandise which she handles. Mrs. Guy may—or may not—have contributed an entirely new concept to the art of cost accounting by dividing the store's receipts under the three headings: Upstairs, Downstairs and Office. Dry goods are sold Upstairs, but the clerk there may ring up $3, covering five cents' worth of elastic and $2.95 worth of groceries. Downstairs refers to the part of the store where groceries, plowshares and assorted items are sold, but a clerk there may also ring up the down payment on a tractor. Office means Mrs. Guy's cubbyhole, where bills past due for goods sold Upstairs and Downstairs are receivable.

While it is impossible to extract any meaning from the receipts under Upstairs, Downstairs and Office, it is established that groceries earn the slimmest profits. Chain-store competition has taken the money out of groceries in the rural stores. Items such as soap, used as leaders in big-store advertising, must be sold in Guys' at close to cost to meet competition. Mrs. Guy still aims for the traditional markup in hardware and dry goods, but she can't get too far above the prices quoted by mail-order houses. Doing business with the mail-order houses is a transgression for which Mrs. Guy finds it hard to forgive her customers.

"I see them paying cash for mail goods," she says. "But when they want credit, our merchandise seems plenty good enough."

Like most of the appurtenances with which cartoonists decorate rural general stores, the cracker barrel has disappeared from Guys'. But it left behind one story which is told by old-timers who still gather in the store of an evening. There was a veteran of the Civil War who used to visit Guys' and other stores in the county. He was a man of great dignity and, unless you watched him closely as he backed up against the cracker barrel, you would never suspect that he was slyly dipping his hand in and stuffing his overcoat pockets with crackers. Mrs. Guy surmised that purloined crackers were the main item in his diet, so she always looked the other way.

But another storekeeper took a dim view of the practice and, one night, decided to have some sport with the old man. He put a steel trap in the cracker barrel and tipped off the loafers just before the old fellow was to arrive. Everyone struggled to keep a straight face as they saw the old man back up to the barrel. Conversation went on in a forced, frantic way as the crowd watched the old man's hand steal down into the barrel. But all talk came to a sudden stop when, with a rustle of crackers and a click, the trap closed. All eyes swung toward the old man and everyone took a deep breath in preparation for a big laugh.

But the old man's face betrayed nothing and his dignity was unruffled as he slowly raised his hand, as always. He squared his shoulders, stuffed his trapped hand into his coat pocket and walked out of the store without a word.

"Uh-oh," said the storekeeper, breaking the silence. "Now I done los' a steel trap, too."

Mrs. Guy has always found a sort of moral in this story and she sets no traps for those who need food. More than one family in the county was kept from hunger last winter because they could get credit at Guys'. Sometimes, Mrs. Guy lets herself in for something—such as the time she agreed to carry a widower and his six children for food over the winter. When his first month's food bill ran over $200, she examined it closely but could find nothing frivolous. When the man next came to the store Mrs. Guy had a talk with him. She discovered that, on the basis of his assumed credit, he had been able to persuade a widow he had been courting to marry him. The widow wanted to be sure he was able to support her eight children, in addition to his own.

Mrs. Guy takes an active hand in managing the credit she grants some people. She will agree to let them have, say $250 credit until they get their checks for tobacco in the spring. Then she makes sure they use it wisely. Some families are allowed nothing but groceries. Others, needing clothing, will be dissuaded firmly from buying the more expensive items. Then, too, Mrs. Guy will find that she's fresh out of phonographs or guitars when some submarginal family decides they would prefer music to corn bread.

When she saw one poor farmer charging potatoes, she asked:

"Didn't you raise any potatoes this year?"

"Yes'm," he replied in triumph. "Raised aplenty. Sold 'em all, too."

When one couple fell to arguing about who was responsible for charging expensive items at the store, Mrs. Guy settled the squabble by opening a separate account for each. There are a number of people who—distrusting banks, their spouses or their own ability to stay out of saloons or three-card monte games—leave their tobacco checks with Mrs. Guy and draw a little cash when they need it. Some farmers come in to get their income taxes filled out. Others, having left school before the reading course began, will find they've left their "seein'" glasses home when the mail comes in and will get one of Mrs. Guy's children to read their letters aloud.

Photo Studio to Be Added

Most of Mrs. Guy's children work in the store or in the enterprises which have grown out of it. One of them has been earning money as a photographer and is trying to empty a small room in the store to establish a studio. This is one of the few services the family can't offer on the premises now.

Mrs. Guy has succeeded to her husband's place on the board of directors of one of the county banks, but she finds herself somewhat inhibited in this job by the other directors and the bank examiners who take a firm stand against her charitable impulses. But in the store, Mrs. Guy can be herself.

There are generally a few grandchildren underfoot around the place these days, adding a mobile hazard to the fixed ones which make navigation difficult already. Sometimes the grandchildren sit on Mrs. Guy's lap, dribbling chocolate on her from an ice-cream cone while she discusses an order for $10,000 worth of fertilizer or accepts a $5 payment on a $400 grocery bill. She's around the store from opening time at 8:00 A.M. until the last farmer comes in after dark, carrying his basket of eggs to sell and his empty kerosene can to have filled. She supervises the kitchen of her home, does her own canning and bakes her own cakes. When the dinner bell rings in the store, she's not surprised if 20 people respond.

After a particularly perplexing day recently, in the course of which she received payment of a $900 bill from a poor farmer and found that a wealthy city man had defaulted on a $4,000 note for materials bought in the store, Mrs. Guy sighed and said:

"Well, I hope I get some credit in the next world . . ."

"You should, Mama," said one of her children. "You've sure given enough of it in this one."

THE END

Contrivin' Woman

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

Matthew had put his foot through a hole in the knee of a clean pair of overalls. Hopping on one foot, trying to get free, he had come close to the edge of the porch. "Holy hell!" he said. He lost his balance and leaped, landing unhurt but with the overalls torn beyond repair. He took them off and threw them as far as he could.

"Well!" Louella said. "You haven't changed a bit."

"What's more," Matthew yelled, "I ain't goin' to!"

"Yes, you are," Louella said. "You're going to stop making a fool of yourself over that woman down the road."

"So I'm a fool, am I?"

Louella smiled. "Look at yourself."

Matthew did. Clad in long underwear, standing in the back yard, shaking his fists and yelling, he was something of a spectacle. He went into the house with as much dignity as he could manage.

HAVING dressed in his bedroom, he found Louella sitting at the kitchen table beside the empty pie plate. Her expression was one of grim distaste.

"That Willoughby woman brought you this pie, didn't she?"

"It ain't any of your business," Matthew said.

"It *is* my business," Louella said. "Anything that reflects on my daughter and my grandson is my business. The whole county's talking about you and that woman. I guess I wasn't out of the house ten minutes before you took up with her. A man your age—a grandfather!"

Matthew thrust out his chin. "What's wrong about that?"

"Wrong?" Louella's voice climbed. "A grown man actin' like a moon-struck calf—that's bad enough. But the woman! Good heavens, you must be as blind as you are simple!"

"I ain't so blind I don't know she's pretty."

"You're a terrible old man," Louella said. She made a prim mouth. "Never mind her looks—powdered and painted, thin as a rail, and those ridiculous clothes. I'm talking about the kind of woman she is—yes, and the kind of fool you are for not seeing it. The rest of the county does. She's had two husbands, hasn't she? Buried the first and divorced the second."

"Takes a bad woman to get a divorce?" Matthew asked.

A flush stained Louella's cheeks. "I didn't take a single thing from you, did I? And I had plenty of cause to leave. I told you time and again I couldn't put up with that crazy temper. Then you went and burnt a perfectly good chicken house."

"And your crowbait sister talked you into a divorce."

"Stop calling my sister names!"

Matthew stared at her, his hands in his hip pockets. "You started it," he blustered. "Pickin' on me an' my friends."

"Your friends!" Louella stiffened; her chin became determined. "I'll say what I came to say. That woman cleaned out her second husband, an' what she left wasn't worth leavin'. Now she's after a third. You! An' it ain't you're handsome, as you could see in a mirror. What other man in five hundred miles is loose with a farm like this and your money in the bank? That's what she's after. She'd marry Jake Reams, drunken sot that he is, if she had to tear the jail down to get him out to get her hands on that much money."

"That's enough!" Matthew yelled.

"I should think so!" Louella said.

"I don't give a toot on a tin whistle what you think," Matthew said. "I'll live the way I want to an' answer to nobody but my Maker. What's more, I'm goin' over to her place for dinner Sunday."

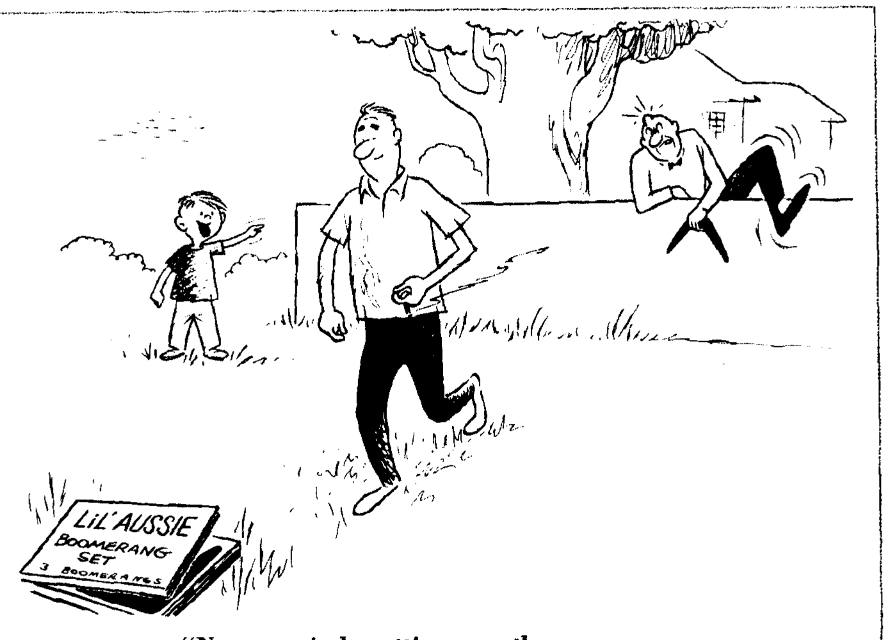
"I'll make you gosh-awful sorry if you do!"

She sailed past Matthew and out the front door. Matthew watched her climb into a Chalmers at the front gate. It hadn't occurred to him to wonder how she'd come from town. Now he knew. His son-in-law had driven her out. His daughter and grandchild were in the rear seat. None of them had come in to see him.

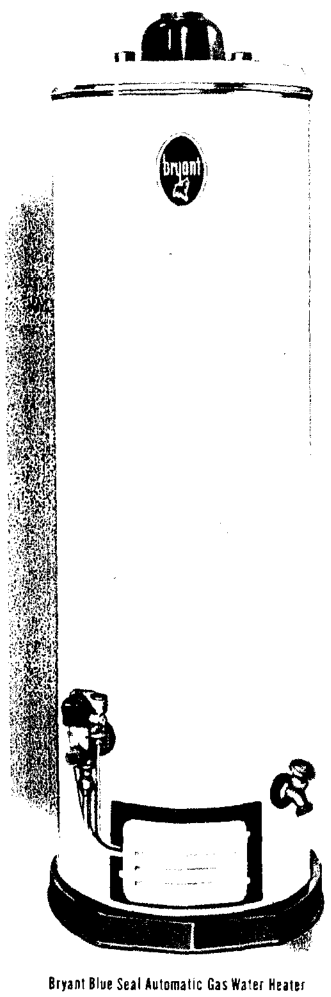
Matthew swore and kicked a chair. The chair collided with a marble-topped table standing near the front window. The table went over and the marble top slid through the windowpane with a loud crash. Matthew bolted for the back door and the pasture behind the barn. There, at a safe distance from things that cost money, he rampaged until he was tired.

MORNING found him still belligerent, still determined, but growing wary. He was going to Mrs. Willoughby's for Sunday dinner, but he was going to talk to his lawyer first. No use putting his foot in some sort of a legal trap. If he'd learned anything in twenty years of married life, he'd learned Louella was a resourceful woman who made no idle threats.

Directly the morning chores were done, he changed clothes and went out to his car. The Model T, being new, was a source of pride to him, but something of a problem, too. The man who'd sold it to him had shown him an adjustment on the emergency brake intended to hold the car motionless when the motor started but Matthew had



COLLIER'S "Never mind getting another one, Pop—here comes the first one back!" GEORGE WOLFE



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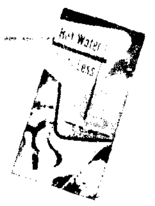

never been able to get it just right. A fence post chocked under the front wheels seemed to him to be a more dependable thing. This morning it worked very well. He spun the crank, the engine caught, and the car bucked against the fence post until Matthew had raced around and climbed behind the wheel. Then, backing a little, he drove into town.

He talked to the lawyer. Always before, he'd been too angry to do anything but sign papers. Now he wanted to know exactly where he stood and where Louella stood. The man said he could eat anywhere he wanted to. She couldn't use the law to stop him, nor could she take legal action afterward. Of course, that didn't prevent her raising particular hell and putting a prop under it. But if she got rough, like beating Matthew over the head with a fence rail, he could file suit against her.

"That's handy to know," Matthew said. "I can't remember a time when Louella backed down from a fight."

LATE that afternoon, Amos Willoughby came borrowing. He wanted the use of Matthew's scythe so he could cut the grass in his front yard. The way he said it, the grass cutting was a favor to Matthew, since Matthew was coming to dinner the next day and Mrs. Willoughby was sparing no effort to have things neat. Matthew was not impressed. The boy—six feet tall, strong as an ox and as lazy as sin—was Matthew's idea of two bits' worth of nothing.

"What's wrong with your scythe?" he asked. "Broke?"

"Nope," Amos said. "Dull."

"Ain't no trick to sharpen."

"Can't find the stone," Amos said. "I figured if I had to come over and borrow your stone, I might as well borrow your scythe."

Matthew rubbed his face with a horny palm. He'd been through this before. The first time he'd nearly climbed Amos' frame, big as he was, strong as the boy was. He hadn't because he was beholden to Mrs. Willoughby. After all the pies and dinners and other things he'd had from her, it would be downright ungrateful, not to say unneighborly, to refuse her son the use of the scythe.

"It's in the shed," he said, and went into the barn.

When he came out a moment later, Amos was still lingering. "I was wondering," Amos said, "if I might borrow your car."

"For what?" Matthew asked.

"To take a little spin down the road," Amos said. "I always wanted to try my hand at drivin' a automobile."

"Now, you look here—"

Matthew broke it off and hurried back into the barn. He went past the cows, standing quietly in their stanchions, through another door and into the pasture beyond. Looking around the corner of the building, he could see Amos, openmouthed and stupid with amazement.

"You go on home," Matthew said.

"Are you crazy, or somethin'?" the boy asked.

"I'm crazy," Matthew said. "An' you better get the hell out of here before I go plumb berserk. If you ever ask for that car again—if you ever so much as lay a finger on a fender, so help me, I'll—" He rubbed his face again. "What I mean is, I'll probably lose my temper. Now go on home." . . .

That night, Matthew lay long awake. He had to admit he was not the happiest man in the world. The years, looking back, were filled with mistakes he'd made, most of them caused by his temper. He could remember a few that had come out of his thirst for whisky, but since the whisky always put him in jail for fighting, it amounted to the same thing. Between the two, they'd cost him Louella.

Take a woman out of a man's house, and what have you got? A bumper crop and no market. Six months of that was enough for him. He couldn't see himself going on, keeping himself company, darning his own socks, cooking his own meals. Life wasn't worth it. What he needed was a wife. Whenever he started thinking that way, he thought of Mrs. Willoughby. Maybe she did have an eye on his dollars. She sure enough had a son who'd be a chore and a burden to bear. But a man his age couldn't expect a flock to pick from. Mrs. Willoughby was pert and pretty and she could cook. More important, she was handy.

"Come tomorrow," he said, "I'll likely ask her."

He dropped off to sleep to dream he was sitting at Mrs. Willoughby's table. The door crashed open. Louella was there, a two-by-four clutched in both hands. She didn't say anything. She hauled back with the scantling and started wrecking the place. Amos and his mother dived under the table. Matthew ran out the front door. Louella quit wrecking and chased Matthew down the road until fright awakened him. He lay a long while in a cold sweat, not too sure it hadn't happened. When he was sure, he couldn't get back to sleep for worrying about what was going to happen.

"Lou gets mad enough," he said, "she'll dare anything." . . .

He was still fretting the next morning. But he was still going, come death or destruction. No woman was going to tell him what he could or couldn't do. He finished the chores and cooked breakfast. He was just sitting down when someone banged on the front door. The sound flayed his raw nerves. He leaped up and charged through the house to jerk the door open.

"What—" he yelled. He stopped in midbreath. "Jake! When'd you get out?"

"Late yesterday," Jake told him.

Jake Reams was tall and thin. He had a long nose, slept-in clothes and the watery eyes of a man who has looked at the bottoms of many bottles. He followed Matthew into the kitchen.

"I wake up this morning," he said, "with nary a bar on the window. First time in thirty days. Seems like I ought to celebrate. Can't do it in town, too close to the jail. Thinks me, I'll get a bottle and go out to McDaniels'."

He put the bottle on the table.

"Whisky," Matthew said, and reached for it. Then he drew back his hand. "No," he said. "I'm not askin' for more trouble than I got."

"You got trouble?" Jake asked.

Matthew told Jake what he was up against while they had breakfast. Jake drank more than he ate, but he listened with sympathy, shaking his head at the trouble women can cause. Watching Jake's Adam's apple go up and down every time he lifted the bottle had a drying effect on Matthew.

Jake said, "Louella was always a hand for causing trouble. There was you an' me, raised kids together. You'd think a woman'd let a man see a friend like that. No, sir! Not Louella. We got to stay the hell away from each other. When a woman picks a man's friends she's goin' too far."

He lifted the bottle and his Adam's apple slid up and down in happy abandon. Matthew felt a painful knot in his own throat. Jake offered him the bottle.

"Either I take it," Matthew said, "or I choke to death."

He had one and his throat felt better, another and his throat felt fine. Talk flowed rapidly then. They remembered the time Matthew had bet he could whip the town marshal and had lost the bet and his freedom for ten days along with it; the time Jake had turned a church picnic into a riot by spiking the punch. The whisky and the morning vanished. Matthew had the last drink in the bottle.

"Got to go," he said. "Mrs. Willoughby asked me to dinner."

"Fine!" Jake said. "I'm famished."

"Mrs. Willoughby didn't ask you."

"Mrs. Willoughby didn't ask me!" Jake's voice dripped scorn. "You just got shut of a woman that picked your friends. Now you're off to let this one do the same thing. She ain't said yes or no, mind you. You're just takin' it for granite."

Matthew scratched his red fringe. "Well—"

"Some people like to be led by the nose," Jake said.

"That ain't the truth. I—"

"After I brought you a bottle of whisky," Jake said.

"All right," Matthew said. "Wait'll I change clothes."

Matthew made a wide circle of the kitchen, found the doorway and went upstairs. The task of putting on his best proved unusually difficult. He put the cloth-topped shoes on before donning the tight trousers, and had to back up and start over. Two, tall, gates-ajar collars were ruined before he got one to stay put. The very important top button of his belted-back coat popped off and had to be sewed back on. He tilted his stiff straw hat and went down to see what Jake thought.

"In that collar," Jake said, "you look like your head was caught in a tomato can."

They went out to the car. Matthew put Jake behind the wheel of the Model T to hold it firm with the foot brake while he cranked. The car did not start easily. Matthew cranked and choked for several minutes. When the motor finally caught, the car leaped ahead and only an earnest jump carried Matthew to safety. The car stopped a hundred feet away, against a barbed-wire fence. Jake was not behind the wheel.

"Jake!" Matthew bellowed.

Jake came running around the front of the house. "Holy smoke!" he said. "It went!"

Matthew took a deep breath. "You shiftless, no account—" He stopped suddenly. "Where'd you get that bottle?"

"I remembered I hid a spare under the front porch. Seemed like I had plenty of time to fetch it, whilst you were crankin'."

"Is it whisky?"

"What else?" Jake said. "Have one."

Matthew had one, becoming thoughtful. "I've knowed you thirty years," he said. "Times when you had one bottle of your own are scarce enough. Never was a time you had two."

"I'll tell you," Jake said. "Friend of mine wanted me to do 'im a favor. This here whisky is the pay for it." He slanted an eye at the sun. "It's gettin' kinda late, ain't it?"

"Lord!" Matthew said. "I got to be there at two."

They pulled the car off the fence in all haste. Jake cranked, and in a moment they were on their way to Mrs. Willoughby's. The road was dusty, the day hot, and the two men eased their parched throats from time to time. Arriving at the Willoughby gate, Matthew said, "Remember to keep an eye out for Louella. No tellin' what kind of devilment she'll come up with."

"You ain't got a thing to worry about," Jake told him.

APPARENTLY Mrs. Willoughby had been waiting, for she was on the porch to greet them as they came up the path. "Oh, do be careful of the flowers," she called. Matthew turned to find Jake had missed the way and was walking in a flower bed.

"A crooked path," Jake said.

Matthew couldn't deny it, though it had seemed straight enough on other visits. He didn't worry, however. The sight of Mrs. Willoughby warmed him to a sunny mood. No doubt about it, she was a fine-looking woman. She wore a pretty dress, full at the hips, narrow at the ankles, and small, pointed shoes. Her dark hair was piled on top of her head, a fancy little feather pinned to it. Best of all, she didn't mind Jake being with him.

"Why, Matthew," she said. "You needn't have asked. You can bring any of your friends, any time. You know that!"

A fine woman. Matthew was pleased to find that she and Jake hit it off together, right from scratch. Jake put a friendly arm about her shoulders, gave her a squeeze, and told her how he and Matthew had been raised kids together, and how a friend of one became a friend of the other. Amos Willoughby sat in the porch swing all the while, grinning about something or other.

"Do come in," Mrs. Willoughby said, holding a handkerchief to her face. "Dinner is almost ready."

Jake let her go reluctantly.

They went into the parlor and sat while Mrs. Willoughby did some last-minute fixing. Amos Willoughby grinned from the doorway until his mother, bringing a tray and two tall glasses, shooed him back on the porch. Alone again, Matthew told Jake how the boy had come to borrow his scythe and then had wanted the use of his car.

"Big as he is," Matthew said, "the day'll come when I tangle with that kid. I can't abide a lazy, borrowin' man or boy."

Jake agreed with him. He took a drink from the glass Mrs. Willoughby had brought, then stared at it in amazement. "Whoosh!" he said. "That's lemonade!"

Matthew explained that while Mrs. Willoughby had never said she objected to hard liquor, she'd never served any. Jake wondered if it would be all right if he slipped out and got the bottle and braced the drink up to where a man could stand it. Matthew thought it might. It wasn't likely a fine, understanding woman like Mrs. Willoughby would object to a man taking a small nip now and then. Jake went out for the bottle, returning presently to pour a dollop of whisky into both lemonades.

"Here's a go!" he said.

Matthew reached for his glass, somehow missing it. The glass teetered on the verge

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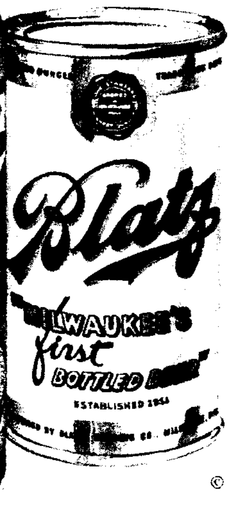

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of spilling. Matthew dived for it, and the table, an unstable affair, went over, dropping a lamp on the floor. The lamp broke. Mrs. Willoughby was very nice about the accident.

"I never cared for the lamp anyway," she said.

"See what I mean?" Matthew said. "A wonderful woman."

They went in to dinner, just the three of them.

"You mustn't think it's because Mr. Reams is here," Mrs. Willoughby said. "Amos is not feeling well this afternoon. The poor boy has no appetite at all."

"Pass the spuds," Jake said.

MATTHEW reached for the potatoes. He again misjudged the distance, but found them on the second try. The dish was suspended midway between them, when a motor started out front with a loud and familiar clatter. Matthew let go of the dish and ran for the front door. He was in time to see his Model T go down the road, driverless. The car bounded across a ditch and smacked into a tree with some force. Amos Willoughby picked himself off the dusty road.

"That's a hell of a automobile," he said.

Matthew went down the path, vaulted the gate and tied into Amos, with no preliminaries. The boy squawled loudly the first time he was hit. Matthew hit him again. The boy thrust out his hand to protect himself, and gasped in surprise as Matthew ran backward a few paces and fell on his back. Amos took courage then. The next time Matthew charged, he was ready with a large fist hauled back. Matthew ran into the fist with devastating results.

Matthew climbed out of the dust again, deciding that tactics were necessary. He charged Amos again, dropping at the last moment to catch the boy around the knee. A stout heave laid the boy flat on his back. Matthew climbed astride the boy's chest and hammered him vigorously about the head and shoulders. The boy quit struggling and started squawling again.

"Look out, Matty!" Jake yelled.

There wasn't time. Something struck Matthew a ringing blow on the side of the head, and tumbled him over in the dust, some distance from Amos. More blows followed immediately, a storm of them, and above the storm Matthew heard a shrill voice shrieking.

"You dirty, filthy, drunken beast . . ."

Such a screeching, scratching caterwauling surely belonged to a tribe of Indians. But it was not a tribe. It was Mrs. Willoughby, a large stick in her hands, whaling him. Matthew scrambled to safety beyond the roadside ditch. Mrs. Willoughby shook her stick at him. She was no longer pretty. Her face was sharp-edged and mostly mouth, and the things she said were no credit to a lady.

"Golly dog!" Matthew said. "Who'd 'a' believed it?"

From the car, Jake yelled, "Let's get outa here!"

"I'm a-comin'!" Matthew said.

He didn't dare the road again. He reached the car by way of a wide circle into the field. They pulled the car away from the tree. The brass radiator was battered, but leaking only a little. Jake cranked and they went away from there. The last thing Matthew heard was Amos Willoughby's voice.

"But that man said I could—that Mr. Reams—"

Loudly, Jake said, "Time we had a nip, ain't it?"

Matthew accepted the bottle, after pulling off his collar and tie. He drank and then drove in thoughtful silence. His eyes were a frosty blue, his red eyebrows a formidable bar above them. Jake kept up a steady chatter about what a wild woman that was back yonder, and how lucky Matthew was to know that before he'd gone and got hitched to her.

Matthew stopped the car suddenly in the center of the road.

"Jake," he said. "I been thinkin'. You don't do a favor for a friend for two bottles of whisky. You goin' to tell me who that friend is, or am I goin' to beat it out of you?"

"It was three bottles," Jake said. "I got another comin'."

"Well? Who was it?"

Jake shook his head sadly. "Sometimes I get plumb ashamed of myself at what I'll do for a bottle."

"You'd 'a' sold me out for one bottle," Matthew said.

"I reckon," Jake admitted. "But for three I done an extra-good job. And you got to admit it."

"I admit it," Matthew said. "You can tell Louella wild horses couldn't drag me within rifle shot of that place again."

"You ain't sore?"

"Sore at myself," Matthew said. "A man as knotheaded as I am deserves what he gets. You with two bottles—hah!"

He drove on, still thinking, and presently pulled up in the barnyard of his own farm. There was no door on the driver's side of the car. In climbing over, Matthew's foot slipped somehow, and he fell. Jake ran around the car to find him stretched out flat on his back, moaning.

"My back—my back."

He couldn't stand by himself. Jake was forced to carry him into the house and up the stairs to the bedroom. Matthew cursed Jake all the way.

"You're to blame for this," he said. "You and your scheming and contriving. How am I goin' to do the chores. How—?"

"I'll do 'em till you're up and around," Jake said.

In bed, propped in pillows and still groaning, Matthew said, "Get Louella! She's half to blame. You tell her to get out here and take care of me, or I'll have her in court!"

"I'll get her, I'll get her," Jake said. "Right now."

Jake got her. He made a fast trip into town in the Model T, and was back in less than an hour. Louella came into the bedroom, aflutter with concern and apology.

"I didn't mean it to happen like this. Honest—"

"Don't stand there blubbering!" Matthew yelled. "Do something!" He shouted at Jake, hovering in the doorway. "Get the hell out and take care of the stock! It's past milkin' time!"

THE next three days were the busiest Jake or Louella had ever endured. Matthew told them straight out: they were the cause of his pain and they were going to pay for it. Pay they did. Jake, never a man for work, became a man who never sat down. Louella ran up and down stairs with hot packs and food—food the like of which Matthew hadn't seen in five long months. The nights were the worst. Louella had to be there constantly, cat-napping when she could. The third night was so bad it didn't seem possible Matthew could live through it. But he did. He leaped out of bed the next morning, whistling happily, and climbed into his overalls.

Louella was dumfounded. "Matthew, you're well!"

"Never was sick," Matthew said. "Get up and get breakfast."

"Matthew McDaniels," Louella said, "what's the meaning of this?"

"Means you're married to me again," Matthew said.

"I'm what?"

"Married to me," Matthew said. "You can take my word for it, or talk to your lawyer. My lawyer said what you got is a in—inter—interlocutory degree. Ain't a real solid divorce for six months yet. You been a-staying with me, so you lost whatever the hell that degree is. An' you can tell that crowbait sister I ain't goin' to stand for no more divorces, see?"

Louella's face lost the defensive, angry look. The flesh at her eye corners crinkled and two big tears rolled from beneath her lashes.

"Oh, Matthew," she said. "You really wanted me back—"

"Wanted you back?" Matthew said. "Hell's fire, woman, you're my wife, ain't you?"

THE END

The Bad Time

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

He smiled. "Afterward will you play for me?"

She laughed. "Yes, Tommy." She turned away, toward the kitchen. She thought: Tommy needs someone. A sister, a girl for Tom—he'd like that. But it frightens me. Last time it worked out so well, and we're so perfect, the three of us. It's such a risk. Those last months, so big, so ugly, and this time I might stay that way. I couldn't stand that. I couldn't stand to have Tom see me.

She thought: I hope he eats. He has to drink, that's the way he is, but if he eats he'll be all right. And Tommy. He won't be too hungry, a hot meal at nursery school; I'll scramble eggs for both of us. Eggs and toast and milk. Cinnamon toast, to make it a party.

Usually Tommy had his supper and was ready for bed before Tom got home; then while she got dinner the two of them scuffled and laughed together for an hour. But tonight the ritual was broken.

Tommy was proud to be eating with her, and she was touched by the effort he made to demonstrate his table manners.

AFTER the dishes were done they went out to the piano and sat side by side on the padded bench.

First she played Stephen Foster and they sang together, his voice thin and pure as a flute; but she found it hard to keep her mind on him, on the simple music. The melodies were too precise, too sentimental, and her fingers went wandering off into bigger things, Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff, too emotional for him, too complex.

She would glance over her shoulder and find him looking up at her, polite and patient, as if she had gone away and left him and he was waiting for her to come back. And she *had* left him, she knew that; she felt hollow, a part of her gone out into the city in search of Tom. It was bad for her, bad for the boy. He was beginning to catch her tension, and she made herself smile at him, made her mind focus on him, like turning down a microscope, making his image come so big, so close that she could not see around him. She played Flight of the Bumblebee to distract him with the ripple of her fingers, then the Brahms Lullaby, slowly, softly, and led him off to bed. . . .

Coming back, she closed the doors, the kitchen, the dining room, so that she could play for herself. But now the notes came broken and senseless, like a voice muttering in sleep, and made her uneasy. She went to Tom's deep chair beside the fireplace.

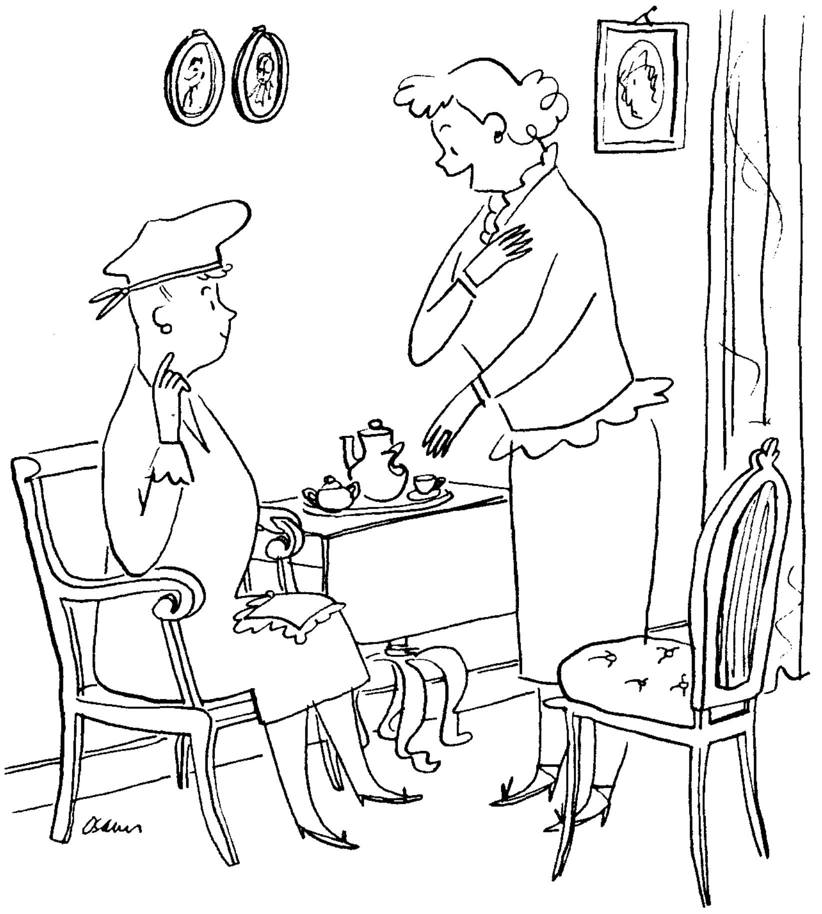
She stared around the room and thought: The door. That's what makes me nervous, not knowing when he'll come, when the door will open and he'll walk in and kiss me. I hate uncertainty; I think I'll have a drink. I don't need it. I don't want it; they're all wrong about alcohol—it blunts me, makes me slow. But he'll have been drinking, whisky on his breath.

She went back through the doors, opening them gently, unlocked the tantalus on the sideboard and took a decanter to the kitchen. After pouring a drink, and drinking it off quickly, she walked down the short hall to listen at Tommy's door and came back through the apartment to the living room.

The boy was lost in sleep, and now she felt strangely lost herself, forlorn and forgotten, like a child in an empty house. She told herself she was being foolish, she was not a child, she should find something to do, but there was nothing to be done, nothing useful. The apartment was in order, her clothes, Tom's, not even a button; she planned it so, to keep her evenings free for him. She looked at the piano, but she could not bring herself to play. She could not read. She looked at her watch. Almost ten. All she could do was wait.

She thought: Damn Frank Harrison. Why did this have to happen today?

She touched a lamp shade, moved the coffee table an inch closer to the sofa. And then the room was too big, too still, she could not stay in it. She walked swiftly to her room and Tom's. There she sat at her dressing table and, shaking her hair loose, began to brush it in long curling strokes, not seeing, not thinking, not hearing the rough tearing sound; just waiting, her arm a pendulum for the minutes, waiting and listen-



COLLIER'S "I'm happily married—except when he's home, of course" KATE OSANN

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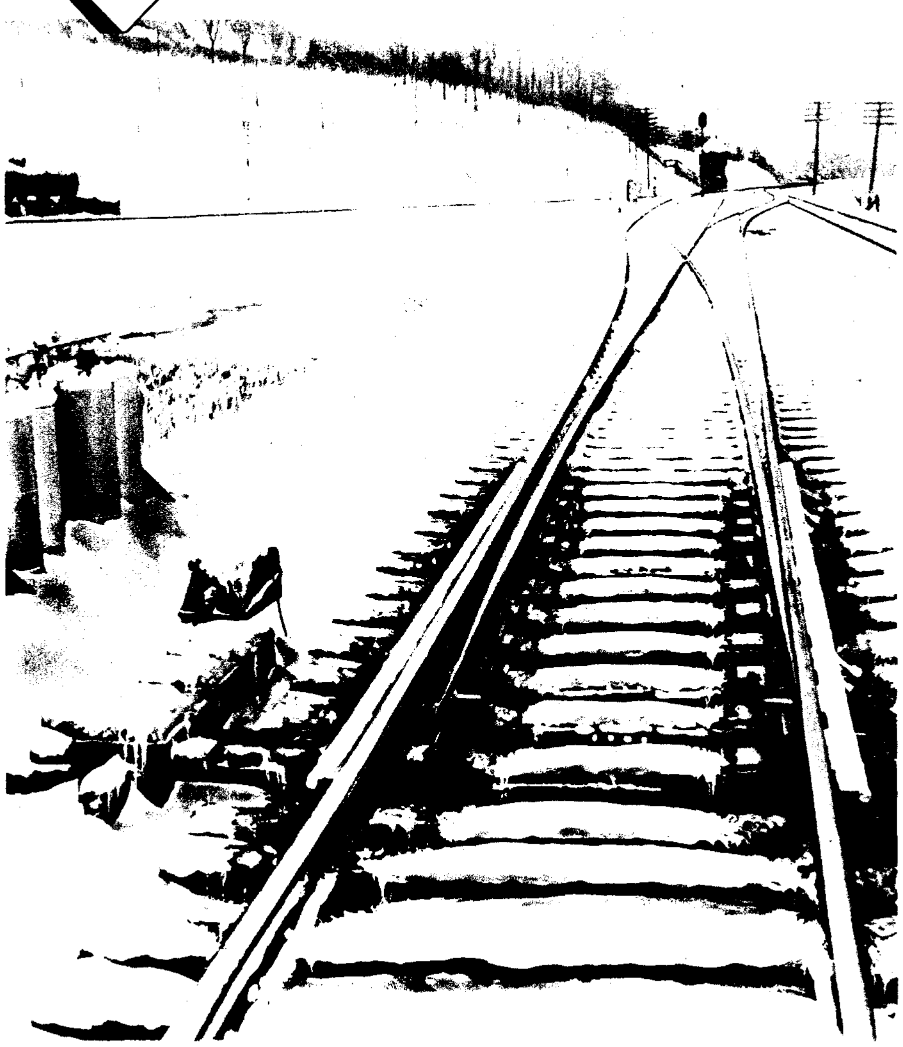

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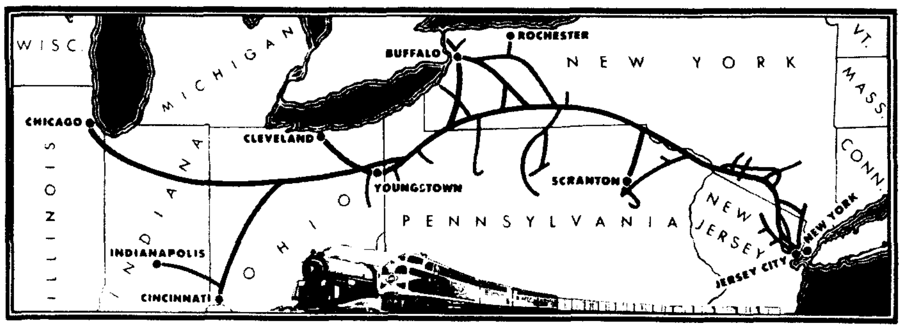

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ing, until there was the sound of a key, a scratch of metal on metal that carried to her through the apartment. Her arm stopped at half-stroke, curved high.

"Tom," she called, and then, "Tom, is that you?"

There was no answer, but she heard the door close. She turned and walked across the bedroom, slowly, almost deliberately, a flickering in her knees, her thighs, a sense of weakness.

SHE found him in the living room, his gray hat on the back of his head, his topcoat dragging from his left hand, standing in the middle of the rug, staring down at his polished shoes.

"Tom," she said, and when he looked up at her, she walked to him and leaned close. "Darling," she said. "Darling. I thought you'd never come."

He said, "Okay, okay," a vagueness in his voice, a remoteness, and patted her shoulder with his free hand. His jacket was open and she slipped her hands inside, felt his ribs solid and warm, his necktie satiny against her cheek. She waited for him to turn her face up and kiss her, but he stirred in her arms, and said, "It's been a day. A hell of a day. I need a drink." Now he turned her face up, but only to look. "How about you?"

She held him for a second, and then stepped back. They drank very little and she always drank with him, to match his mood, but now she shook her head: "Thanks. I just had one. To pass the time." She took the topcoat out of his fingers. "But I'll make one for you."

"No." He squeezed his eyes shut, resting them, opened them suddenly, wide, and turned away. "I'll fix it."

She stood and watched him go, a sense of hurt in her, of chill, that he had not kissed her. She felt rejected and oddly shy, and told herself it was silly. Tom was sunk inside himself, in his problem; she should think of Tom, not of herself, not just now.

He'll kiss me, he'll see me when he's ready, it isn't important. What matters is getting him through this, that's what I must remember. There are good times and bad in every marriage, and this is a bad time. He's torn up inside, he hates Ross Bender and Frank Harrison, hates what he had to do. He hates himself. He probably hates me. But that will pass; I have to make it pass.

Tom had done his job, had been ruthless against his nature, and now this was her job, to ease the shock, to help him bear his guilt, and she could do it. She did not believe in his guilt; that was a fiction in his mind. Whatever guilt there was lay in Frank Harrison, in his weakness, his futility; this was a sort of suicide and he had made Tom his instrument of self-destruction. Frank was the one to hate and she could hate him, but not now. Now she must be soft, she must blot up this guilt, this blackness, before it left a stain. . . .

As she hung up his coat, Tom passed her and went into the living room. After a moment she followed. Tom was in his chair, an inch of whisky in a tall glass held between his knees, the decanter on the table beside him. He was staring into the glass, and she sat down in her own chair across the fireplace and let herself stare at him. Often she did this when they sat together reading, looked up and let her eyes go over his face, always with pleasure, with pride and satisfaction, a sense of warm surprise that he was still the same, still clean and hard and young, his face self-contained and decisive, a face to rely on. Usually it gave her a sense of security, of peace, but tonight the lines seemed drawn too fine, the lips taut, the eyes narrowed out, the flesh tense with nerves.

She thought: He's been torturing himself, his conscience, his rights and wrongs, his loyalties. He's keyed up to breaking—and the whisky isn't helping; and neither am I. I can't just sit here.

She watched him and wondered what to say, what to do. She thought of the piano, something gay to break in on his mood, and knew that was wrong, the hammers falling, the vibration of the strings. She went back over her day for a bit of gossip, an amusing incident—any small bright thing to catch his mind and draw it to her—but nothing came. The hours before his telephone call were lost in waiting.

She said, "I had supper with Tommy. He was very good."

He looked up. "Yes?"

His face was strangely stiff, his voice fla[illegible] but she had his attention and she went on quickly: "He used his napkin. He buttered his own toast."

Tom made a formal smile, as if she were the child, someone else's child. "Good," he said. "Good."

Without thinking she said, "You, Tom. Did you remember dinner? Have you had anything to eat?"

He stared at her. "No."

"Let me fix you something."

"I'm not hungry."

She could not stop. "Please, Tom. I had a steak for us. It wouldn't take a minute."

He looked down at the glass, lifted it to his lips and drained it. "I told you," he said. "I'm not hungry."

Something in his voice alarmed her; not anger, not even irritation, something worse—a distance, a politeness. He poured another drink, an inch, two inches, and she saw his long fingers unnaturally clumsy, the decanter thumping back onto the table, the stopper clashing, glass on glass. He drank again, quickly, absently, as if the whisky had no taste, as if it were water and he was thirsty.

She thought: Dear God, I've never seen him like this. He's drunk, he's terribly drunk, he hardly knows me. It must have been bad, very bad.

"Tom," she said. "Tell me about it."

His eyes came up, but she could not catch them; they looked past her, beyond her. He sat for a moment, staring, and then said, "That place in the country. The old mill. I guess we can forget it."

Instantly she knew. Fear touched her, like ice on the back of her neck, but she held her voice level: "What do you mean, forget it?"

"I'm washed up at the office."

"What happened?"

"The hell with it."

"Tell me!"

HE TURNED, put his glass on the table and picked up the decanter. For a moment he held it gripped in his right hand, choking it, then pulled the stopper and poured into his glass. Part of the liquor caught the rim and ran down in a puddle on the polished wood.

He said, "I told you," and drank and set the glass down. "I'm all through. Finished. I don't want to talk about it."

She could not sit still, she could not sit and look at him. She stood up abruptly, almost a reflex, and walked out of the room out through the dining room, into the kitchen. She felt a need to do something, anything easy and familiar. There was a clean linen dish towel on its pronged rack over the sink, and she reached for it, held it in her hand, cool and smooth, then turned and went quickly back through the dining room. She picked up Tom's empty glass and dried the bottom, sopped up the whisky he had spilled and put the glass down again. He sat stiff and still, staring at the floor, and she went to her chair across from his and made herself sit down and face him.

She said, "Please, Tom. I want to know what happened."

He did not look up.

She said, "You have to tell me," and heard a shrillness in her voice. She paused and wet her lips. "Please, Tom. I have a right to know. It was Frank, wasn't it? Frank Harrison."

He made a sound in his throat, "Huh," short and harsh.

"What did he do?" she asked. "What did he do this time?"

He looked up at her now, without recognition. "What difference does it make?"

"I want to know."

"He wrote some copy. A parody. Kidding one of Ross Bender's pet accounts."

"Yes?"

"Ross got hold of it. Someone showed it to him. Some lousy toadying bootlicker. Ross didn't think it was funny."

"Go on."

"That's all."

"It isn't all. Tell me what happened."

"Ross got sore. He said Frank was the bad apple in the barrel; I was crazy to keep him around. He blew his top. He said I had to let Frank go."

"Yes?"

"Tomorrow I had to tell him. No notice. He was out, the guy who hired me. So I got sore."

"Tom." She had a sense of unreality, of fantasy, as if she were struggling in a dream. "Frank didn't hire you. He only introduced you to Ross Bender."

He did not seem to hear. He said, "Ross," his voice suddenly frayed out, vague. "I told him he could go to hell."

AGAIN she stood up and went back to the kitchen, hurrying now, wanting to get away, to hide. She stood in the center of the bright room, the towel stretched between her hands, a wildness in her as if she were trapped, a compulsion to go to the boy, to wake him, to hold him. But she made herself turn and go toward the living room.

She thought: I can't run away, there's no place to run, no one to run to. I've got to face this thing. Whatever Tom did, he couldn't help himself. He had to do it; I was afraid he might, and now it's done.

She told herself it was not the end of the world. Tom would find another job, but when she came to the doorway and saw her piano, the lacquered coffee table, the deep down sofa, she had the sinking sense that he had put an end to this. Times had changed, jobs were not easy to find, not jobs like his; everything he had worked for was gone, and her work would go with it—this gracious room, the careful luxury, the life they had planned. It would have to go, and they would go back and begin again, the years wiped out, the years wasted.

She thought: That's what hurts, it's such a waste, so senseless. I could stand it if it were some principle of Tom's, some point of honor. But Frank Harrison—why can't Tom see, why did he have to make this gallant gesture, this gallant, futile, schoolboy gesture?

She stood quiet in the door, a hopelessness in her, a sense of defeat, her mind wavering like a candle. No trip to Europe. No new car. No sister for Tommy, no new baby. It was not a litany of complaint, not an adding up, only an aimless counting of small sorrows, like glancing over household accounts. She saw Tom's hand reach out and fumble at the decanter. No. She could not accept defeat, not yet, not on Tom's word, not for him, not for Tommy, surely not for herself. Something could be done, something had to be done, and she must do it.

She walked swiftly over beside Tom's chair and took the decanter out of his fingers. She said, "Let me," her voice controlled and gentle, and poured the whisky into his glass, poured it deep, her hand sure and steady, then set the decanter down beside him and went to her own chair.

"Ross Bender," she said. "When you told him to go to hell, what did he do?"

Tom looked up at her, trying to focus his eyes. He laughed, short and harsh. "That cooled him off."

"What did he do?"

"He just sat there."

"What did he say?"

"I was a damn' fool."

"Yes?"

"I wasn't indispensable. The usual guff—not to go off half-cocked. Think it over, sleep on it. He'd see me in the morning." Tom looked away, saw the whisky and drank it. "I walked out on him."

She had a sense of relief, of rescue, of being saved. She drew a breath, and said, "Tom. Listen to me. It's too bad about Frank. I'm sorry for him. But we've got to be sensible about him."

His eyes came back to her. "You hate his guts."

"I don't," she said. "I like Frank. I'd like to help him. But no one can. Not now. It's too late, Tom. Can't you see? Frank will be fired no matter what you do. Ross Bender will fire him. You know that. And wouldn't it be easier if Frank heard it from you?"

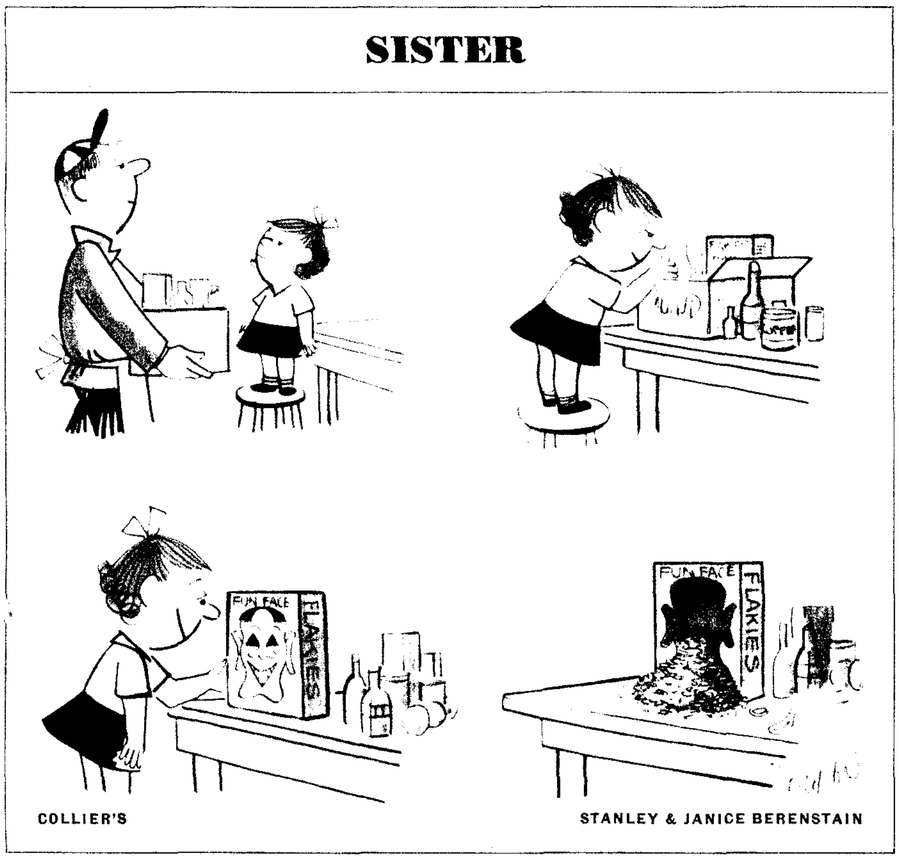
He wet his lips. "You hate his guts. You always hated his guts. You never wanted him around."

She felt a flicker of anger, felt her eyes widen and the muscles of her jaw go tight, and thought: No. I mustn't get angry, I mustn't make him angry. He's drunk, he's like a child, he'd just get stubborn.

She said, "I know how you feel, Tom. Frank is your friend. But it won't save his job if you quit yours."

"I quit," he said. "I already quit."

"I know." She tried to make her voice warm and easy. "But that doesn't matter. Ross said he'd see you in the morning. He understands."



SISTER

COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

"The hell with Ross. There's such a thing as loyalty," he said, and she could hear his voice blur. "He ought to understand that. Loyalty. Someone ought to tell him." She heard him move, a rustling, the creak of a shoe. She opened her eyes and he was standing beside the table, his feet spread, swaying a little. He reached for the decanter, missed it, then bent slowly down and caught it by the neck. "Loyalty," he said. He picked up his glass, poured it full, and drank. Then he started for the hall.

She got between him and the door. "Tom." She put her hands against his chest, to stop him, to support him. "What are you doing?"

He glared at her: "Ross Bender. I'm going to call him. I'm going to tell him about loyalty. I'm going to tell the big shot off."

She slapped him. She could not help herself, there was the bright sound of flesh on flesh, the white print of her fingers on his cheek and a stinging in her palm. She slapped him again, harder, the anger in her like a convulsion, and he stood there, his eyes wide and blind.

"Loyalty!" She was trembling, whispering. "You and your Frank. Loyalty! Haven't you any loyalty to me? What about Tommy? What about loyalty to him? Who are you loyal to? Tell me!"

He shut his eyes against her.

"Frank!" she said. "I do hate him. Of course I hate him. He's a fool, a dangerous fool. He makes a fool of you. You and your loyalty." She stepped back from him. "All right. Be a fool. Call Ross Bender. Be loyal. Be a hero. Be adolescent, be a little boy. If Frank means more to you than I do, I want to know. If he means more to you than Tommy."

"Louise." He opened his eyes and stretched out a hand to her. "Louise."

"No." She stepped back again. "No."

"The boy." He looked dazedly around the room. "Tommy. I want to see the boy."

"No!" The violence was still in her, in her voice. "I won't let him see you. You're drunk. You don't know what you're doing. I don't trust you with him."

TOM sighed once, deeply, slowly, and turned away. He moved back toward the fireplace, shuffling, his shoes scraping on the carpet. He reached out a hand to the arm of his chair, fell into it, and his elbow struck the decanter. It spun like a dying top, crazily, thumped to the floor and spit out its stopper and rolled away leaving a thin dark trail of whisky on the rug. Before Louise could reach it, it rolled onto the hearth, struck an andiron and broke.

She stood for a second, then picked up the stopper and sat down in her chair. She looked at the carved crystal, a sense of emptiness in her, looked up at Tom and said, "You broke it. A wedding present. You're breaking everything. I know. It's a sign."

He sat for a while, staring at the hearth, at the sparkling fragments, then said, "Okay. A sign." His voice was lifeless. He said it again, slowly, to himself, "A sign." He raised his head to look at her, painfully, an effort, and when she saw his face she got a sharp sense of shock and disbelief.

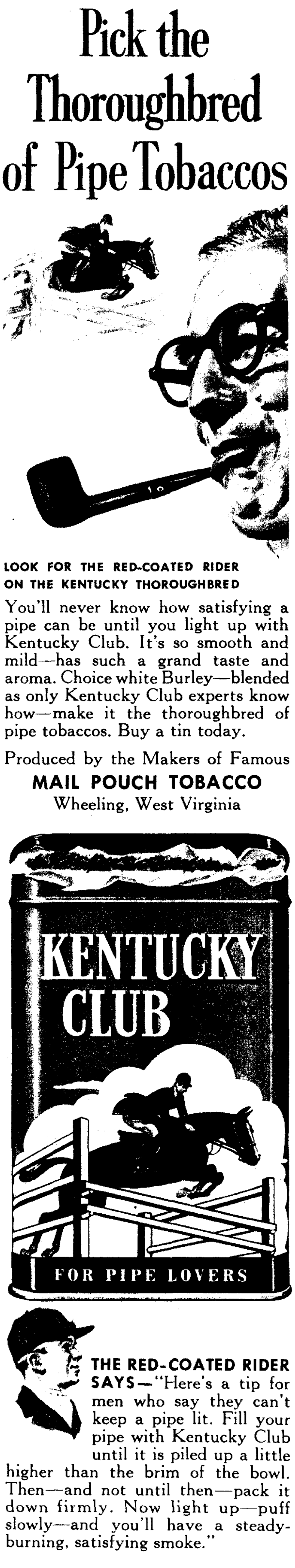
This was not Tom's face, not any face she knew. The structure was gone, the jaw slack, the cheeks sunk in, the mouth loose and the flesh sagging on the bones. His eyes were on her, but they were glazed and staring, as if he did not see her, as if he could not see. It was a slovenly face, stunned and stupid. He looked weak, beaten, and for an instant there was pity in her, pity mixed with the outrage and the anger.

"You, too," he said, his tongue thick and careful, "you and Ross." He blinked his eyes, and his voice shook. "Okay. If that's the way you want it. If that's the way it is."

She thought: Dear God, he's going to cry. She felt chilled, stiff, shame in her stomach like nausea, and thought: I can't stand it. I can't stand it if he cries. I couldn't ever look at him again, I'd always remember.

She stood up and said, "I'm going to bed," and walked out of the room.

She heard him fall once, a heavy rolling



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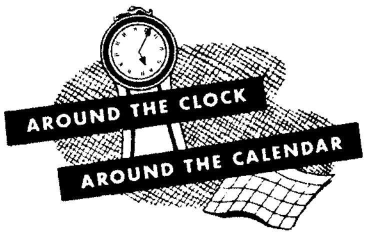

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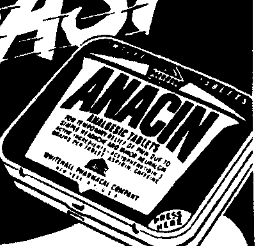

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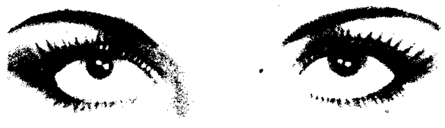

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thud, heard a table go over, a lamp, a crash, but she would not go to him, she could not. She lay on her bed, trying not to hear and hearing every move he made; lay cold and rigid, her eyes tight shut. She heard him in the hall, his step broken, lurching, heard him fumble his way to their bedroom, his hands rustling as he groped along the wall, heard him in the doorway.

He said, "Louise."

She did not answer. He stood for a moment, then sighed, and went on down the hall, searching for the guest room.

THE door slammed, like an explosion in the apartment, and the noise made her jump, broke the tension in her. She lay for a moment, limp, exhausted, wanting to cry, wanting to sleep, to forget, to put it all away; but she could not, there were things to do. She sat up, sat on the edge of the bed for a moment, resting.

She thought: I ought to leave everything just the way it is. The broken decanter. The whisky on the rug. The table, the lamp. I ought to leave it all for him to see in the morning.

But she did not want to think about the morning. She had made a mistake, she had been too anxious, too frightened, she had driven Tom too far. She had driven him to a decision and now he would not change it.

She thought: That's how he is. That's part of him. He's stubborn, he's childlike, but I'm married to him. He has to do his job his own way. And I have to do mine. I have to pick up the pieces. I have to straighten the apartment.

She went back to the living room, and while she worked she thought: Frank Harrison. We can salvage something out of it, we'll put another life together. But Frank. Damn Frank Harrison!

The lamp was not broken, only the bulb, and when she was finished, when she had scrubbed the rug and swept up the shards of glass from the fireplace, she stood in the hall doorway and looked at the room. Then she flicked the last light off and walked slowly to the bedroom. She put on a nightgown, an old one, not caring since there was no one to see, and went to the bathroom and cleaned her teeth. The light was too bright and she shut her eyes, but it was still bright through her lids and she knew she would not sleep. Tom always opened the windows and put out the lights, but now she did, and hurried to her bed, feeling timid, feeling uneasy in the empty quiet room.

She curled up close to herself and thought: I'll never sleep, I can't, but I won't think either. I don't care what Tom did or what he's going to do. Whatever happens, I don't care. He's all I have, all that matters—even the boy doesn't matter to me, not like Tom. I love him and he loves me. He'll understand I couldn't help it; he won't be angry, perhaps he won't remember.

She pulled the sheet high and put her face deep in the pillow and told herself it would be all right; Tom loved her, she would think of that and the night would not be so long. She thought back to the day she met him, a Sunday in the country when he was home on leave, their first date, a neighborhood movie, the day they were married, the sense of time running out, the war encroaching on them. Always he had seemed so vital, so sure of himself, and of her . . .

And there was his voice, now, somewhere, in the hallway. She listened close, and there was Tommy's voice too, laughing. Not a dream, none of it a dream. She felt oddly lost, confused, and lay still and warm, her eyes shut.

Then Tom said beside her, "Careful, son, don't spill the coffee." And the boy said, "I'm being careful," and she looked under her lids and there they were, the two of them, the boy dressed for school, Tom shaved and dressed for the office—both of them clean and shining, a breakfast tray between them.

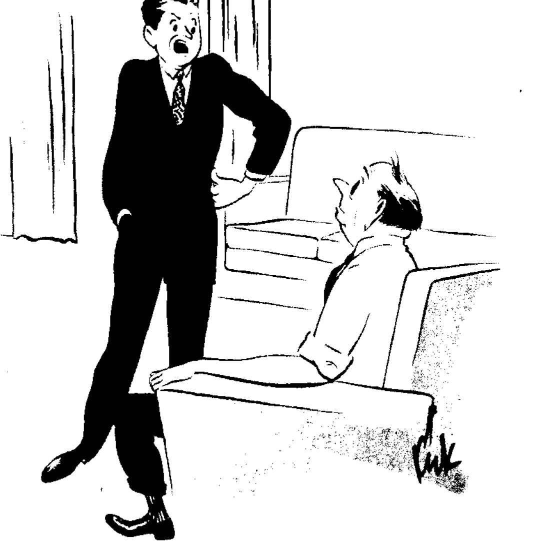
The boy said, "Mother, wake up, please wake up—it's almost time for the school bus."

She knew it was morning, somehow, that she had slept, and she opened her eyes and smiled at them.

Tom said, "You see, son. Your mother was playing possum. Give her a big kiss and run for it."

She caught the boy and held him close, and then he was gone, a racing of feet, a bang of the door. She pushed herself up and sat back against the pillow, watching Tom, waiting for him to speak.

He set the tray across her lap and said,



"Never mind about my financial condition. I just want to marry your daughter—I'm not trying to borrow any money from you"

COLLIER'S KIRK

"There you are. Orange juice, coffee and Melba toast." He went and stood at the foot of the bed. "I'm sorry about last night."

She said, "I'm sorry too, Tom."

He said, "You were fine. You were perfectly right." He came over and kissed her on the forehead. "Is there anything else I can get you before I go?"

She wanted to touch him, to hold him. She said, "Do you have to leave?"

TOM straightened up. "I've got to get to the office and make my peace with Ross Bender."

"Tom," she said. "Tom—"

"It's all right," he said. "I was drunk. I was sore. I was out of my head. Frank will have to take his medicine."

"Frank," she said. "Poor Frank."

"He'll catch on somewhere else. I know some people. Maybe I can help him. But you and Tommy, you're the ones that matter."

"Are you sure, Tom?"

He laughed. "Forget it." He walked to the door and turned back, smiling. "Just to show you, tonight we'll have a party. I'll bring home some good wine and we'll put the boy to bed early and we'll make it an evening."

She made herself brighten, and said, "Oh, lovely—"

He went out and she sat without moving, without touching her food. She heard his steps in the hall, heard the door close behind him, and thought: A party. A celebration. A wake for Frank, a wake for friendship. My God, my God, what have I done—what else could I do?

THE END

Illinois Shakedown

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

in the form of a 500-word letter. This proved to be a complete about-face. It said (and I quote): "The attorney general is vested with certain common law and statutory powers and duties. However, he is not vested with the inquisitorial powers of a grand jury, nor is he a police officer. . . . I must decline to assume the role of a police officer or investigator for the purpose of policing the counties and municipalities of Illinois."

Just how much worse the slot-machine situation must become before the governor and his attorney general will use the legal machinery they have available is currently the subject of wry jokes among cynical Springfield newspapermen. However, the "slots" situation was judged sufficiently malodorous by the leading association of coin-operated vending, amusement and service-machine manufacturers, the Coin Machine Institute of Chicago, for it to embark recently on a cleanup campaign. Deciding it had been getting a black eye long enough because of its slot-machine-manufacturer members, it threw them all out and began offering authorities throughout the U.S. aid in fighting slot machines.

Quincy, Illinois, is a manufacturing city of 40,000, hugging the bluffs of the Mississippi River. It is the largest town in Adams County; in it live two thirds of the county's population.

It's difficult to avoid gambling in Quincy. On all sides you are constantly being touted to risk your money. When I stopped in a tavern called the Turkey Trot one evening, I found not only slot machines but a bar so crowded with punchboards there was hardly room for my glass. Spotting me as a stranger, a man introduced himself as Larkin ("Lucky") Hungate, "houseman," or dealer, for the Crystal Club upstairs, operated together with the Turkey Trot by the brothers William and Wilbur Luke.

"We'll set up any kind of game you want," he invited, cordially.

"Upstairs" comprised a bar with juke box and tables, a lounge, and a gaming room containing poker, blackjack and crap tables, and, of course, plentiful slot machines.

The Coronado Café, right across the street from the Quincy Public Library, had slot machines and punchboards downstairs; upstairs there were several large gaming rooms, a big roulette wheel, and scores of customers, mostly workingmen.

At the Cuckoo Clock, a large restaurant facing the public square, the waiter asked me if I'd visited *their* gaming rooms on the second floor. I did so, and found all the usual gambling paraphernalia and about 50 customers. Twenty were crowded around the busy crap table. Among them was a gaunt, white-haired old man in overalls whom several jokingly called "Junior." He apparently was being introduced to the game. While I watched, his lesson cost him $35.

Across the table was a tense-faced boy of no more than eighteen, in work jeans and a worn leather jacket. I saw him throw onto the table several $50 bills, one after the other, in exchange for chips which he promptly lost on casts of the dice. As his last chip vanished, he abruptly strode for the door, with a grim, almost desperate expression. The manager and the "stick man" both called after him, "Don, come on back . . . We'll lend you some money." But he heedlessly slammed out the door. I couldn't help thinking of how often from such incidents must young holdup men be made.

Invited by Girls to Gamble

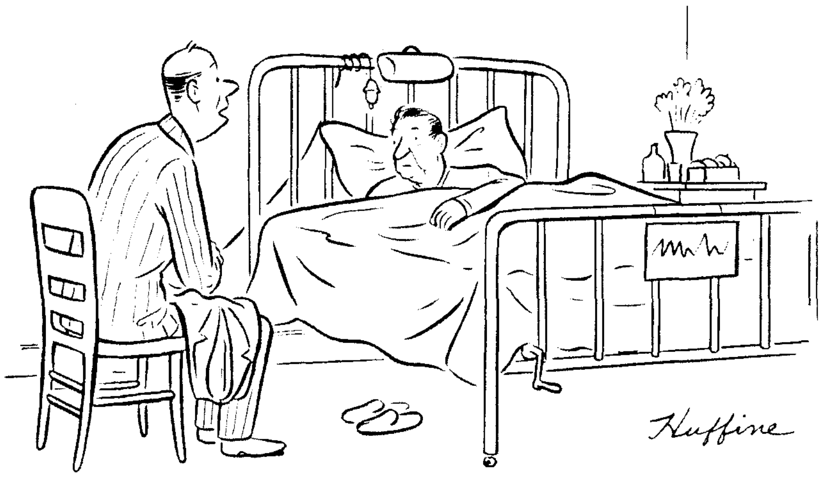
There were slot machines in nearly every bar in Quincy, and it has no less than 165 bars. There was a slot machine in the bar of the Lincoln-Douglas Hotel, and when I bought cigarettes in the lobby the girl at the cigarstand tossed a box of dice invitingly and asked if I didn't want to play a game of "26." In the lobby of the town's only skyscraper the girl at the candy counter temptingly showed me several new punchboards she'd just set up.

Nor are the slot machines confined to taverns. Virtually all clubs have them. They are enormously profitable, not only enabling the clubs to reduce dues to negligible amounts, but providing funds for frequent parties, daily free-lunch tables, and elaborate refurnishing jobs.

Ferdie (Fishmouth) McGrane, surviving ex-pay-off man of the largely liquidated once notorious Shelton gang, told me the 800 slots they controlled in Peoria in 1944-'45 averaged a "take" of $225 a week. A small operator said his machines last year brought in approximately $175 each. East Peoria's police chief, Vernie Roberson, told me every one in his bailiwick takes in "easily $250." Hence, $100 a week as the average year-round "take" of each machine is a conservative estimate—even though on occasion the slots in a given area are circumspectly removed for a couple of weeks, as when a grand jury is in session or a new political officeholder is inaugurated and the boys want to sit tight to see "which way the wind blows."

Incidentally, in Quincy the gambling-joint gentry invariably close down voluntarily for a week during the Christmas holidays. As one of them explained with obvious pride in the bighearted and politic gesture: "We let the working stiffs keep one pay check so they can buy Christmas presents for the kiddies."

Adams County has the largest number of slot machines of any county in the state except one, a total of 572. More than 500 of these are in Quincy. In addition, Quincy



"Oh, I suppose streptomycin is all right, but I like the old-fashioned remedies—such as sulfanilamide"

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has thousands of punchboards, big weekly bingo games, a baseball lottery which runs the year around ("replaying" old games during months the leagues are inactive), and eight or nine full-fledged, fully equipped gambling dens of the type described. And everything runs "wide-open." In fact the taverns, where most of the gambling takes place, didn't even close during voting hours in a city election last December 20th.

I estimate the total gambling "take" in Quincy—meaning the amount ending up in the pockets of the owners and operators of the gambling devices—at no less than $5,000,000 a year. Using the Census Bureau's base of 3.6 persons to the average family, this means that if the cost were apportioned equally each family in the city would be thus robbed of $450 a year.

Miss Claire Austin, director of the Family Service Agency, with an M.A. from Columbia University, is also "horrified" at the amount of gambling in Quincy. A sociologist, she regards gambling, like alcoholism and narcotic addiction, as an escape mechanism resorted to by the emotionally immature—and from which they should be protected.

At the Illinois State Soldiers and Sailors Home on the outskirts of Quincy are 1,200 World War I veterans, 800 of whom receive pensions of from $60 to $90 a month. Near by a half-dozen taverns lie in wait for them, bristling with slot machines. I found them crowded with old soldiers quietly sipping beer and feeding their money into the slots with a morbid fascination.

At the home, veterans told me "at least a third" of the men's pension money is lost in slot machines. Roy Percentina, who served with President Truman's famous Battery "D" of the 129th Field Artillery, said he'd been unable to go to Washington to march with Battery "D" in the inaugural parade because he'd lost his train fare in slot machines.

"Those damned slots keep us broke!" he swore.

A third of the average pension ($75) of 800 old soldiers would add up to $240,000 a year!

Speaking of the deplorable effects of slot machines, A. R. Higgins, editor of the Quincy Herald-Whig, told me the machines cause Quincy to have three times as many bars as it should. Two thirds of the existing 165 would be forced to close down, he said, if the slot machines which now support them were removed.

The Quincy city administration makes no apparent attempt to curb gambling. Whenever anyone complains of slot machines to Mayor George Meyer, Jr., he usually comes out with one of two stock statements: "I will check into it," or "Slot machines must go." Silence then again reigns at City Hall.

"Powerless" to Stop Gaming

I called on the State's attorney of Adams County, John T. Reardon. A Democrat, Reardon last year was president of the Illinois State's Attorneys Association and now is serving his sixth year in office. He deplored gambling, but insisted he was "powerless" to stop it. Enforcement of the gambling laws, he claimed, was the responsibility of the sheriff and police.

"What can I do?" he shrugged. "I have no investigators. I have no police power."

He dug out his "complaint file" and showed me a letter written by an irate Quincy wife to Attorney General Elliott in Springfield, complaining about Quincy's many slot machines which got the money breadwinners' families needed.

She listed several addresses where she said her husband lost his pay checks, and insisted the attorney general close them down.

I asked what the attorney general had done about this.

Reardon shrugged. "He passed the letter on to me."

Reardon added that he, in turn, had forwarded the woman's complaint to the chief of police, but that the chief had mailed it back without comment. He admitted the places were all still open.

BUTCH

"I hate stealing suits this way. It makes me look so much fatter"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

I asked Reardon if he received many complaints.

"No. No, I practically never get any personal complaints."

I mentioned that Edwin J. Snyder, the labor leader, had informed me Reardon had told him that every Monday morning his office was crowded with wives who came up to complain about their husbands losing their pay checks in gambling over the week end. Reardon, Snyder had said, called it "my Monday-morning mess."

Reardon replied hastily, "Oh, but they don't average more than three or four!"

". . . A week?"

He nodded.

Three or four complaints every Monday adds up to 1,000 during his more than five years in office.

I asked what he did about such complaints. His reply was unique:

"Usually I file an information in county court, charging the husband with nonsupport, and the judge issues a temporary order directing the husband to pay his wife a certain part of his earnings. A few of us, I don't want to mention any names, sometimes dig in our pockets and give the wife a little money to carry her along, temporarily."

Almost never is action taken against the gambling spots in which the husbands lost their money, and against which the complaints were directed.

Reardon followed me to the door.

"You understand I'm powerless to stop gambling?"

Next I called on Sheriff Otis K. Woodruff. The sheriff has served three years of his four-year term. His salary is only $2,000 a year, plus some fees, but although he has a wife and two children to support, he "makes ends meet" very nicely on this. Since taking office he has bought a new car and a $16,000 home. As he enjoys flying, he frequently hires a plane for pleasure flights about the country.

I asked him if he knew there were 572 slot machines operating illegally in Adams County.

He glowered at me for a good minute, then snarled,

". . . So what?"

That terminated the interview.

Adams County is one of the few lucrative gambling areas in Illinois which the Chicago Capone Syndicate does not yet control. Leo J. ("Blackie") Monckton, who controls most of the 572 slot machines in the county, and Tom Hickey, a smaller operator with whom he has a friendly working agreement, have long seemed immune to interference by authorities. However, the syndicate started to muscle in about a year ago and tentatively placed a few of its slots in various taverns. One night a short time later, the machines were hijacked and found dumped, in battered condition, along several outlying country roads. Since this episode the syndicate apparently has made no further move—so far.

State and local officials frequently alibi their failure to enforce the law against gambling by claiming they "can't find" the slot machines.

Yet the number in any locality can be learned easily because the federal government imposes a $100 yearly tax on each machine. This does not constitute a license; the federal government is not concerned with their legality. Slot-machine operators, especially underworld characters, are extremely wary where the Bureau of Internal Revenue is concerned, and therefore careful; a tax stamp is procured to display on each premise where they have slots. However, they do cheat often on the number of slots reported in each location; from counts I've made and checked against records of the Collectors of Internal Revenue, I estimate taxes are unpaid on 25 per cent.

Taxes paid thus far in Illinois indicate the total number of slot machines in operation during the fiscal year 1950 will be approximately the same as during the fiscal year 1949; in some counties incomplete returns already exceed 1949 figures. And in 1949, in the First (northern Illinois) Internal Revenue District, comprising 26 counties, taxes were paid for 9,289 slot machines located on 3,378 premises; in the Eighth (southern Illinois) District, comprising 76 counties, taxes were paid on 9,853 slot machines located on 3,583 premises. Tax collections in the two districts totaled $1,914,200—paid on a *reported* total of 19,142 slot machines. When "cheating" is allowed for, the estimate of 20,000 slot machines in Illinois is conservative.

The Collectors of Internal Revenue in Chicago and Springfield have records of the addresses where each of the 19,142 reported slot machines is located. They will supply these addresses to any law-enforcement officer who requests them.

How Ownership Is Concealed

Almost invariably the actual owners of slot machines, or "operators," disguise their ownership. This is because many are underworld characters and afraid their names alone might incite reformers. They, therefore, insist that the tavern owners pose as owners of the slot machines functioning on their premises. Another good reason for this arrangement is that it camouflages monopoly control in the area—both for income tax purposes and public opinion. The usual arrangement is a 60-40 split of the "take" with the tavern owner—the operator keeping the big end. He takes care of all pay-offs to politicians for "protection," and his hirelings service the machines.

Slot-machine operators encourage the public to believe that their machines are mechanically set to return 80 per cent of the players' money. This is pure fiction. Nearly all are set to return no more than 25 per cent as "teaser" pay-offs intended to lure the customer to continue pouring his money in. Many are set on only a 10 per cent basis. And often, in a battery of several machines, one will be set to return nothing at all—on the principle that customers who "go down the row," playing each machine in succession, will never notice.

To forestall the remaining extremely slim possibility that an unusually persistent customer might eventually hit the jack pot, many operators also insert a gadget called a "rider," which makes that development a mechanical impossibility.

Similarly, few operators of crap games are satisfied with the fair-play odds in their favor. So called "bust-out" men hang about the tables. If a player gets a winning streak, the "bust-out" man casually palms the dice and substitutes a crooked pair. Punchboards bear boldly lettered labels guaranteeing "80 Per Cent Return to the Customer"; instead, in gambling-equipment catalogues intended only for "the trade," they are advertised as bringing virtually that same percentage to the gambling operator. Large and prosperous firms specialize in the manufacture of marked cards, loaded dice and roulette wheels geared so the operator can stop the ball in any compartment he desires.

The gambling racketeers have never bothered to disguise their age-old credo: "Never give a sucker an even break." And a slot-machine sucker seldom breaks even. Only the gambling operators hit the jack pot.

What happens when an honest official, conscientiously doing his duty, tries to clean up his county? The final installment next week gives the answer

Next Week

THE RIGHT TO KILL?

A Famous Doctor Speaks Up

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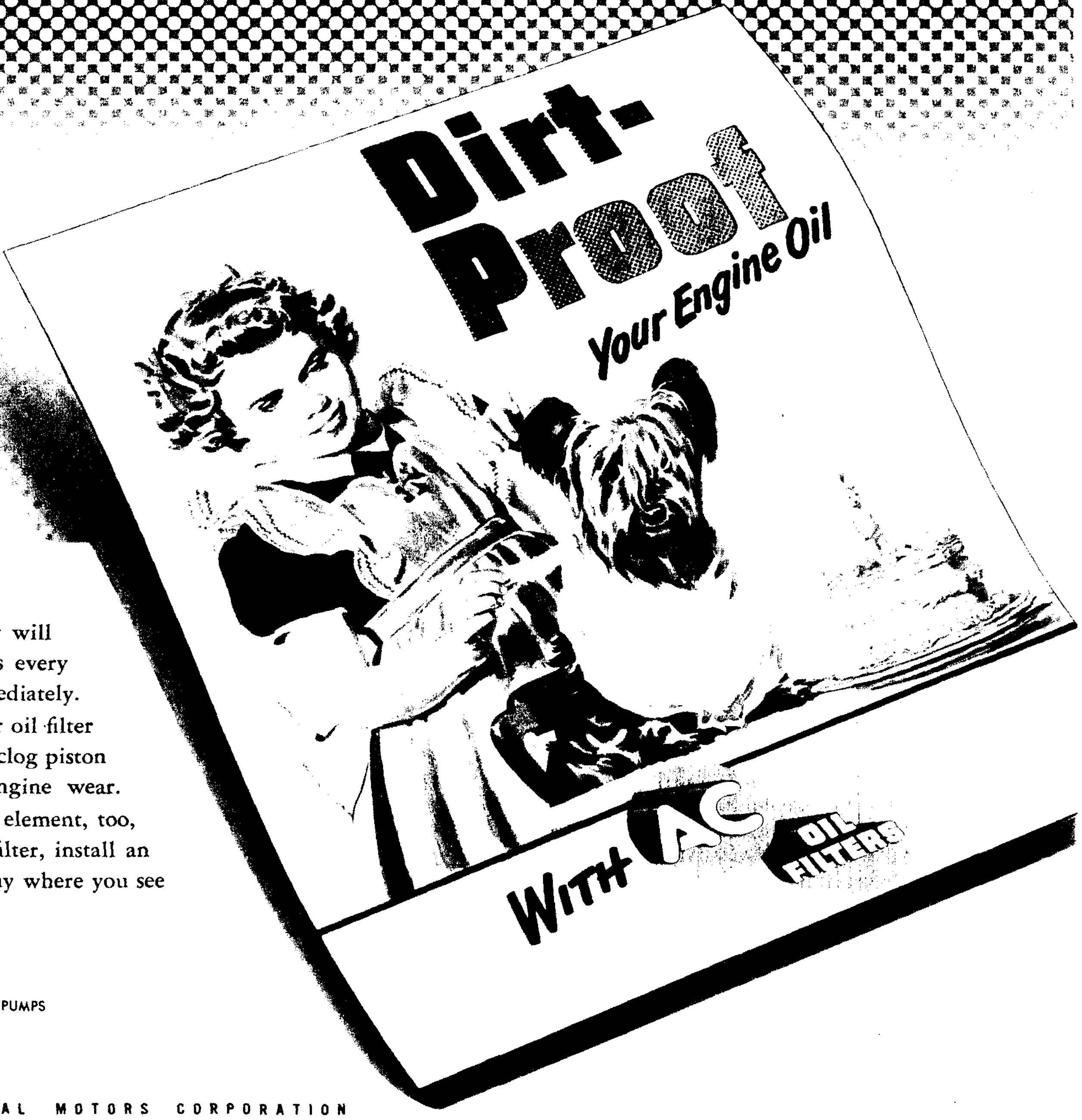

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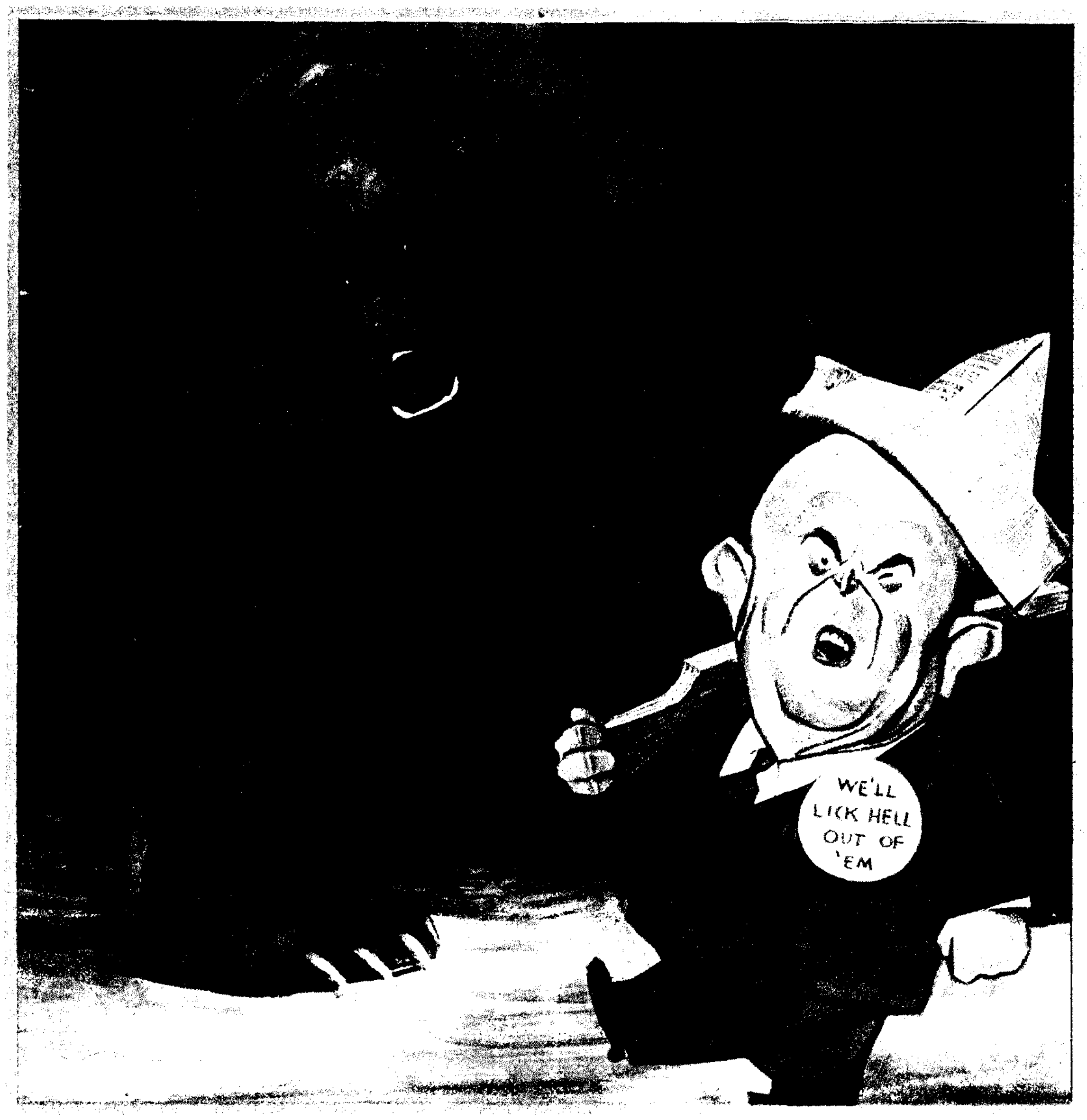
WE'LL LICK HELL OUT OF 'EM

SAM BERMAN

Needed: A Big Man for a Big Job

LOUIS JOHNSON, our Secretary of Defense, often speaks to the nation in a voice of confident optimism. He talks of a military force sufficient to "lick hell" out of any aggressor. He assures the country that our preparedness is "farther ahead than ever in our peacetime history."

"We are alert to the dangers of our times," Mr. Johnson said on the first anniversary of his appointment to the Cabinet. "We are removing waste. We are eliminating fancy trimmings. . . . We are getting deliveries on weapons and equipment. We are ordering the manufacture of items which will keep us up to date."

He neglected to add that our danger is also greater than ever in our peacetime history. What about Russia? And what is Mr. Johnson using to measure our country's defense requirements?

The Secretary echoed these questions in his anniversary speech: "We must always be alert to the intentions and capabilities of a possible foe, and a most convenient yardstick in gauging this is a comparison of relative strengths.

"How many long-range bombers do we have? How many does he have? How many submarines do we have? How many does he have? How many divisions do we have? How many does he? And what are the relative capabilities of the respective tanks?"

Mr. Johnson only asked those questions. He did not answer them. But the answers are his responsibility, even though they may not be encouraging. It is quite beside the point for the Secretary of Defense to boast that we are removing waste, delivering weapons and ordering up-to-date equipment. Those are minimum necessities which should be taken for granted.

Mr. Johnson also boasts of economy. His annual report shows a saving of about $1,500,000,000 in the defense budget since last summer. Much of that saving is commendable. But a year ago the Joint Chiefs of Staff set our defense requirements at $18,000,000,000. That request has since been cut to $13,000,000,000. What has happened to some $3,500,000,000 left over after the economizing? What are the world conditions that warrant the reduction?

The Secretary gave this last question a quick brush-off. "America's condition is sound and getting stronger. In Europe, the situation is improving." And then, with China lost and the whole Far East threatened by Communist aggression, he dismissed that part of the world with one of the great understatements of our time. In Asia, he said, the situation "bears watching."

He boasted that "the Air Force today is in its best state of combat readiness since the war." True. But again, how much does it mean?

The day before Mr. Johnson made his reassuring statement, Air Secretary Symington told a Congressional committee that, without increased appropriations, even the Air Force's present 48 groups could not be maintained in modern condition to face a power which "soon" will be equipped to launch a strong atomic attack against any part of this country.

Mr. Johnson quoted Admiral Sherman's statement that economies have permitted an increase in previously planned fleet strength, and that the Navy is trying to translate available appropriations into maximum fighting strength.

Admiral Denfeld, *writing in this magazine*, has told of the Navy's shortage of combat carriers, modern planes, destroyers and submarines. He has told of our tremendous fleet—in moth balls—which would need three to nine months to get into action.

Mr. Johnson is in the best possible position to know the true state of the nation's strength and peril. It is clear that he is withholding some unpleasant facts from the people, at the risk of appalling consequences. Why does he do it?

The editors of Collier's, after a study of his record and personal history, conclude that the answer is political ambition. His dedication to the duties of his Cabinet post is obviously diluted by a craving for personal popularity. He loves to make speeches to further that popularity.

(Some broadcasting executives in New York refer to him as "the biggest pop-off in Washington." One of them remarked that if the Secretary were given all the free time on the air that he asks for, he would be as much of a standard radio fixture as Arthur Godfrey.)

Economy is always a popular political subject. Therefore Mr. Johnson boasts of his budget trimming, although he is in the one position where economizing for economy's sake can dangerously weaken our defenses and jeopardize our diplomatic policy toward the Soviet Union. The purpose of that policy is to ensure lasting peace. But it must be backed by strength. Collier's doubts, on the evidence of Mr. Johnson's public statements, that he comprehends his full responsibility as a partner in this policy.

Certainly his experience in government is limited. As national commander of the American Legion, he did some political favors for President Roosevelt which won him the post of Assistant Secretary of War from 1937 to 1940. He did a courageous job of promoting preparedness in those peacetime years. He also spent a good deal of time trying to step into the shoes of his boss, Secretary Harry Woodring.

Mr. Johnson's present government service seems to be another result of Presidential gratitude. He took over the financial chairmanship of the Democratic National Committee in 1948 at a time when Mr. Truman's campaign chest was nearly empty. In two months the Secretary raised $1,500,000 almost singlehanded.

Probably such efforts should be rewarded, but surely not with one of the most important jobs in government. Mr. Truman has appointed enough low-voltage assistants whose chief virtues seem to be that they are old friends or loyal supporters or politically acceptable. Those considerations may be permissible in making lesser appointments. But they should never enter the Presidential mind in filling the Defense post.

The only consideration should be whether a man can effectively perform his duty of making this country's defenses as strong as solvency and self-government will permit. What is needed is someone to arouse Congress and the people, not to lull them. Mr. Johnson has not shown himself to be that kind of man.

Collier's thinks that as a patriotic duty Mr. Johnson should resign. It urges Mr. Truman to accept the resignation and to appoint as Secretary of Defense a man as big as the job.

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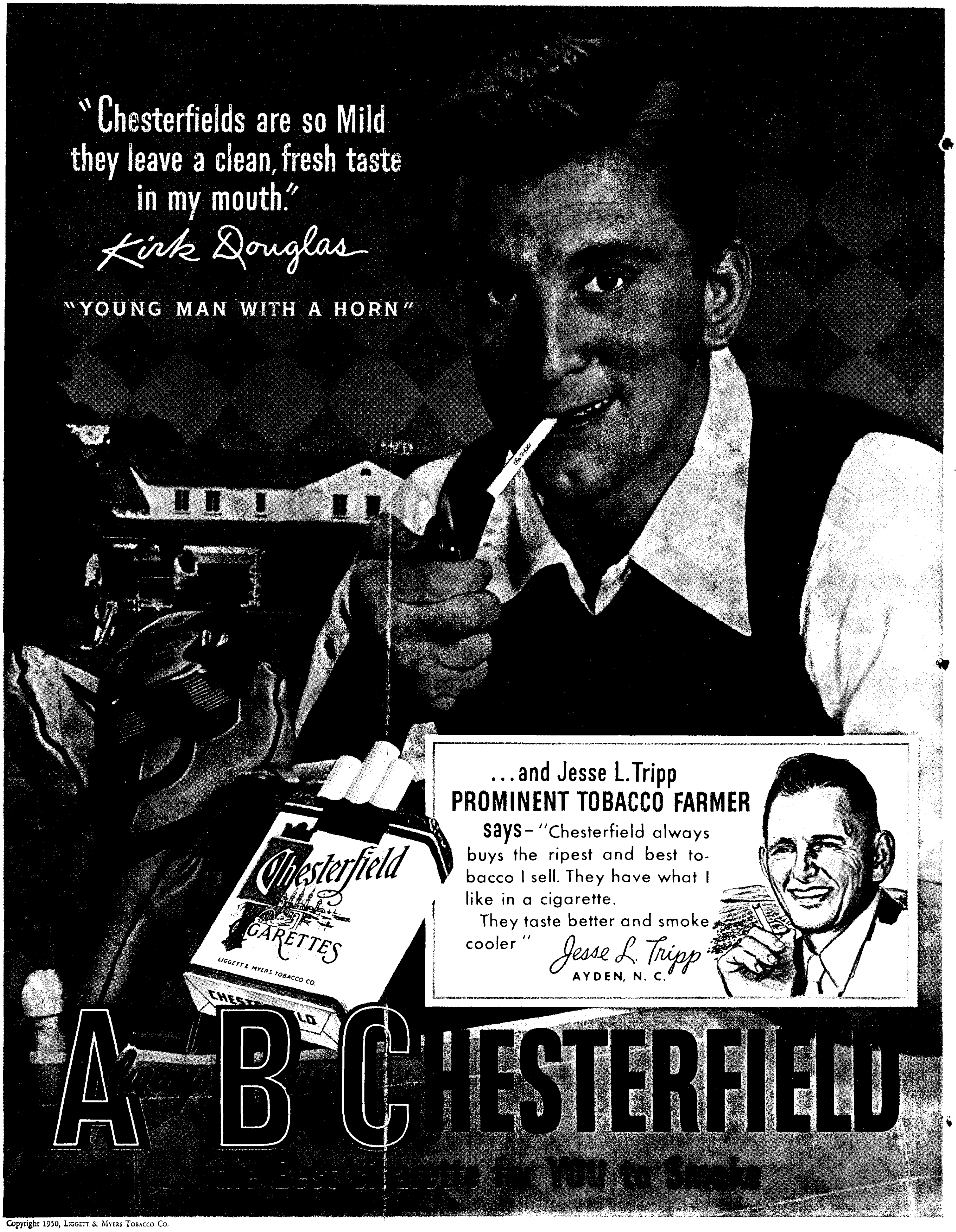
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